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Lit., Eng

K 8

Theological School
IN
HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

BEQUEST OF
Rev. RICHARD MANNING HODGES,
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
RECEIVED OCTOBER 23, 1878.

THIRTY YEARS'

CORRESPONDENCE,

&c. &c.

VOL. II.

THIRTY YEARS'

CORRESPONDENCE,

BETWEEN

JOHN JEBB, D.D. F.R.S.

BISHOP OF LIMERICK, ARDFERT, AND AGHADOE,

AND

ALEXANDER KNOX, ESQ. M.R.I.A.

EDITED BY

THE REV. CHARLES FORSTER, B.D.

PERPETUAL CURATE OF ASH NEXT SANDWICH:
FORMERLY DOMESTIC CHAPLAIN TO BISHOP JEBB.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

PHILADELPHIA:
CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD.
1835.

DIVINITY SCHOOL
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"The above letter, is almost the earliest of a series, terminating only with the year of Mr. Knox's death, (1831,) which the editor has long cherished, among his choicest treasures. How much he owes to this correspondence, . . how much to the free, familiar, yet paternal converse, of many thousand happy hours, . . how much to the uniform example of this true-hearted christian philosopher, will not be known, until the secrets of all hearts are disclosed. But thus much he can say, with certainty, that, scarce a day elapses, in which some energetic truth, some pregnant principle, or some happy illustration, (and those illustrations were always powerful arguments,) does not present itself, for which he was primarily indebted, to the ever-salient mind of ALEXANDER KNOX."

BISHOP JEBB, *Extract from his new Edition of Burnet's Lives, Introduction*, p. xxix.

E. & L. Merriam . . . . . Printers,
Brookfield, Mass.

LETTER XCIX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

June 5. 1810.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I CANNOT resist, and, indeed, I do not wish to resist, the impulse that I feel, to write you a few lines before I go to bed. I have just finished my *first* perusal of your sheets, for I hope to gratify myself with many; and never did I read a paper of yours, with such deep, such cordial, such unmixed, and yet, I trust, with such discriminative approbation.

Your political argument could not, in my humble apprehension, be more forcibly, or more luminously put. And I cannot but anticipate its favorable operation, on all public men, (Eheu, quam rari nantes in gurgite vasto!) that have comprehensiveness of intellect, and liberality of sentiment. But your theological branch far exceeds all praise that I could give. My mind and heart accorded with every paragraph, as I went along: a deposit, thought I, is here made, which, however it may be overlooked by superficial thinkers, or disrelished by bigoted lovers of negative religion, must, sooner or later, produce the happiest effects, both on Roman Catholics, and on members of our establishment. I trust that you will, even now, 'fit audience find'; but I own, on this point, I am comparatively careless; for truth, so ably enunciated, must live; and perhaps it is in our disembodied state, (the thorough consciousness of which, we are sufficiently catholic most cordially to maintain,) that we shall witness the best, and deepest results of those pages, which, in a happy vein, you have been enabled to throw off. If a minor consideration, but still, to my judgment at least, of no small consequence, may be adverted to, let me add, that I deeply like your style. It is, throughout, true, luminous, and exquisitely English; so that from these few pages alone, I would undertake to prove, that, without the slightest mixture of ungraceful idiom, it is possible to be strictly Anglican. Will you tolerate a little

THIRTY YEARS'

CORRESPONDENCE,

&c. &c.

VOL. II.

bless Him, who afflicteth not willingly, nor grieveth the children of men.*

Farewell, my dear friend, and if you love me, write to me.

Ever most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER 89.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, Sept. 2. 1810.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I TAKE the first opportunity which presents itself, since the receipt of yours of the 28th, to assure you, that never was there a more unjust or unfounded act of self-torment, than that which you have been inflicting on yourself. No, my friend, it is as impossible for me to give you up, as for me to give up one of the fingers of the hand which is writing to you. Your happiness, your feelings, your eternal comforts, all that appertains to you, will ever be present to my mind, as matters of most cordial and continued concern. And not to hear of you, or to know about you, for any length of time together, will ever be to me, the occasion of unfeigned and painful anxiety.

Why, then, did I inflict this very feeling upon you? Simply because, I have had nearly six weeks, (indeed more, ever since

* The following extract from a private note-book, found, since his death, among the Bishop's papers at Limerick, gives delightful proof, that the hope here so affectingly expressed, was more than realized: the original MS., inscribed *τα περι ἐαυτου*, (of the existence of which the editor himself had been unaware,) bears date March, 1823; and was written, consequently, immediately after his consecration, as Bishop of Limerick: . . 'I left Cashel in deep sorrow, and, for weeks and months, Abington, without a single congenial associate, and without any field of parochial exertion, was to me a dreary wilderness: But the good hand of Providence was, I doubt not, in this whole transaction. This hermitage, so remote, so retired, and apparently so ill adapted to my habits, became the scene of my last and happiest exertions: nor do I think a settlement in any other spot of the empire, could, in so many ways, have elicited, whatever powers it has pleased God to give me. Often, indeed, during the twelve years and a half that I passed there, my heart and spirit have sunk within me; but I was enabled, from time to time, to recruit and rally. Often, have almost all my friends regretted that I was buried in the desert; but they little know, nor was I properly conscious myself, that there was manna in the desert, and living waters from the rock. I can now look back with gratitude, to my sojourn there; and were it not that I have had such experience of a graciously protecting power, above me and around me, I should now tremble at what may await me, in the new and arduous sphere, on which I am obliged to enter. May it be ordered (if it be for my everlasting good) that the see of Limerick shall be to me half so productive of use, and of enjoyment, as the quiet rectory of Abington!' . . ED.

the Archbishop was here,) of such health, as I have not experienced for nine preceding years. I could have written, as to mere power, but a severe pain in my leg forced me to use a recumbent posture; and using a pen, in this situation, was so very painful, that, except when a few lines were indispensable, I did not attempt it. I was, at the same time, liable to a terrible pain in my stomach; and on this account, I found it necessary to keep myself in as great quietness, even of posture, as was practicable. I thank God, my complaints never become extreme. But, sometimes, I was frightened at the idea of what they might become; and my kind friend Mr. —— was still more alarmed than myself. No one ever was taken better care of. And, for the last ten days, I have been gradually growing better. Yet I did not venture to church to-day; nor did I think it right for me to go to the chapel this evening. I therefore occupy that time, in writing to you.

I feel for every inconvenience you state; and I like well all your remarks upon it. I am as confident as I can be, that the honest conflict you maintain with those painful feelings, with which divine Providence permits you to be visited, will end, as you so reasonably hope. Your bearing up, as you have done, has been to me, often, a matter of wonder. I think, or rather I trust, you will at last have nothing worse to endure; and so sure as you have not, your better elements will finally conquer. When maladies of a constitutional kind grow no worse, about your age, they infallibly grow better, at a somewhat later age. I do believe many natural circumstances are in your favor; and I trust, surer standards will not be wanting.

—— came here yesterday, after an absence of ten days, with the ——s, to settle himself in his glebe. He and I go on together very pleasantly. I even hope I gain upon him, and that he sees more than he used to see, in my ideas. He likes better to talk to me; owns himself, in some important points, to have mistaken me; and in short, so far bids fair to agree with me, as to make our intercourse, if Providence permits it to continue, truly comfortable, I hope to us both, and I am confident to me.

I am not well yet. I perceive I must take the strictest care of myself. Adieu, my dear friend,

Ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

LETTER 90.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Sept. 26 and 27. 1819.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

BEING able to rise, this morning, earlier than for many mornings past, (which perhaps is a mark of convalescence, after long indisposition,) I gladly employ it, in writing something, be the same more or less, to you: you will be pleased to have a few lines from me, though they may be but few; and when I so well know that fact, be assured I have the cordial disposition to respond to your kindly feeling.

I have always delighted in the following passage, in Leighton's Ethico-critical Meditation on the 130th Psalm: . . 'True and lively faith, is the eye of the inner man, which beholds an infinitely amiable God, the lucid and perpetual fountain of grace; and by the view, is immoderately kindled into most fervent love. That divine light, which is sent from heaven into the soul, is the vehicle of heat too; and by its ardent rays, presently sets the heart on fire. The flame rises sublime, and bears all the affections of the mind with it, to that consummate beauty which it renders visible.'

You may judge, then, how I was gratified, on meeting the following passage in the xxviiith Homily of Macarius: . . *Τουτο γαρ οφειλει γινωσκειν ἑκαστος, ὁτι εισιν οφθαλμοι ενδοτεροι των οφθαλμων τουτων, και ἐστιν ακοη ενδοτερα της ακοης ταυτης, και ὡσπερ οὑτοι οἱ οφθαλμοι αισθητως βλεπουσιν, και κατανοουσιν το προσωπον του φιλου η του αγαπητου, οὑτως και οἱ της αξιας και πιστης ψυχης οφθαλμοι, πνευματικως φωτισθεντες, φωτι, θειῳ βλεπουσι, και κατανοουσι τον αληθινον φιλον, και γλυκυτατον και πολυποθητον νυμφιον, τον κυριον καταλαμπομενης της ψυχης ὑπο του προσκυνητου πνευματος· και οὑτω βλεπουσα νοερως το επιθυμητον, και μονον ανεκλαλητον καλλος, εις ηρωτα θειον τετρωσκεται.*

If I remember right, *you* did not equally admire the sentence in Leighton; you thought it wanted bottom. That is, you thought images were too freely used, without a sufficient substantiation of the thing to be elucidated. I can understand, that it should appear so, to a mind chiefly accustomed to attain its object *by thinking*. Such a mind is necessarily obliged to stop and ask, what is this 'eye', this 'lucid fountain', this 'light', these 'rays', the 'sublime flame', &c. But when the movements within, have been first in the feelings, and afterwards in

the thoughts, the apprehension of such a figurative statement is direct and unembarrassed, because the mind has already been habituated to these assimilations (at least of the same kind) in order to designate what it itself felt; which it could not so satisfactorily do, as by resemblances from external nature, or rather, could not otherwise do it at all. 'These' says Bacon 'be not allusions, but communities.'

Be all this as it may, is not the agreement, between the two passages curious? I think it can hardly be doubted, that Leighton had the passage in Macarius in his mind, when he was delivering the words quoted.

I wish to direct your attention, to the latter part, of the 6th chapter to the Romans. It seems to me, that, after having, in the 5th chapter, represented admission into a state of grace, as an invaluable benefit, St. Paul deems it necessary to give another view of it, in the 6th chapter, as implying work or service to be faithfully performed; and this, it seems to me, St. Paul calls, speaking 'after the manner of men'; because it was, in same sort, coming down to the level of mere human nature. The flight, arising from the first impulse, is taken for granted to be comparatively over; and if there is motion onward, it must be by effort, and through a faithful application of all the powers of the mind. This lowered view the apostle gives, 'because of the infirmity of their flesh. That is, as I take it, because he reckoned on a declension, from their first μακαρισμος, as too likely to happen; rather, all circumstances considered, as morally certain, in consequence of that infirmity. He knew human nature too well, to conclude, that consolation, arising from any sudden cause, could, in the general, be lasting, or, in any instance, continue at its height. He, therefore, calls in conscience and reflection, to aid sentiment; and mingles strong admonition, with cheering encouragement: his main argument, however, is taken from the difference of the two services; the service, of sin, in which they had formerly been enthralled, and the service of righteousness, in which they were now happily engaged; above all, from the opposite results. In the service of sin, nothing was to be expected, but progress in the same wretchedness. They had yielded their members servants to uncleanness and iniquity; but now, their good employment is to lead them, to something far better than itself; they are now to yield their members, servants 'to righteousness, unto holiness.' The labor of sin, was infinitely sterile: 'what fruit had ye, in those things whereof ye are now ashamed?' The labor of righteousness, is, on the other hand, most richly productive, even in this present time, for the fruit of 'righteousness' is holiness: *Εχετε τον καρπον ὑμων εις ἁγιασμον.*

Now observe, that this is the first mention of ἁγιασμον, in this epistle. I mean, it does not occur, until it is introduced in the 19th verse of this chapter. It is then, evidently, not to be confounded with mere δικαιοσυνη: on the contrary, it is an end to which δικαιοσυνη serves. Such an end, as fruit is, of horticultural labor. I need not observe, that this idea must be confined to δικαιοσυνη, as exercised, not as divinely implanted: for, in this latter sense, it corresponds to ἁγιασμος, as vegetation to fructification.

I do not know how this will strike you. But I own I think it very interesting; as it shows that Saint Paul never loses sight, in any one place, of what he lays down in another. There are concomitant beauties, if I had room to mention them; and it is implied, that the sinner, is a mere laborer, who reaps nothing, and gets death for his wages. On the contrary, the righteous man, is a usufructuary, who gets his compensation in what he reaps; and, therefore, what he receives hereafter, is not wages, but χαρισμα.

Ever yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

P. S. I mean to go to town next week. I have not spent a night in Dublin, since the 11th June.

——oo——

LETTER CII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Aug. 23. 1810.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

ON many accounts, I reproach myself for having been so long your debtor, and yet now I am unable to write more than two or three lines; not from ill health, for I have great reason to be thankful that my health has of late been much recruited; not from lowness of spirits, for here, too, I have been greatly advancing; but simply because it is late on Sunday night, and I am rather drowsy, and my messenger is to be dispatched early in the morning.

My object, in this present note, is to say, that, if it be not inconvenient to you, it would be a very great accommodation to me, if you would pay M. the bookbinder, on my account, 29*l.* 3*s.* 1*d.* I had sent him, before my late preferment, a large cargo of books to be bound; they have lately reached me, and I have reason to believe he is somewhat distressed for money, so

that I do not like to remain for any time in his debt*; whilst, at the same time, my late very great expenditures, would make me wish for two or three months' delay. If you can advance this sum, I trust I can with perfect ease replace it in January.

Believe, my dear Sir,
ever most affectionately yours,
JOHN JEBB.

P. S. I hope to write you a long letter, in two or three days.

LETTER 91.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., Oct. 31. 1810.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECIEVED yours this morning, with no little satisfaction. I had heard good accounts of you; but then, said I to myself, if there be no exaggeration in these reports, why does he not tell the fact *to me*, who would be so glad to know it? You have now done so, and I rejoice that I am assured of what, I own, I was before afraid to give full credit to.

I am sorry not to be able to do *exactly* as you wish, my receipts this half-year being a little tardy; but I have taken M. off your hands. I have promised to give him fifteen pounds to-morrow, and the remainder as soon as I can safely part with it. He seemed perfectly satisfied with this arrangement. I cannot give as good an account of myself, as you give of yourself. For the last five weeks, I have been more nervous, than for eight years before. My nerves, being my weakest part, are of course the scene of conflict: they have, in similar cases, been always so with me, and so long as the contention lasts, I must suffer more or less. I do not despair of being relieved, but *how* it will be I cannot tell; and I endeavor, with some little success, not to be anxious. In truth, to be nervously unwell, I am gently affected;

* The thoughtful consideration for others, shown in this passage, is peculiarly characteristic. It forcibly reminds the editor of a similar circumstance, at the time of the Bishop's great illness, in 1827. On the eve of his attack, he had written to a Dublin bookseller for his account, thinking the amount might be a convenience. The answer did not arrive, until the day after his seizure. And the first effort of returning speech was directed to convey his wish, that a draft should be enclosed by that day's post, in order that the worthy bookseller might not experience an hour's needless disappointment, in consequence of his illness. The words 'draw . . write', (the only ones he could articulate, as he held the account, in his remaining hand, to help out his meaning) left an indelible impression on the medical gentlemen, no less than on the other friends present. . . ED.

and I do find, that in such a case, deeply formed habits of sober devotion are the best and sweetest resource, that mortal man could be blessed with. I find this, I say, but by no means in the degree which I could wish. I possess a little, and thank God for this invaluable *catholicon;* but I deeply feel, that I need still more and more, and I often think that my present indisposition is intended to teach me that I have wants, the filling up of which, ought to be my primary and paramount object. If I learn this lesson to any purpose, all will be well.

Have you read Q.'s pamphlet? If I conceive aright, he proceeds upon a principle, that will fall to the ground with a touch; namely, that episcopal power, is limited by the canons. In my judgment, this must be wrong; because bishops ruled the church, before any of those English canons were enacted. They, therefore, possessed a power, which the canon-makers never dreamed of abridging, but only of directing. Their authority, therefore, is not to be collected from canons alone, but from prescription also; were it otherwise, a bishop would be no more than what a German superintendent is. But I need not argue the case; the following two passages appear to settle it; that is, they prove Mr. Q. perfectly adrift as to authorities. He, (Q——) says, 'The right does not appear to be granted to your lordship, either by the statute, or the canon law; that it is not granted by, nor even claimed under the former, your lordship will readily acknowledge; and whether by the latter, the canons which relate particularly to the subject of preaching and preachers, must testify. We shall allow them to speak for themselves. The —— of the English canons ecclesiastical, &c. &c. . . so he proceeds to adduce English and Irish canons, until, by their supposed implication, he thinks he has settled the point.

But, says Sir John Nicholl (in his judgment about the baptism of dissenters) 'The law of the Church of England, is to be deduced from the ancient general canon law; from the particular constitutions made in this country, to regulate the English church (meaning evidently before the Reformation); from our own canons, &c.'

Therefore Mr. Q.'s reasonings are perfectly inconclusive; because they are founded, not on the whole, but on a very limited part, of the law of the English church.

I am gratified by the prospect of a long letter from you; but, I assure you, I never wish you to give me that pleasure, at the risk of hurt to yourself.

Have you Dugald Stewart's book, on the philosophy of the mind? If you have, read the introduction, 1st and 2nd part. I think you will see in it a remarkable correspondence, to favor-

ite views of yours and mine. I would say more about it, if I had room.

—— preached a sermon, Sunday se'nnight, in D——, on delighting in God; about which he said to Mr. P. L., that there was more of Knox in that sermon, than in any other he had ever preached. I have deeply comfortable hopes about him.

The Archbishop has returned to Ireland much better than he left it. Miss F. begs me to assure you of her great pleasure, in hearing of your good health and happiness.

Believe me ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

——oo——

LETTER CIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Nov. 10. 1810.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU should have heard from me many days ago, had I not been considerably thrown back, by the transit from autumn to winter. It is to be hoped, however, that this has been merely a slight constitutional tax, levied, after the manner of taxgatherers, early in the season. If this, like our pecuniary imports, is to be paid in advance, it is matter of comfort, that some instalments have already been collected; but the grand consolation of all, is, that, if we prove faithful subjects, and obedient children, whatever is levied, will be applied to our own immediate advantage. In this view, I have the firmest reliance, that your present ailments are, at this moment, producing an invaluable effect, *πολυ τιμιωτερον χρυσου δια πυρος δοκιμαζομενου*. And when all is over, it is, perhaps, the most painful and mysterious part of the divine process, that will be regarded with greatest admiration, and most unmixed pleasure.

As to myself, I do not find it possible to determine, whether I may not have been intellectually and spiritually retrograde. Certainly my mind and heart do not appear to have been much exercised, since my removal; yet, as I believe I have, through life, been more formed by providential events, than by inward feelings, and as I am by no means sure that both *ψυχη* and *πνευμα* may not have been receiving almost imperceptible impressions, I am not inclined to despair. It is certain, that all my remarkable movements; to Derry; to college; to Swanlinbar; to Dublin, for a short, but memorable interval; and to

Cashel; have been attended by, and, in a good measure, productive of, great changes in my mental habits. To recapitulate these would be tedious, but they are impressed with great vividness on my mind; and I am not without frequent and flattering hopes, that this last movement of mine, may prove the means of giving me, in due time, more expansion and excursiveness of imagination; and, what is of more importance, that by calling me forth, at least, to the occasional exercise of courtesies, before out of my power, it may greatly tend to rub off corners, to smooth asperities, to make me, in a word, somewhat a different fellow-traveller, from him, with whom, in the year 1809, your patience and good nature were so often put to the test. Reading and writing have been almost wholly suspended; but it may be well, that, in these respects, the ground should for a time lie fallow. Meanwhile, the materials of future occupation have been rolling in my mind; whether at any time to be brought forth and compacted, is another question.

I thank you for your observations on Q.'s pamphlet. I have not yet seen it.

I have not Dugald Stewart; but I recollect being forcibly struck, and greatly delighted, by a quotation from him, in a note to Villers on the Reformation pp. 26. . . 33. When I sufficiently recover from the pressure of paying 1270*l.* for my house, to become a book-buyer, (should that ever be the case,) Dugald Stewart should, I think, be among my purchases.

It affords me sincere gratification to hear such a report of our amiable and excellent friend ——. I trust he will even outdo his prognostics. I beg my kindest regards to Miss Fergusson: and trust that you will not fail, also, to say every thing that I wish to be said for me, to our invaluable friends at B——, and at D—— Glebe.

Ever most affectionately yours,
JOHN JEBB.

P. S. By the way, do you know who was the author of a small treatise on the Covenants, published 1673, to which Baxter prefixed a prefatory address? It says capital things, in favor of moral qualifications being indispensable to justification.

LETTER CIV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Glankeen, Borrisoleigh, 24. 1810.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE been greatly grieved and alarmed by hearing, that both Miss Fergusson and you have been very unwell: my hope is, that the report has exceeded the reality; and, at all events, that the worst is now over; but it would be a great consolation, if I could have even a line from yourself, by return of post, directed here; or if you would even commission Michael to write a line. As I propose leaving this on Wednesday, a letter written so late as Tuesday, had better be directed to Cashel.

Since I last wrote to you, I had a communication from the Archbishop, through M——, on the subject of Mr. M'Cormick.

It is needless to say how deeply I am gratified, at this result of your kind interference. Mr. M'C. is ready to accede to the proposed exchange, and I had hoped to settle all matters this week, at Cashel. The present rise of income, indeed, will be very inconsiderable; but it will be to me a most pleasant circumstance, to have my nearest connections thus brought within my reach; and though I do not consider the Archbishop at all pledged to any further measure, I cannot but indulge the hope, that Mr. M'C.'s character and conduct, will be the means of procuring him, in due time, another step in his profession.

You will not be sorry to hear, that I have begun, in some measure, to resume my interrupted studies; not indeed in a laborious way, but so far, that I think I understand, as I never did before, our Lord's parting prayer, St. John, xvii. I conceive it is a thorough clue to the whole of the christian system; and that, from it, can be irrefragably deduced, not only the distinct departments of *αρετη*, and *αληθεια*, but also the whole economy which is unfolded in the Epistle to the Ephesians. I meditate writing a discourse on this wonderful chapter; an arduous undertaking, indeed; but which will afford an opportunity of gratifying my taste for accumulation, condensation, and arrangement. Should I even fail in the object of writing a sermon, I trust I shall be repaid, by attaining a tolerably distinct conception, as well of the most striking parallel passages, as of this chapter itself.

I should have mentioned, that I came to Cashel Wednesday; and though disappointed of meeting the Archbishop, met a most cordial and truly gratifying reception from Miss B——. H. W.

desires his best regards, and joins with me in requesting a line from yourself or Michael, on Monday, as he is anxious to hear of Miss F. and yourself.

Farewell, my dear Friend,

Ever most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER 92.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., Nov. 26. 1810.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM happy to be able to give an answer, at once prompt and satisfactory, to your kind and acceptable letter. Miss F. is, I thank God, a great deal better: her strength is slow in returning, but her complaints are gone. She is, this day, sitting up in her chair.

My nerves have been unusually discomposed, now for some months; you may judge, therefore, that the state of things for the last two weeks did not serve my health. The day Mr. M—— saw me, I was peculiarly out of sorts, having closed my eyes for a few minutes only, for two nights, and being by no means sanguine about the third night. I slept, however; and, in spite of my nerves, am greatly comforted by Miss F.'s convalescence. I ought to say that my nerves have not been very bad. My mind does for me, through God's mercy, what it could not have done formerly; so that, on the whole, I have no cause for talking sadly. I dare say it is perfectly best, that I should be as I am; and I humbly hope, that I shall not be afflicted above my strength. I have had feelings, already, enough to show me, that some degree of suffering may be necessary to make us acquainted with our resources; and as to the future, I leave it in that gracious hand, which has ordered all things for me, from my childhood to this present moment, 'so sweetly and so well.'* I dare say you will write a most in-

* Throughout the correspondence, Mr. Knox frequently makes allusion to his own providential trials, some notice of which, may, therefore, interest the reader. From his earliest years, he had been afflicted with attacks of epilepsy, attended by depression of spirits, amounting, frequently, to mental distress of the most painful character. This visitation continued to return, at intervals, until Mr. Knox had passed his fortieth year, when (as the editor has had it from his own lips) on his taking the resolution to retire from public life, or as he expressed it, 'to give up the world', the disorder totally disappeared; nor did he experience a single recurrence of his constitutional malady, or of mental dejection, from that period, to the day of his death, July 18, 1831. But the remarkable feature of this very remarkable

teresting dissertation, on the 17th chapter of St. John; but I doubt the possibility of a *sermon*. Perhaps you hope better respecting the people of this generation, than I do; but I think

case, is, that Mr. Knox's venerable guide, Mr. Wesley, so early as the year 1776, foresaw and foretold the course of things, which actually took place; as will appear from the following extracts of his letters to Mr. K., then a boy. A copy of these letters, in Mr. Knox's handwriting, and given by him, many years ago, to the Bishop of Limerick, is now in the editor's possession.

'London, Jan. 27. 1776.

'My dear Alick,

'Your illness will continue just so long as is necessary to repress the fire of youth, to keep you dead to the world, and to prevent your seeking happiness, where it never was, nor ever can be found. Considered in this view, it is a great blessing, and a proof of God's watchful care over you. I cannot but admire the wisdom and goodness of divine Providence, with regard to you. As you have all the necessaries and conveniences of life, as you have a tender indulgent parent, as you have a natural sprightliness and flow of spirits; you must, in all probability, have excited the admiration or affection of your relations and acquaintance, and have placed your happiness therein, had not so wonderful a counterpoise been prepared for you. A common illness, and especially a transient one, would by no means have answered the intention, or saved you either from admiring yourself, or being admired by others. Therefore, God keeps you long in his school, the very best wherein infinite wisdom could place, that you may thoroughly learn to be meek and lowly in heart, and to seek all your happiness only in God.

'Wishing every blessing to my dear Mrs. Knox, and the little ones, I remain,

'Yours affectionately,

'J. Wesley.'

Again, in a letter dated April 1. of the same year: 'Your depression of spirit is a bodily, as well as spiritual malady. And it is permitted, to repress the fire of youth, and to wean you from the desire of earthly things, to teach you that happy lesson,

Wealth, honor, pleasure, and what else
This short-enduring world can give;
Tempt as ye will, my heart repels,
To Christ alone resolved to live.

'Edinburgh, May 28, 1776... I judge your disorder to be but partly natural, and partly divine; the gift of God, perhaps by the ministry of angels, to balance the natural petulance of youth, to save you from foolish desires, and to keep you steady in the pursuit of that better part, which shall never be taken from you. Whether you have more or less sorrow, it matters not; you want only more faith. This is the one point... Dare to believe! On Christ lay hold! See all your sins on Jesus laid, and by his stripes you are healed.'

'Bristol, March 19, 1777... If the returns of your disorder are more and more gentle, there is reason to hope it will be, at length, totally removed. Very probably if you live to five or six and twenty, your constitution will take a new turn. But it is certainly the design of Him that loves you to heal, both body and soul; and possibly he delays the healing of the former, that the cure of the latter may keep pace with it. *As it is a great loss to lose an affliction*, he would not have you lose what you have suffered. I trust it will not be lost, but will be for your profit, that you may be a partaker of his holiness. It is a blessing that he has given you, .. that fear which is the beginning of wisdom; and it is a pledge of greater things to come. How soon? Perhaps to-day!'

'Bristol, July 29, 1777... No! God hath not forgotten you. You must not say he hideth away his face, and he will never see it. Surely God hath seen it, and he cannot despise the work of his own hands. But he frequently delays giving bodily health, till he heals both body and soul together. Perhaps this is his design concerning you. But why do you not go to the salt water? If you are short of

they have as little disposition to give attention to that which is worth being attended to, as any of their predecessors.

'Still govern thou my song,
Urania! and fit audience find, *though few*.'

Fewness and fitness are as near neighbors still, I fear, as they were in the days of Milton.

A propos, of fewness and fitness being near neighbors, I am led to doubt the meaning given by Hierocles, to a passage in the golden verses.

Μηδ' εχθαιρε φιλον σον, ἁμαρταδος εινεκα μικρης
Ορρα δυνη· δυναμις γαρ αναγκης εγγυθι ναιει.

Hierocles explains this, as if it meant to say, that necessity elicited power; whereas I conceive what is said, is, that he, who now has power, may very speedily become the victim of necessity. He who can threaten to-day, may be the object of derision to-morrow. It is thus I would understand *δυναμις γαρ αναγκης εγγυθι ναιει*. In this sense, it is a good argument for not being harsh to a friend, since, next turn, you may need his friendship.

Last night, I met an account of faith, in St. Bernard, which I thought worth copying into my scrap-book.

'Justus ex fide vivit' et 'Hæc est victoria quæ vincit mundum, fides nostra. Hæc est, quæ velut quoddam æternitatis exemplar præterita, simul et præsentia ac futura, sinu quodam vastissimo comprehendit; et nihil ei prætereat, nihil pereat, præeat nihil.' Is not this like Johnson's fine passage?

Townson has reached Dublin. There are three new sermons in the second volume, which are of such a kind, as to make every one who can appreciate those matters, anxious to have as many

money, let me have the pleasure of assisting you a little. Meantime I give you a word for your consideration. 'Why art thou so heavy oh my soul, and why art thou so disquieted within me? Oh put thy trust in God, for I shall yet give him thanks, who is the help of my countenance and my God.' Peace be with all your spirits!

'I am yours affectionately,
'JOHN WESLEY.'

However to be accounted for, the fact is certain, that Mr. Knox's health of body, and peace of mind, were restored in the one hour, after a last severe illness, which revived all his best early impressions, when in England, about the close of the last century. As he expressed himself to the editor, .. 'It is now thirteen years since I gave up the world, for conscience sake; and from that hour to the present, I have never had a return of my illness, either of body or mind, but have enjoyed uninterrupted peace.' And so it was to the end. It was the editor's happiness to know, from a common friend, who witnessed the departure of this eminent servant of God, that all was peace at the last.

of his finished sermons, as *Churton* possesses. Probably they are given, to excite such a requisition. You will see them at Cashel, as the Archbishop has got the two volumes.

I do not know where I have seen the notion of the sacrament of the Lord's supper I have been dwelling upon, more simply and more strongly represented than by Townson, in one of the little critical discourses in his life. No, I find Mr. C. extracts it from a sermon. I am wrong *now* through inadvertence, and *was* right. He is speaking of St. Paul's assertion of the receivers becoming one body, and he says, 'Christ only could originally constitute such a body, and his power and energy must be perpetually necessary, to animate and *compact* it (Ephes. iv. 16.): without him, the Head, no social act of any number of christians can avail any thing to that purpose. But, by verse 17., the joint participation of the sacramental bread, does avail to that purpose. It must be, therefore, because he is present in the celebration of the ordinance, and hath appointed it as a means, by which he imparts, and the faithful receive, of that sanctifying spirit, which unites the members to the head and to each other, and compacts the whole into one body. This imparting and receiving must, then, be implied, in the communion of v. 16.; for nothing short of this is adequate to the effect, which, by verse 17., is annexed to the joint partaking of this one bread and wine.'

Ever yours,

A. K.

——oo——

LETTER 93.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Jan. 23. 1811. Dawson St.

My dear Friend,

Long or short, a letter you must have by this night's mail. I would fain have answered your last, on the day of its receipt; but I was prevented by various circumstances. Among the rest, by a mind occupied with law. I was called suddenly, on business of that disagreeable description, from B., on Friday the 11th; and am now only beginning to be at rest, from the apprehensions of legal difficulties and dangers, which that summons excited. I have had, within these two days, a letter from the solicitor on the opposite side, which speaks an amicable language; so that I now entertain good hope of not having to pass through the ordeal of settling an account, which began twenty-eight years ago, and closed (as to guardianship) between seven-

teen and eighteen years ago, . . before a master in chancery, every thing that I have heard of the animal so denominated, being to me a source of terror.

I hear with pleasure your account of your health, and I hope that at length nothing will remain, outward or inward, to cause you real pain. I thank God, I grow better, and am, on the whole, in point of health, in a sufficiently encouraging state. I have passed through much uneasiness, during the last four or five months. Miss F.'s dangerous illness, such at least it threatened to be, pressed hard upon me. Never before did I feel so much, from an extrinsic cause; but God was good to me in that most important instance, and indeed has been so in every other, so that I feel as if I were better satisfied with my securities for peace and comfort, than I ever was before.

I will not attempt to write a long letter, for at this moment I am engaged in one of my voluminous ones to Mr. Parken, the editor of the Eclectic. The subject is Fénelon, whose new life he wished me to review. As he sent me a present of the book (2 vols. 8vo.) I felt myself bound to make some return; and being resolved against it, in his way, all that remained was, to show gratitude in a way of my own. My object is, to detect the faults in Fénelon's system of devotion, by showing the oppositeness of its leading features, to *that* nature, which God has formed us with; that word, which he has provided to be our guide; and that providence, by which he 'ordereth, all things, both in heaven and in earth.' Mysticism, or quietism (in a word) would have the mere mind itself, without any of its instrumental powers, not exercised upon (for how could that be, without memory, reflection, conception, &c.) but absorbed in God; and to make this absorption simple, as well as effectual, the instrumental powers are not merely *left* out, but they are *shut* out. They may still serve purposes in this life, but they have no place in perfect religion. This consists in one simple act, or habit, which becomes the more genuine and pure, the less we think about it. In fact, to think about it, is to adulterate it; for we cannot think about it, without employing, more or less, the instrumental powers of our mind, which are discarded by the leading principles of the system.

Christianity, on the contrary, takes mankind as it is, and, in its purview, leaves out nothing; affording an antidote, for every moral poison; a medicine, for every moral disease; and providing, at the same time, unfailing aid, attraction, and occupation, for every faculty, and every taste of the soul. 'The occasion', says William Law, 'of persons of great piety and devotion having fallen into great delusion, was, that they made a saint of the natural man; my meaning', adds he, 'is, they con-

sidered their whole nature, as the subject of religion, and divine graces.' But how signally does St. Paul do this very thing, in that luminous prayer for the Thessalonians, v. 23. This single verse overthrows mysticism; I mean, in that transcendental notion of it, which Fénelon, and Law, and all the German mystics, have inculcated.

The new edition of Townson has in it three heretofore unpublished sermons; and it is stated by the editor, (Churton) that he has a great number of the same kind.* If so, I conceive that they will be a treasure such as rarely comes abroad. One of the sermons is on the Rechabites; a perfect model, in my mind, for that species of sermon. The whole is in the best manner, but the concluding part admirable. It is an exquisite specimen of church-of-England preaching; such, I deliberately say, as has hardly yet been equalled. 'It is', said Mrs. P. L., 'what none but a churchman could have written.'

Ever yours,

A. K.

——oo——

LETTER 94.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, June 13. 1811.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU will be ready to think I am forgetting you, but nothing could be farther from reality. The truth is, I *have been* occupied, and I *am* very lazy. Once, I liked writing better than reading; now, I like reading better than writing. The cause of the change is, I conceive, twofold, improvement in one respect, and declension in another. I am, I thank God, much more tranquil in mental habits and feelings, than I was formerly, and therefore do not need the same stimulus, to excite my attention; and I have commencing infirmity of body, which makes exertion of whatever kind less agreeable. I humbly hope, the first of these causes will increase more and more; and that I shall have resolution not to yield, unnecessarily, to the latter. If inclination could trace its movements on paper, without corporal instrumentality, you should have heard from me long since. I think of you continually; right glad was I, therefore, to receive a good account of you, a short time since, from ——, and to be farther assured of your good health, by your brother, who was at

* A selection from these sermons was afterwards privately printed, and eventually published, by Bishop Jebb. . . ED.

D—— church, on Sunday morning last. To have these reports confirmed by yourself, will be still more comfortable; for, after all, no one knows exactly how a person is, in all respects, except himself.

I did not come to this place, until the 28th of last month. I stayed a week in town beyond what I could have made convenient, in order to pay a visit to the new president of Maynooth, Dr. Everard; whom I could not have seen to his own satisfaction, during the preceding week, as he could have given me nothing to eat, it being rogation week. I waited, therefore, for a convenient day; viz. Monday, 27th, and I was fully compensated. So much cordially pious talk, I never heard from a R. C. priest before. I hope and believe he is a good man. He seemed to love the subject, and to have that understanding of it, which feeling alone can give. Along with this, he is perfectly a gentleman, clearly loves literature, is zealously loyal, and as liberal as is consistent with the substance of his belief. His expressions, on this last point, were peculiarly satisfactory. In short, what he said, came up to every thing I could look for. Had he said more, he would have proved himself, what neither you nor I wish such persons to be, a latitudinarian. He received my visit with cordiality, and expressed the warmest approbation of my pamphlet. He said he had read it with heartfelt pleasure, as the sentiments ascribed to R. C.'s in it, had ever been his own: and that nothing was nearer his heart, than that they should be so felt, on the one side, and so credited, on the other, as to promote and cherish that christian sympathy, which, in God's good time, might bring about an outward as well as inward union. On the whole, I never heard, nor could expect to hear, any R. C. speak more the language, and breathe more the spirit, of unfeigned christian charity. His sentiments, respecting the official duties, were remarkably what they ought to be. He is careful to diffuse a classical taste, from the conviction, that Irish Roman Catholic priests can be kept moral, only by being made intellectual.

He is anxious, also, if government afford him the means, to give them knowledge of botany, and agricultural science, in order to fit them, not only for living independently of low gratifications, but for diffusing useful information. That every such means is necessary to introduce decency amongst them, is but too evident; when, therefore, there is a disposition to set those means in operation, it will be infatuation not to second the endeavor.

When I came here, I brought with me a Roman Catholic gentleman, son to a Count M'C——, of Toulouse, with whose situation, before the revolution, Mr. and Mrs. L. were so well ac-

quainted, as to make my young friend an interesting visitant. He came with the intention of spending two, or at most three days, but staid till last Monday; that was, within one day of a fortnight. He was detained by pure liking, every thing exceeding his expectation. He, also, was very much liked, so that my entire expectation was more than fulfilled. I wished to try an experiment, for proof, or disproof, of my theory of possible christian harmony. J. M'C—— was the very subject for my purpose: for, with a good education, and a most acutely discerning mind, he is devoted to his religion, even in its minute observances. Still, he recognized the religion of this house, as of an uncommonly right sort, for one without the pale. Such conversation he had met no where, since he left France, except at Doctor Moylan's in Cork.* Whether this opinion will remain firm when I meet him again, or whether reflection will suggest doubts, I know not. If this should not be the case, but that he shall still feel the same kindly respect, I must deem my doctrine confirmed.

I began this letter, as you have seen, on the 13th; and I am now attempting to complete it on the 19th. The explanation is, I have been sick in the mean time.

When M'C—— heard —— one day talk loosely about episcopacy, he drew me suddenly aside, and said, 'When I hear these things, how I rejoice in my settledness.' I told him I thought he had good reason to rejoice he was not unsettled, but that, whatever he might think, I was as settled as he was. This, at first, appeared odd to him, but he began to see there was something meant; for he said, 'You surely, being what you are, have much more merit than me; for that temperance and submissiveness which our minds contract, through irresistible training, you have sought and acquired, through free choice.' He tells me, he owes all the sense of religion he now has, to a brother; and, by way of highly commending what I say to him, he sometimes says with warmth, 'Oh, how like my brother you talk to me! Since I parted from him, I have only met another (a French abbé in England) and yourself, that have brought him before me. Even in matters of religion, I could trust you as I could a priest.' And yet, he has said, 'Still I wish you were what *I am*; for if, in your present circumstances, you are what you are, what would you not be then?' On such occasions, I take pains to assure him, that as far as man can be immutable, I am; and that nothing can be more settled, than the grounds and reasons of my being what I am.

You will observe, with all this, I do not set down this interesting

* The late titular bishop... Ed.

young man, as possessed of efficient piety. He does not consider himself in this view, and I almost fear, there are some national hindrances to it, contracted through prejudice against jansenism. His ideas approach a little, towards our anti-fanaticism. But the habits of the Roman Catholic mind, and the resources of the Roman Catholic religion, make it easier to meet and combat such notions, than it would be amongst us. The respect for the Fathers, in particular, gives the person, who defends vital piety, an unspeakable advantage. If the Roman Catholic religion had answered no other purpose, than to keep up this respect, there would be indemnification for all its crudities. But I doubt much, if there is not a distinct mental acquirement aimed at, and provided for, in every one of those seeming deformities. This, I have seen for myself, in some instances, and you have taught me to discover it, in others; and until there is a disposition, and a capacity, on our part, to receive these blessings mentally, they must remain in their corporeal enshrinement, ill-favored as it may be. How we shall be amazed, when fully admitted into the Laboratory of Eternal Providence! What use shall we see, in things deemed useless! What benefit, in things deemed most pernicious! I suspect, not a little pains has been used, to prevent differences being prematurely made up. I imagine this has been peculiarly the case, in the instance of ourselves, and the R. C. church. Deep measures have been taken, for making our reunion practicable, in the fulness of time; but little less deep measures have, also, been taken, for keeping it off, until that time should be 'fully come.' Such a measure I take to be, the decree of the council of Lateran, in the year (I think) 1215, under Innocent the III.) Until then, the actual tenet of transubstantiation had not been enjoined; and the believer in the real presence, was equally catholic, whether he did, or did not, suppose a change, in the substance of the elements. Accordingly, our church is undeniably catholic, according to the catholicity which preceded that period; but what was then, for the first time, pronounced, we resist, and must resist. I am ready to think this will prove, our last remaining barrier to coalescence. Had Archbishop Wake known as much, as I happen by this time to know, of the differences between us, and the church of Rome, he would not have written a second letter on the subject. He would have seen, at once, that the project was as unfeasible, rebus sic stantibus, as a camel going through the eye of a needle. Our Savior's resource, in the case he had in view, can alone make hope rational, in the other. And in order, as it were, to strengthen such hope, the language is remarkably varied, in the different evangelists. In one, it says all things are possible, but in another, more strongly as well as

more definitively, 'nothing shall be impossible.' In which words, there is a fine intimation, that many things, at first view, and in earlier stages of the process, deemed utterly impracticable, shall, notwithstanding, in due season, have their perfect accomplishment. The difficulty, in such a case as that just referred to, will arise from the distinction maintained by the church of Rome, between matters of discipline, and matters of faith. Even general councils are held fallible, respecting the former; so that no embarrassment can arise, in altering mere matters of practice, should motives occur for such alteration. But a point of belief, once established, is less manageable; for, in this instance, infallibility is contended for. Now, the decision of the council of Lateran, is held to concern a point of faith; so that ever since that determination, it is *ex fide*, that the substance of bread and wine, is, by the power of Christ, changed into the substance of his body and blood; the species or *appearances* of bread and wine still remaining.

That the Roman Catholic doctors, whatever they may imagine, are hampered with this strange dogma, and that they are forced to relieve themselves, by virtually denying in one sense, what they maintain in words, seems obvious, from all their attempts at explanation. For example, when, immediately after the foregoing proposition, it is added, 'But Christ is not present in this Sacrament, according to his natural way of existence, that is, with extension of parts, &c., but in a supernatural manner, one and the same in so many places; his presence, therefore, is real and substantial, but sacramental; not exposed to the external senses, or obnoxious to corporal contingencies.' On the ground of this explanation, I would merely ask, What is that substance of the bread, which goes away (no matter how) in such a change? and what necessity can there be, in the nature of things, for any thing material being removed, in order to the accomplishment of an alteration *so* defined. No particle of glass need be displaced or decomposed, in order to the passing of light: Why? because the subtle nature of light, finds no obstacle, in the mere circumstance of density, nor evidently in any other property which pure glass possesses; consequently, not in any thing we can call its substance. How insupportable then is the position, that a natural substance must pass away, in order to an acknowledged supernatural effect being produced, on it, or through it; or that, that which is local must go off, to make way for that which has no relation to place; having no extension of parts, which constitutes all we can conceive of such relation.

That divine wisdom has some method in store, of striking off this mental fetter, I rest confident; but, while it exists, it

is necessary for us to have it in view, that we may not be conceived, either by Roman Catholics or Protestants, to overlook the real difficulties of the case. I have been led to mention this to you, because it is only lately, that the entire subject has so far opened upon me. I own I did not see the whole amount of the difference, having rather fixed upon the usual interpretations, than the *words* interpreted. Interpretation may satisfy those, who are already bound to words; but they never can make exceptionable words unexceptionable, to those who are out of the difficulty.

I am not sure, however, that the tie to the words is as firm, as it appears to me to be, from merely reasoning on the point. There may be salvos I know nothing of. At all events, good sense would find a salvo easily; as I am sure it could be shown, that *their* distinction between discipline and faith, is, in many instances at least, a distinction without a difference. Inasmuch as every regulation in discipline, implies a point of belief, on which that regulation is founded. But if the regulation is erroneous, the belief on which it rested must be erroneous also. This belief might have been speculatively asserted, as well as practically acted upon. But if the practice be erroneous, the assertion would have been erroneous. Why then are we to suppose, that assertions equally speculative, that is, equally unimportant, may not be equally erroneous, though they happen to be of a kind terminating in mere belief? What reason can there be, for supposing fallibility in the one case, and infallibility in the other?

I hope I have not tired, as well as double-taxed you: but I felt an inclination to talk to you about any thing, at any expense, in order to give you some kind of evidence, that it was not from want of inclination to talk to you, that I have been so long silent. Adieu.

Ever yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

——oo——

LETTER CV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Glankeen, July 10. 1811.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

AFTER so long an interval, it rejoiced me again to see your handwriting, on the back of a letter; and the contents, assuredly, did not disappoint me. I had no other feelings, at the

suspension of our correspondence, than simply those of regret and self-reproach. For I, too, have been more than commonly lazy; but it never entered into my thoughts that you were forgetful of me.

My health has certainly been gaining ground. In other respects, I know not what to say. Intellectually, I have done next to nothing; and, in higher concerns, I cannot judge whether I have been at all progressive. Sometimes I have serious apprehensions of declension: but, on the whole, I trust that, in knowledge of myself, and perhaps in humility, which, in its true sense, is surely of the utmost importance, I may have been making some slow advances. It may be the plan of divine goodness, to discipline me in my retirement, by showing that I must again retrace many of my steps, before I can hope to gain the eminence, which I may once have fondly imagined I was closer to, than fact by any means warranted. Observe, my faith in christian possibilities, is not at all abated. I only wish the work to be done solidly, in order to which I am persuaded, it should be our aim,

'By due steps to aspire.'

All that you say on the Roman Catholic business, and especially on their doctrine of transubstantiation, appears to me of great importance. The more I think on these matters, the more I am disposed to believe, that there are insuperable difficulties, in the way of accommodation with the church of Rome. The Gordian knot, I conceive, cannot be untwisted. It must be cut. And who can tell, whether the monstrous doctrine of transubstantiation, may not have been permitted to become an article of faith, for the very purpose, amongst other objects, of obliging the Church of Rome, when common sense re-asserts her rights, to give up the tenet of infallibility? This point once conceded, it would not be an accommodation between the church of Rome, and us, but an universal reformation of the church itself, which would naturally and necessarily follow. And, though I willingly admit, that the doctrine of infallibility, in the dark ages, was happily instrumental in preserving the catholic verities; I do believe, that, in more advanced times, some far better safeguard may be substituted; the rule of Vincentius Lirinensis, for instance, properly explained and limited. Were I at home, I would offer some observations, on the precise words of the Lateran council; and on what I take to be, some very curious passages, given by the centuriators, from Alexander of Hales, and Thomas Aquinas; but at these we can both look, when we meet, which I trust will be next week. The Archbi-

shop told me he expected you on the 9th, and I hope to be at Cashel on the 8th, being now on my way. I am driven out of my house by painters; but I hope they will have done in three weeks: and, when the smell of the paint is tolerably subdued, I hope you will not refuse to visit my parsonage. The Archbishop gave me hopes of tempting you to come over with him to Abington; and he promises to insure you against Caravats, Shanavests*, and all such marauders. But of this we will talk more fully when we meet. Do not forget to bring with you the Archbishop's new Review: I have forgotten the title, but he wishes to have it.

Farewell, my dear Friend,

Ever, most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER CVI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, July 23. 1811.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I CAN just now write but a very few lines, having yesterday evening taken a slice off my right thumb, whilst pruning a rose tree.

I now have to intreat that you will hold yourself a completely free agent; come to me, or do not come, just as circumstances will permit. I have not the remotest doubt, that your inclination, could inclination determine the point, would lead you here; do not, however, think of incurring the slightest embarrassment. For, though few circumstances on this earth could afford me such pleasure, as seeing you under my roof, I truly should deeply regret seeing you, at any possible expense either of your health or comfort.

I beg you will have the goodness to present my kindest and most respectful compliments to the Archbishop and the ladies. I had hoped to have written to his Grace; but my crippled hand prevents me. Never did I enjoy a visit to that excellent family, so much as the last one.

My house is finished, and finished well.

Farewell, my dear Friend,

Ever most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

* Names assumed by fighting factions, into which the peasantry in the south of Ireland were at the time subdivided... ED.

LETTER 95.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Cashel, Aug. 12. 1811.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM sorry to take up my pen to tell you, what I know will disappoint you, and yet circumstances compel me to alter the determination which I so lately had formed. In short, I find it morally impossible to see you, as I had intended.

I am peremptorily summoned to B——, to attend Sir Thomas Acland's painter, who has been some time there, and now presses for me. If living, therefore, I must be there early in the next week, at farthest. On the other hand, the Archbishop wishes me much to be with him, until the last day; as he does not know what occasion he may have for my advice, when he receives his patent as coadjutor.* I believe you will see at once, that this two-fold exigence is mandatory, as to my movements. It amounts clearly to this; I must stay here, on one pressing account, to the last possible moment; I must go directly from hence to B——, (except spending one necessary day in Dublin,) the first moment I can; so that I doubt not you will forgive me, for now omitting, what I trust I shall be able to do next year, under, perhaps, pleasanter circumstances.

When I wrote to you, I had stronger expectation of the Archbishop's being able to go, than I ventured to express. Had that hope been fulfilled, the thing would have been easy; as the time which I must stay with him, might have been employed in a visit to you. But this, the Archbishop was obliged reluctantly to relinquish. The state of his cavalry (one of which died since our return from Glanworth, and another was left lame with a farrier at Fermoy) has made it impossible.

On other accounts, all this may be as well as it is. I am not well. Providence may yet check my complaint; extreme quietness, and strict care, may prolong ease; but, assuredly, I am in no promising way; a decline seems clearly to lie before me. How slow, or how rapid, I cannot anticipate. Next year, I may still be able to come here; but I may not. I hope and trust, he in whose hands I am, will do every thing for me in mercy; and that he will give me strength and consolation, in proportion to my exigence.

I could say much more, but the hour forbids. This must go

* In the arch-diocese of Dublin. . . Ed.

to the office early in the day; I therefore wish to close at this ante-jentacular hour, lest, if I did not, it might be liable to delay. Adieu.

Believe me ever, most cordially
and faithfully yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

LETTER CVII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe. Oct. 7. 1811.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IT is long, indeed, since I should have written to you. My silence, however, was the pure growth of hindrances, inseparable, at least by persons of my temperament, from movement and bustle; and I seize the first perfectly quiet morning, to do, what should otherwise have been done long before. The day before yesterday, I returned home from Cashel, whither I accompanied my brother and Mrs. Jebb, on their way to Dublin; a right pleasant finale, to a pretty extensive, and very prosperous tour through the south. It is needless to say, that, from the good Archbishop and his kind daughters, we met a cordial and genuine reception.

I look back to my brother's visit, and to our tour in general, with satisfaction: we had delightful weather; and we saw much that was well worth seeing.

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* * * * *

A head-ache prevents me from making further way in this letter. Yet, unsatisfactory as I know it is, both in size and subject, I prefer hazarding it, to any further delay; being very desirous to show you, that you live in my thoughts, and not less desirous, to bespeak a letter from you.

Farewell, my dear Friend, ever most truly
and affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER 96.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., Oct. 11. 1811.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I CANNOT delay one day to tell you, that your letter this morning was a comfort to me. I have been wishing to hear from you, and again and again thought of writing to you; but I wanted some stimulus to engage me in the act. And it has so happened, that I have had several little matters to divert me from it. You were, however, every now and then occurring to my mind. And the thought of you was ever attended, with solicitude to know how you were going on; and with earnest desire to learn, that you were enjoying, at least a competent degree of comfort, in mind, body, and estate.*

I am glad that your tour was so delightful to you. The opportunity of transfusing friendship into relationship, forms a most interesting point in human life. And to feel that the effect is produced, affords a genuine gratification. I can have no such gratification, yet I understand yours: and at the same time, I most deliberately say, I do not feel regret at my own lot. I verily believe, that I could not have enjoyed steady tranquillity, had I not been deprived of my near connections. My insulated situation has freed me from pains, which I neither could have escaped, nor well endured; and it has left me at liberty to enjoy, without interruption, the invaluable connections, with which nothing but Providence itself could have enriched me.

Exactly as I stated to you, I was urgently demanded by the painter,† just when it was in my power to be with him. I sat the very next day, and on the whole, he has made a picture,‡ which I am not sorry should be in existence. The likenesses are allowed to be good, the grouping very happy, and the tout ensemble, as interesting and impressive as any thing of the kind could be. Sir Thomas Acland would have me in my invalid dress; my green velvet nightcap had taken hold of his heart. I lean on a sofa; have just been speaking: Mr. and Mrs. L—— are sitting, one on each hand, deeply, but most tranquilly, and indeed cheerfully, thinking of what they had heard. Mr. D—— leans in an attentive attitude, over the back of a chair.

* 'In the prayers of the church, our personal concerns are judiciously reduced, to the threefold distinction of *mind*, *body*, and *estate*.' Edward Gibbon, Mem. of Life, vol. i. p. 78. ed. quarto.

† J. Singleton, Esq. of London... Ed.

‡ In the possession of Sir T. D. Acland, Bart... Ed.

Miss B—— stands beside her aunt; and P——, the gardener, waits behind. It is the moment in which discourse has paused, but excited attention is not yet relaxed. I hold a book in my hand; and after considering what that book should be, I resolved on Butler's Analogy, for the purpose of indicating that the conversation was religious; and yet, not of the kind which so generally prevails, and so generally displeases all but the initiated. There is more, in Butler, of our magnus sæclorum ordo, than in any received author I could have named.

I thank God, this last summer has been to me as pleasant a one as ever I spent. My visit to the south was perfect, as far as it went. I only felt as a drawback, that I could not go on to you. The little tour I made there was delightful, because I had with me such friends as the Archbishop and Miss B. Afterward, I was more than usually happy. Somehow or other B—— was more à mon goût, than I had found it for some years.

I believe the fine weather exhilarated Mrs. ——, as it certainly did me; and it made her, if it was *it*, animated in the best possible way. I listened to her when she spoke, with inexpressible comfort; for she spoke, not only from that which she ever manifests, a strong mind, but from a winged spirit, and an elevated heart. She had long promised me an excursion, in the parts of the county of Wicklow which I had never visited. She took advantage of the fine weather, in the beginning of last month, to fulfil her engagement; and a pretty full company, Mr. and Mrs. L. &c. &c. performed a circuit of 60 miles. As you say, we had delightful weather; and the country through which we passed, could hardly be parallelled. We were three nights from B——, and arrived there for breakfast the fourth morning, so pleased with our expedition, that J. D., on whom we called as we passed, said we looked in as high spirits, as if we were returning from Donnybrook Fair.

You will write to me, and tell me, when you can, more fully about yourself; and what you are doing; and what you mean to do after Christmas; that is, whether you intend coming to town. Possibly I may employ part of the summer in visiting you. If I can bring this about, you will remember I bring Miss F. with me.

I have had remarkable health this summer, but am now getting a little wrong.

Ever yours,

A. K.

LETTER CVIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, St. Luke's day, 1811.

My dear Friend,

Your very kind, and very pleasant letter, was to me, also, a comfort; and, more than all the rest, the last two or three lines. I shall rejoice to see you here next summer; and I trust nothing may prevent you from putting your purpose in execution.

I should feel your visit to be very incomplete without Miss F. Intrinsically, and on her own account, valuing her as I do, she would be a great acquisition; but further, I look for the domestication, which her presence would give to the party; and to the continuance, which I trust it would imply. Really, I do think that we might pass, at least, some weeks, both pleasantly and profitably together. To me, in the highest sense of the word and thing, it would be an incalculable benefit. Of late, while we have met, there have been many interruptions and drawbacks, which would not, and could not occur in this solitude: and, free from such interruptions, we might talk to greater advantage, than perhaps at any former time, in the midst, too, of a not uncongenial collection of books. Who can tell, whether something might not grow out of such a rustication. Recollect the time we passed together in Dawson Street, after having been together at D——'s. It was summer, and your visitors were absent from town; and, in the course of a fortnight, we did more conjointly, than at any time before or since. I hope and trust, that, in some important respects, I should not be worse qualified next summer to be your coadjutor. And, if you and Miss F. can bear some weeks' retirement, no endeavor shall be wanting, on my part, to make you comfortable.

I cannot resist, though there be some egotism in it, the temptation to transcribe a passage or two, from a letter lately received from my brother. He says, 'We arrived on Monday; and thus finished, most prosperously, one of the most agreeable, indeed, I think I may say, the most gratifying excursion, I ever made. It did, indeed, give me sincere pleasure, to pass so many days under your roof, and to witness the estimation in which you are held; to which I must attribute the hospitality we experienced, in your truly hospitable country. The last visit we made, was not the least gratifying, as it gave me an opportunity of seeing and knowing your excellent Archbishop, more intimately than I could otherwise do; and certainly he is a cha-

racter that it is a happiness so to know. I cannot form to myself an idea of a more perfect model of what a bishop should be, in the 19th century; the divine and the gentleman, so happily blended: so much good-nature, good sense, mildness, and urbanity, are, indeed, seldom met with. You are really most happy in your connection with him. Louisa's heart is won, as well as mine; and the Miss B——'s had their share in the conquest.' Is not this very pleasant? It is all that I could wish, and it is more almost than I expected. Assuredly there is ample ground for every syllable of this panegyric, but I rejoice that my brother so justly appreciates the good Archbishop.

My bodily health has, during the 14 months which I have passed here, manifestly improved: my mental and pneumatic part, has been in a state, of which I am far more dubious. Nothing has been done in the way of writing; and whether my interior state has been progressive or retrograde, I truly cannot judge. On the whole, I am hopeful. I may deceive myself, but I think I feel an incipient spring of mind. For the last week, I have been anxious to write; if I might venture, at an awful distance, to employ words of such import, I would say εξηρευξατο ἡ καρδια μου λογον αγαθον. But then a multitude of subjects have floated before me, without my having the power to fix on any. Such a tumult, however, has on former occasions preceded some not altogether unuseful effort; my mind, indeed, was nearly determined on a subject, as I walked to-day from church (for I keep all holidays). Whether I may be enabled to proceed, I cannot venture to predict.

If I do, I should like to preach two or three sermons in Dublin, after Christmas; but whether I have sermons or not, I think of paying a visit to my brother, if he can receive me, soon after Christmas.

Do, my dear friend, let me soon hear from you. You are not, perhaps, aware, how I prize your letters; neither, perhaps, are you aware, of the good which your letters always do me. Be assured you spend many hours every week, to much less purpose, than an hour or two devoted to

Yours most entirely,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER 97.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, Dec. 16. 1811.

My dear Friend,

Little or much, I must now say something to you, lest you should think me one of the strangest men living. J. D. goes to town this day, and I must catch the opportunity, as safe ones to Dublin are not of daily occurrence; and what is worse (and indeed a material bar in the way of my letter-writing), the occurrence of a messenger is generally heard of, when he is so near going off, that any thing deserving to be called a letter can seldom be written. This altogether looks like an excuse, but I practically feel the effect of it; and the consequence is, that when I am here, I become a peculiarly irregular correspondent. Other causes contribute to this default; such as long sitting after breakfast, and generally whole afternoons and evenings, in the parlor and drawing-room. But most truly the result is, that I cannot command myself in the instance referred to. I have two or three rather pressing calls to write; and in spite of wishes, it will be some little time before my letters shall be dispatched.

So much of palliation, for not sooner replying to the letter which I lately received. It came to hand the day of my leaving Dublin, on which day I was in a perfect pother whether I was to go or not, in consequence of disappointment in a chaise. And as Mr. D. was engaged to go, I was more solicitous than usual; since then, all the petty obstacles mentioned above have been in operation, and besides these, one great obstacle has been, both during that time and before, keeping me from a duty, which I can truly say my heart is never backward to perform.

The obstacle was this, that for some weeks previously to my coming here, (and indeed since) my mind has been engaged in one of those trains of thought, which I am compelled either to proceed with, or disturb fatally. I am sure you can well form an idea of this state of mind; I do assure you I am often thankful, that I can just so far drop my thread, as to sleep comfortably; for were the engagement a little more tight, this might be counteracted; and then, in self-defence, I must have abandoned such mental exercises. You may always be assured, that, when I appear shamefully negligent to you, what I now state is the cause. Willingly neglect you, I could not. But, be the inducement what it may, it is difficult, to me at least, in

a very high degree, to stop, and proceed again. I have been interrupted in this very occupation; and the consequence is, that I lay aside between ten and eleven sheets, being convinced, on reviewing them, that they have suffered such loss, as to make them improper to be sent where I intended. One result is, that *I have them*, and that I hope you will see them; but I must, as speedily as possible, sit down and frame a letter out of them, similar to that which I purposed.

You may ask, 'Is it then to write a letter, that you would neglect and vex me?' I answer, no ordinary letter, or letters to any beings on earth, should induce me to incur that charge. But I mean letters, which, considering the state of things religious and political in England, and also considering other circumstances of peculiar cast, not now to be explained through want of time, are upon me singularly magnetical. For example, the editor of the Eclectic Review, (Mr. Parken, now a barrister) perseveres in writing to me, notwithstanding my definitive refusal to write for that review. He is really an uncommon young man. The questions he puts to me, will probably lead to a more digested, as well as more systematized statement of all my views, than I have ever yet had occasion, or been able to give. And though I do not, indeed cannot, keep copies, it may happen, that what I write may justify me in getting them transcribed, by some one in that occupation in London. This, at this moment, is the case with two letters. One on justification, the other on mysticism; both which may serve as good records of thoughts. These are what I wish to have, and I find no way of obtaining them, like that afforded by an actual call to explain. Mr. P. seems disposed largely to give me this; and it is impressed on me by concurrent circumstances, not to omit availing myself of this. I am far from hopeless that I shall gain him, to the substance, at least, of our way of thinking. And his letters prove him a prize worth striving for. At all events, his acute, intelligent remarks on what I say, are to me of very great value; and of great present aid to the working of my mind.

I could tell you much of my feelings on the point now brought before you, to which I verily believe you would not be insensible, and could not deem absolutely extravagant. The truth is, my thoughts interest me at this day, if possible, more than ever; and to have them recorded in some shape, which might be communicated to the world, at least when I am gone, is an object to which this, along with many other considerations, urges me, to wit, that life and strength are quickly passing away. My next birth-day, March 17, will complete my fifty-fourth year. If then I am to do any thing, it must be done in this passing decad

of my years, or it will never be done. And if I ought to do any thing, continued negligence might disturb a death-bed. My present life I do wish to make some use of, *Νυξ γαρ ερχεται*. And all circumstances concur to press on me these two conclusions, . . that writing is my work, . . and yet not volunteer writing, immediately for the press. It is very odd, but in almost every instance when I attempt this, I get into a Serbonian bog. On the contrary, I write letters with comfort. It has been my way to follow such guidances; and nothing yet makes me repent it.

I must stop. I assure you I look forward for myself and Miss F. to summer.

Ever yours,
A. K.

LETTER CIX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Dec. 20. 1811.

My dear Friend,

You have freed me from no small mental uneasiness. No doubt remains as to the continuance of your kindly feeling. And so far as you have failed to give entire satisfaction, the fault may perhaps lie at the door of my own unreasonable wishes. That you can and do write letters with comfort, I am truly glad, and doubtless the world will one day have reason to rejoice. It is, however, no easy matter to forget, indeed I must ever gratefully remember, that, in former times, a portion of your valuable thoughts flowed freely forth to me. Nor can I avoid deeply regretting, that ever since my settlement at this place, I have not even shared the crumbs, which fall from your table. This, indeed, may be no more than the inevitable result, partly of extrinsic causes, partly of your mental constitution. If so, to reason on the point were idle; to acquiesce with submission is all that remains. But, prizing your correspondence as I do, I cannot help making a last struggle to retain, or rather to recover, so great a privilege and blessing.

It would truly pain me, that, on my account, you should ever interrupt or disturb a train of thought, or snap a single thread of your discussion. But I would submit to you, how far your purpose might be answered, by sometimes thinking of me, when a train of thought first begins to evolve itself. It may, indeed,

be possible, that your mind cannot work pleasantly, without such 'calls' or 'stimulations', as I am incompetent to furnish; and, in this case, not a syllable more should be said. On the supposition, however, that matters are not quite so hopeless, I shall enlarge, myself, on a subject so very near my heart.

Any thoughts recorded in a letter to me, would be ever at your call, and within your reach; and in me you would always have an amanuensis; besides, though my remarks may hitherto have been too exclusively technical and verbal, I am conscious of some capacity for commenting on the substance; and, on the opposite leaves of my transcripts, I would gladly offer such thoughts in the way of inquiry, of objection, of elucidation, or of confirmation, as, in your hands, might possibly turn to some account. I know, and I most cordially admit, that, in the present state of the world, it is of signal importance to make lodgments with individuals, especially in England, whose talents and connections give them an influence over the public mind; or, at least, over considerable bodies, religious and political, and such manner of person Mr. Parken very possibly may be. Yet, even in such cases, it may be worth while to remember, how many luminous packets, have (at least apparently) failed to produce any real or permanent effect. It may be also worthy of a little thought, how far it is right, altogether to supersede a long attached friend, who, more than most others, harmonizes with your own favorite views; who, from so harmonizing, is not ill qualified to apprehend what you say; and who, from having the matter thrown out to engage him in thought, and to set him at work, might eventually become no unserviceable coadjutor. I am deeply conscious indeed, that, at any period of my life, but especially of late years, I have done very little as a consecutive reader, a continuous thinker, or a steady writer. Still, I have not been wholly idle, and according to the measure of my synthetical mind, I have laid in some useful materials. Nor, am I deprived of all hope, that even amidst frequent bodily ailments, and mental depressions, my judgment has been gradually maturing, my faculties gaining some additional strength, and my acquaintance with the sources of information, moderately increasing. Sometimes, too, it must be confessed, I am apt to indulge the presentiment, that I may hereafter be enabled to write with greater fluency than heretofore, and, at least, with equal energy and correctness. But, if I do not occasionally receive a cheering and pregnant communication, I deeply fear, that whatever of promise is about me, will perish in the bud. My mind, you well know, is not originative but concoctive; it has also a turn for arrangement, for improvement, and for a liberalized logic: such a mind is rarely well qualified to forage

entirely for itself; it needs much of that, from which I am peculiarly shut out, . . rational conversation; many of those collisions which enkindle, of those questions which elicit thought, and which I never meet, except on the rare occasions when I enjoy the society of H. W. Thus circumstanced, I found your letters an invaluable treasure; and I may fairly add, they have not wholly been hid within a napkin: directly, they have been of signal advantage to myself; both directly and indirectly, they have been made greatly serviceable to others; and I would fondly hope, that still better and more valuable effects, of both kinds, yet remain in store. If no such communications are again to delight and edify me, I must learn to submit. Perhaps, indeed, their cessation may imply a hint, that, with a good grace, and without higher pretensions, I should subside into a commonplace country parson. I must, however, own, that I do feel certain aspirations within, which prompt me not yet to consign myself to that level. And, if I am to have the support of no friendly buoyancy, I shall even make an effort to swim alone. The tone of this letter may appear strange; I can, however, most truly say, that it is not meant to be, in the remotest degree, unkind, or querulous, or disrespectful. I wish, indeed, candidly to disclose, what is in my heart; freely to speak what is the dictate, not more of quick feeling, than of deliberate judgment. I shall only add a simple request and intreaty, that you may not embarass yourself by replying to what has been said. If it be unreasonable, it deserves no answer. If it possess any weight, I merely wish it to be weighed.

About Monday the 30th, I hope to be at H. W.'s, on my way to Dublin.

Farewell, my dear Friend,
Ever most affectionately yours,
JOHN JEBB.

P. S. After carefully reviewing what I have written, I do not feel disposed to alter a single word: were I addressing almost any person but yourself, I should somewhat fear the imputation of unwarrantable selfishness. You, however, will perfectly understand, that my anxiety is about matters, closely connected with moral and spiritual improvement, and with my own usefulness in my generation. An apprehension of another kind would press more heavily upon me: I should grieve if you were to think I would, even remotely, interfere with the announcement, in whatever manner, or to whatever person, of the important things which occupy your mind. When there is an actual call; when there are intelligent objections, leading to clear elucidations; acute and pointed remarks, eliciting 'digest-

ed and systematized statements'; and the animated *no*, to call forth an equal energy of reply; then, I admit, it is most natural, and may prove extremely beneficial, that you should give yourself to the current. And when I consider the awful and affecting motives, which urge you not to delay 'life's instant business', I should be heartily ashamed of myself, if I were for a moment to wish that any idle self-gratification of mine, should place the slightest remora, between you and your duty. All I wish, is simply this, that you should consider, whether the registering of your thoughts may not sometimes be made to coincide, with my instruction and improvement. If it cannot, I have done; and I can well conceive, that the identity of opinion, which, in many instances, obtains between us, may make me not the properest person, to whom such letters could be addressed as you would wish to write. Certain it is, that when I had much less knowledge of your system, you were in the habit of writing more fully and discursively, than since we have more thoroughly agreed. And perhaps it could not be otherwise. This is a possible trait of 'mental constitution', which, towards the beginning of my letter, I had implicitly in view. More allowances remain afloat in my mind; do not therefore set me down as captious and unreasonable. If I have written a sentence, or a word, that can bear a captious or unreasonable construction, I earnestly entreat a more lenient interpretation. When a man feels acutely, he may perhaps speak, at times, more pointedly than he ought; yet, in the present instance, I am conscious of no sentiment which I could wish to alter.

I had a visit of eight or ten days from H—— N——, and a young friend of his, at present engaged in mercantile business, and likely so to continue; but an uncommonly nice, pious, intelligent, intellectual young man; very clever in business, and, at the same time, very much devoted to the best studies.

Farewell again, ever yours,

J. J.

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LETTER CX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Glankeen, Jan. 4. 1812.

My dear Friend,

I have had fears that my late letters must have pained you; sometimes that they might detach you from me: but I am now full of hope, that you have already made allowance for somewhat of bodily ailment, and more of mental depression, at once

producing and aggravating the apprehension, that I was in danger of losing, what, for more than twelve years, has been the greatest blessing of my life. Your letters, since the year 1799, have been my companions to this place. In reading them over, I am more sensible than ever of their value, and of the great account which I must render for their use. This day five years, you wrote these words to me. 'I sincerely hope I shall not lose sight of your wish to hear from me, however briefly. You have, I assure you, furnished me with as strong motives for doing this, as you well could; not only by the expressions in your letter, but by the very physiognomy of it. I think I see in it the very hilarity, that I myself was the means of exciting. And believe me, to make you cheerful, must ever cheer myself.' Now, my dear friend, that hilarity, which was assuredly excited by your letters in detail, has been far more powerfully excited by a review of them at large. And as I am unwilling there should be any drawback to (I trust) our happy meeting, I wish to send an *avant courier*, with tidings of my recovered cheerfulness, and full assurance of your friendship and regard. In truth, without this assurance, a visit to Dublin would be a very wretched thing. For, though a strong mutual attachment subsists between me and my nearest kindred, the heart feels a void without a friend. There is deep truth in the saying of Euripides,

ανηρ, ὁστις τροφοισι συντακη, θυραιος ων,
μυριων κρεισσων ὁμαιμων ανδρι κεκτησθαι φιλος.

I cannot help thinking you will be much interested, by the sight of your own letters. To me the re-perusal has been delightful. It has brought before me the happiest, the most eventful, the most influential circumstances, the grand turning points, of my whole life. It has recalled a thousand associations of the most cheering kind, and shed around them a purpureum lumen, at once mellowed by distance, and marked with the distinctness of present reality. It has brought before me, the gradual developement of your system, and shown you always at unity with yourself, though happily progressive in your views; your mental horizon, enlarging itself in all tides, as you advance. I am particularly interested by observing in the earlier parts, not inconsistency, but deficiency of view; which, however, is always amply supplied, either from more advanced stages of the correspondence, or from recollections of our many conversations. For, in no instance, has my mind suggested a single improvement, which must not be traced directly or indirectly, to yourself. I have been saying simply and soberly, what I think and feel; and much more could be said with equal truth, but I spare you. But

from reading these letters, which are indeed my most precious κειμηλιον, I am deeply desirous that you would immediately exert yourself to procure copies of those written to friends, both in England, and at home. You have already made great advances, towards a full announcement of your ways of thinking; and it is of the last importance, that matter so registered, should not only be preserved, but concentrated.

In talking last night with H. W., I was led into a curious, and I humbly conceive, not altogether fanciful train of thought. We were speaking of the prevailing tastes of Englishmen, in the present day. I recollected having heard from my brother, Mr. Davy* himself being judge and reporter, that Greek literature is so much the fashion, as to have beaten science out of the field. On this point, for obvious reasons, Mr. Davy's authority is, perhaps, the most unexceptionable thing England could afford; therefore, taking the fact for granted, I was led into a few observations, of which I would gladly convey the substance to you. Within these few years, as you well know, a party has been formed, and violent attacks have been directed, against classical literature, and against our universities. In this warfare, metaphysics, political economy, and the various branches of physical science, combined their forces; and it is not less gratifying than remarkable, that the 'literæ humaniores', should have both stood their ground, and gained the victory. This desirable result, has, in my apprehension, been materially promoted by the inaccessible state of the continent. Shut out from the usual routine of travel, many young men of rank, wealth, and promise, have traversed the islands of the Archipelago, the Troad, and a considerable part of Greece. At home, they have studied to prepare themselves, by a critical acquaintance with the Greek language. The best Greek writers, have been their chosen compagnons de voyage; and the powerful influence of local association has given a charm to the study, of which we, perhaps, can form only a remote and faint conception. That which was delightful abroad, is not readily relinquished at home. They are anxious to communicate the result of their inquiries; a taste is hence created in others; the example spreads; and the state of things is widely altered, since the day that Johnson said to his friend Langton, 'We are almost the only persons that understand Greek.' But, whilst external causes have thus perplexed, whilst Bonaparte has sent over travellers to Greece; it is remarkable, that a provision for this emergency, had been preparing in England, for some years before its actual occurrence. It is well known, that, amongst the first rate

* Sir Humphrey Davy. . . Ed.

scholars of Europe, a critical knowledge of Greek, has advanced more within the last seventy years, than during the whole period, from the restoration of letters, to that time. In this department, till the last twenty or twenty-five years, most had been done on the continent. Since, most has been done by our great English scholars; the Porsons, the Parrs, the Burneys, &c. &c. Now it is surely, in all appearance, a providential arrangement, that without encouragement, without patronage, without stimulus, and against the stream of more popular pursuits, men of most powerful minds, and most indefatigable industry, should have been disposed to give themselves unreservedly, to the cultivation of Greek letters, just previous to the time when, from causes the most unforeseen, there had been a great, and hitherto unexampled demand for their commodity.* Will it appear trifling to hazard the notion, that Bryant's strange scepticism about the Trojan war, and the subsequent controversy, had a share in this movement, by attracting curiosity to the Troad, and to the whole Homeric territory? I know it may be said, and doubtless with some degree of justice, that, in the department of Greek literature now explored with greatest avidity, there is much room for trifling; and that many first-rate proficients, are actually no better than egregious triflers. You will at once perceive, that I allude to prosodical niceties, to metrical arrangement, to whatsoever, in a word, regards rather the technicalities of language, than the sublime philosophy, or the solid good sense, of which language is but the external vehicle. This, however, may not be so mere a waste of time and labor, as many would imagine. In prosody, discoveries *may* be made; in grammar, at this day, comparatively few. But wherever discovery is probable, or even possible, there is a stimulus to the pursuit. And the pursuit once established, a more solid application, for more rational and manly purposes, may be fairly expected. The important discoveries of the last seventy years, with respect to the meaning and use of particles, and their force in composition, the various tenses of verbs, the doctrine of articles, and various other particulars, which I am not Grecian enough to think of enumerating, will doubtless be popularized in grammars; and it is not unlikely, that the school-boy of fifty years hence, may be sped off to Oxford or Cambridge with a familiar knowledge of principles, which are now the peculiar property of veterans in the language. Prosody itself may, however, be of vast importance; as habituating scholars to a close examination of the structure and arrangement of language.

* Is it not curious, for instance, that Porson should have professed himself astonished, at Lord Royston's knowledge of Greek?

What the unphilosophical denominate niceties, are frequently the keys of recondite wisdom: or rather, indeed, I should have said, the keys of recondite wisdom are invariably deemed mere niceties, by unphilosophical minds. By knowing somewhat of Hebrew poetry, *we* feel the value of these things; and the world will assuredly be better prepared to perceive the exquisite philosophy of Scripture, when it shall have acquired, at once a more minute, and more profound acquaintance, with the structure and arrangement of language. For this, prosodical investigations may be no unfit preparative. It is needless to say that I have now reached the point, which alone could have induced this long discussion. I do soberly view it as a providential dispensation, that, by circumstances wholly beyond our control, the study of the Greek language should have been forced, as it were, upon the one country in this world, whose establishment, whose liturgy, whose habits of thinking, most eminently qualify it for the office of hereafter elucidating Holy Scripture. This may worthily be deemed one, among the many final causes of present events; and, if the shutting up of continental Europe, were to be attended with no other beneficial result, (which is far from probable,) the world would be amply indemnified, by this one great and unquestionable blessing. Much more might be said; but, in writing to you, it would be needless, if it were possible, to exhaust the subject. If these remarks are wholly fanciful, they are already much too long: if, on the other hand, they have any solid foundation, *you* are far better qualified to raise the superstructure, than your correspondent.

I have made my arrangements for being in Dublin, on Thursday the 9th inst. My best, and most cordial remembrances to all with you.

Farewell for the present. Ever, my dear Friend,
most affectionately and unreservedly yours,
JOHN JEBB.

LETTER 98.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

June 18. 1812.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

How can you forgive me, for suffering you to remain for so many weeks, in the state I have known you to be in, without writing one line to you? I say, notwithstanding, if you knew every thing about me, how I feel, and how I am circumstanc-

ed, you would forgive me. For you would know I ha thinking of you, I might say, daily; and you would also that letter-writing has been, since I came here, till within few days, morally impossible. —— had me in constant sition; that is, he was to come to me at any minute he plea and he actually occupied much of my time, and more of thoughts. Never did I feel myself more seriously obliged to use my best judgment, and put forth my most digested principles, than in my late conversations with that interesting young man. Never did I meet an individual, more capable of exalted happiness, yet concerning whom I was more dubious, whether the desirable point would actually be attained. The seductive world, on one side, eliciting ambition, on pretence of public duty: the soi-disant evangelical fraternity, on the other side, at once alluring by its plausibilities, astounding by its dogmatisms, and yet, I think I may say, conciliating by its compromises. These are the Scylla and the Charybdis, between which he is placed; and whether he shall eventually escape both, time alone can tell. I am sure one motive of his coming now to Ireland, was to have conversations with me, on both these topics. He knew no one else that could assist him, in calculating the hazards, or the possible securities, of a voyage on the open sea of political life, but myself; and what little light I could afford, he wished to be possessed of. His mind was already inclined, both on prudential and moral grounds, to decline, for the next five or six years, whatever overtures might be made to him; and I felt it my duty to do all that in me lay, to strengthen that disposition. If he finally resolves upon it, and a few months now must settle it, I shall have strong hope, that danger from the world is, at least in a good degree, surmounted. In that case, his better tastes will have space to evolve; and in proportion as these advance, his hazards from calvinism will lessen. Such, at least, is my hope, excited by the manner in which he moved with me, in the discussion of certain theological questions. Our last conversation, was on the sense in which our Savior is the ιλασμος περι των αμαρτιων ημων; and I never talked to one who weighed what was said, and remarked on it, with more candor, clearness, or strength. I had it in my power to enounce central truths; those which constitute the strength of the cause; and he so received them, as to warrant expectation, that he will often think them over, and perhaps never wholly part with them. Towards the close of the conversation, he seemed almost to say, γλυκυ ἡ αληθεια. My object was to distinguish, between the *salvability*, once and for all procured, and the *salvation*, individually and morally accomplished. I wished to prove, and I think I satisfied him, that no act of reliance upon the *salvability*, could con-

fer the *salvation;* the former being but a mere possibility; therefore, not even interesting, until the salvation itself was valued and sought: and that this latter being substantially, that *new moral nature*, which brings us back to God, and fits us indispensably for eternally enjoying him, it must be sought for practically and morally; not regarded, merely or chiefly, as the object of *thought*, however warm, or of *reliance*, however confident; but as a matter of inward consciousness, and experimental attainment. He asked, how the death of Christ had direct effect on this moral process; and when I endeavored to show, that such an object alone, could disenchant the human mind, naturally enslaved to sensuality, vanity, and ambition; could make the proud, humble, or the passionate, meek, or the irritable, calm, or the obdurate, tender, he understood me; and seemed to see that Deity, thus modified into a *moral medicine*, was fitted to work, not merely convincingly or persuasively, but energetically. I was able also to point out a difference to him, between *satisfaction for sin*, and *impetrative merit*. The latter, I wished to attribute unreservedly to our Redeemer, inasmuch as it acts upon the divine love; whereas *satisfaction* (which, however, in a sound sense, I did not dispute) was liable to be so understood, as to obscure and sadden our views of the divine nature. I illustrated my idea of our Savior's merit availing for us, by the instance of an artist's block of marble. When this is taken from the quarry, it is only so much stone; but every portion of labor, which the statuary expends upon it, raises its value. He has communicated something of his own to it, by every skilful touch; and he who feels the excellence of the worker, is proportionately interested by that transfused excellence, which the advancing subject exhibits. This idea, when applied to the work of moral melioration, loses nothing of its force; on the contrary, it acquires new force, as well as brightness and tenderness. To my apprehension, it places redeemed man, (and much more, renovated individuals made righteous, in a degree perhaps made holy,) in a relation to the redeeming and renovating Word, and, through him, to the eternal Father, which is as gratifying and delightful, as any thought could be, within the utmost range of possible cogitation. I could not hesitate to urge this view, as more than an adequate substitute, for all the plausibilities of Calvinism; while enlightened good sense would see, it was liable to none of those abuses, of which Calvinistic theology is not only accused by its opponents, but, (if we can judge by the guards and cautions resorted to,) suspected by its dearest friends.

I have reason to ask your forgiveness, for thus filling my letter to you, with thoughts so familiar to yourself. But I got into

the subject, through the special attraction of the case; and being in it, I could not sooner find my way out.

I have left myself room only to intreat that you will write to me, and tell me every thing about yourself. The sight of your hand-writing about the time, indeed, before I heard of your accident, cheered me; because it told me your right arm was unimpaired. Mrs. L. desires me to say every thing to you that I can say, expressive of her esteem and affection. I speak for her and her worthy husband with all my heart, for more cordially kind persons are not on this earth.

Ever yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

——oo——

LETTER CXI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, July 3. 1812.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I CAN assure you I felt perfectly satisfied, that your silence was not the silence of neglect; on the contrary, I was accusing myself: and I have now to account for not sooner answering your most acceptable letter. By an absence at Cashel, I did not receive it in the usual course; and, since my return home, my time has been taken up by a visit from ——, his wife, and brother. I am greatly pleased with them all; for I think them all solidly improved. —— has gained more vivacity, more ease of manner, and more maturity of judgment. His wife conforms to him, not only from principle, but I think from relish; and as to ——, I am delighted with him. There is an innocent playfulness about him, that cheers and refreshes my mind and spirits; and he unites elegance and variety of pursuits, with the steadiest attachment to the one thing needful. We have every evening very delightful concerts; and I am more and more astonished at the sublimity, and the tenderness of Handel.

I have lately resumed my attention to the versicular arrangements in the New Testament; and have made some progress in an essay on the subject, which perhaps may grow into an announcement of the discovery. My plan is, to arrange fit examples, under distinct heads; intermingling observations, critical and explanatory: some of the examples which I have selected within the last month, are exquisitely beautiful; had I more time, I would cite a few specimens for your amusement: but my needful attention to my guests, does not leave me at full liberty. Would you dissuade me from keeping back, in

such an introductory essay, the most important theological uses of the Hebraic versicular system? It appears to me the part of prudence, not to embarrass the first announcement of the system. Were it once received, even by a few, as incontrovertibly made out, then would be the time for availing ourselves of it theologically. Meantime, abundant critical, explanatory, and biblical uses might be suggested, as flowing from attention to this Hebrew structure and arrangement of sentences; in detecting hidden beauties, in reconciling difficulties, in establishing or amending the received text, &c. &c.

My arm is gaining ground. I cannot, indeed, yet raise it; but there is no reason to apprehend that I shall not recover its use altogether. Meantime, I am free from sensible uneasiness; and can use my left hand as well as ever, for all purposes that do not imply the necessity of raising high the upper joint.

And now, my dear friend, may I hope to have the happiness of seeing you and Miss F.? It is needless to say how near this wish is to my heart. You know my feelings about it; and I have a trust that you will not, if morally possible, wound them by disappointment. Do let me hear from you soon.

You will give my most affectionate remembrances to Mr. and Mrs. ———, and to our friend D——. Better and happier, in all respects, than I wish them, they cannot be.

Farewell, my dear Friend,

Ever most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER 99.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson Street, July 20. 1812.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE been wishing to thank you for your truly acceptable letter, and I made an attempt, but broke off, as I found myself in danger of saddening rather than gratifying you. It was on Friday the 17th I began a letter. I had come in from B——, the day before, to consult my surgeon. He was not in town; therefore, when I was writing, I had not seen him. I therefore knew not whether my complaint might not be alarming; nor, in its progress, what sufferings it might induce. Precisely under these feelings, was I talking to you, and consequently they could not but come forth. Thought I, this will not do, there

would be no kindness in afflicting without ground, I will therefore rest till I have seen my surgeon. I saw he made little of my case, and put me into spirits. But it has not gone off so easily; this is the first day, on which he ventured to say the complaint was yielding.

Under these circumstances, you will not wonder, if I defer venturing to speak about visiting you, until I can judge better of my own fitness to undertake a journey.

I forget whether, when you were in Dublin, you furnished yourself with Cecil's works. If you did, I think you must have had pleasure in reading his Remains. It strikes me that no Calvinist, perhaps ever before, talked so much good sense. Mr. Pratt, his editor, deserves much credit, for the sensible observations he has made on Mr. Cecil's character. It is almost mysterious, that minds capable of such expansion, should have still remained in such uncouth coercion. But I settle all such matters thus: . . life is short; during life, these men have a department to fill, for which such views best fit them; and so far as those views were either uncomfortable or untrue, a few minutes in the other world will both disabuse and indemnify.

There is a noble sentiment, at the end of the paragraph on the 95th page of the Remains of Cecil, of which you will see an extraordinary illustration, in Brainerd's journal: Edwards's works, vol. iii. p. 348.

* * * * * *

I must stop, or run the risk of being too late.

Ever yours,

A. K.

——oo——

LETTER CXII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, July 24. 1812.

My dear Friend,

I hope and trust you have continued to amend; and I cannot but feel a strong presentiment, that a movement from home will, in a very short time, be freely permitted by your medical friends, and not much apprehended by yourself: meantime, be assured, that I am not obstructed in any arrangement whatever, by the present uncertainty of your locomotive power. This I am glad to be able unequivocally to say; for, though the prospect of seeing you, would amply indemnify me for the suspension of any other plan, it is doubtless more pleasant for you to be assured, that you do not give rise to the slightest shadow of incon-

venience. Some things, too, I have to propose and talk over, which could be best considered, at a distance from all interruptions; and which, in their consequences, may be of great importance to me, and perhaps of some moment, also, to the system which we love. The road to this, is one of the finest in Ireland; and the journey can with ease be performed in two days and a half.

I am glad that you like my project. I see my way more clearly than hitherto; and I should hope to present the matter in an intelligible, unexceptionable, and not uninteresting form. Lately I have met, in some of the most approved and learned writers (old ones too) on the style of the New Testament, more than one or two attestations, on which I conceive the Hebraic structure of the New Testament may be rested, as on a hook. I cannot transcribe at length; but you shall have one short paragraph, as a specimen of the rest. 'Usus ipse et experientia locupletissimum præbent testimonium, neque facilius, neque gravius ad ipsum Novi Testamenti medium perveniri, quam ea resolvendi, interpretandique ratione, quæ Veteris Testamenti stylo, novi fœderis libros metitur, expendit, evolvit.' Now, what more do I propose, than the simple application of this received principle? The New Testament is to be measured, weighed, evolved, by referring to the style of the Old Testament, as its prototype and standard. But the style of the Old Testament, we may fairly assume, was not understood, before the discoveries of Bishop Lowth; and it is my object merely to show, that the arrangement and distribution of sentences, exhibited by Bishop Lowth in the Old Testament, prevail, not less extensively, in the New; this is the head and front of my undertaking. And whoever admits the above quoted principle of Boecler (which Boecler himself abundantly establishes,) must admit, also, the correctness of our conclusions.

You may perhaps like to see a few specimens of my lately collected materials. I shall give then

Three connected simple Quatrains.

I.

ἡ γενεα αὐτη πονηρα εστι· σημειον επιζητει·
και σημειον ου δοθησεται αυτῃ· ει μη το σημειον Ιωνα του προφητου·
καθως γαρ εγενετο Ιωνας, σημειον τοις Νινευιταις·
οὑτως εσται και ὁ νἱος του ανθρωπου τῃ γενεᾳ ταυτῃ.

II.

βασιλισσα νοτου, εγερθησεται εν τη κρισει,
μετα των ανδρων της γενεας ταυτης, και κατακρινει αυτους·
ότι ηλθεν εκ των περατων της γης, ακουσαι την σοφιαν Σολομωντος·
και ιδου, πλειον Σολομωντος ὠδε.

III.

ανδρες Νινευι, αναστησονται εν τη κρισει,
μετα της γενεας ταυτης, και κατακρινουσιν αυτην·
ότι μετενοησαν, εις το κηρυγμα Ιωνα·
και ιδου, πλειον Ιωνα ὠδε.

St. Luke, xi. 29. 23.

In these stanzas, each line is obviously bimembral; and the last two quatrains are most strictly parallel, their lines, in regular order, precisely corresponding.

βασιλισσα νοτου, εγερθησεται εν τη κρισει,
ανδρες Νινευι, αναστησονται εν τη κρισει,

μετα των ανδρων της γενεας ταυτης, και κατακρινει αυτους·
μετα της γενεας ταυτης, και κατακρινουσιν αυτην.

ότι ηλθεν εκ των περατων της γης, ακουσαι την σοφιαν Σολομωντος·
ότι μετενοησαν, εις το κηρυγμα Ιωνα·

και ιδου, πλειον Σολομωντος ὠδε.
και ιδου, πλειον Ιωνα ὠδε.

It might naturally, and, at first view not unfairly, be objected, that the second stanza is introduced somewhat out of place; interposing, without obvious connection, between the first and second mention of the prophet Jonas; between the first announcement and the fuller explanation of that awful sign. This apparent difficulty is, however, obviated by a consideration, which enables us, at the same time, to appreciate and admire a peculiar nicety and precision of composition. In the chastisement which awaited the Jews, the condemnation was to be necessarily twofold; individual and collective; affecting each individual sinner, and overwhelming the nation at large. The condemnation of particular sinners, is, in the order of nature, strictly prior; therefore, it should be first mentioned; but, for this purpose, the example of Nineveh and of Jonas, was unsuitable; the narrative of that prophet, affording no instance of individual

repentance, or individual virtue. Another example, therefore, was to be introduced; and what more apposite than the queen of the south? But with what admirable nicety, are the individual reference of the second stanza, and the collective bearing of the third, indicated by a variation, minute, indeed, in appearance, but, in reality, of the last importance.

βασιλισσα νοτου, εγερθησεται εν τῃ κρισει,
μετα των ανδρων της γενεας ταυτης, και κατακρινει αυτους.

The queen of the south, an individual aspirant after wisdom, shall immediately condemn the low-thoughted individuals of the Jewish people, who neglected the highest wisdom.

ἀνδρες Νινευι, αναστησονται εν τῃ κρισει,
μετα της γενεας ταυτης, και κατακρινουσιν αυτην.

The men of Nineveh, a collective mass of penitents, shall collectively condemn the whole impenitent body of the Jewish nation.

Yet another nicety should not be overlooked: it is written,

βασιλισσα νοτου, εγερθησεται·
ανδρες Νινευι, αναστησονται.

Why this difference of verb? May it not be offered as a probable conjecture, that *ανασησεται*, the natural, and even the technical phrase, when the final resurrection from the dead is in question, has been avoided in the case of the queen of the south, because the verb *ανιστημι* means, in its primitive sense, 'to rise from a fall;' and because we have every reason to believe, that she had uniformly persevered in the paths of goodness and virtue? The Ninevites, on the other hand, by repentance, had risen from the depths of vice and degradation; to them, therefore, the verb in question was most strictly applicable.

Three connected Stanzas of another, and somewhat unusual form.

I.

ουαι ὑμιν ὁδηγοι τυφλοι, οἱ λεγοντες,
ὁς αν ομοσῃ εν τῳ ναῳ, ουδεν εστιν·
ὁς δ'αν ομοσῃ εν τῳ χρυσῳ του ναου, οφειλει.
μωροι και τυφλοι·

τις γαρ μειζων εστιν, ὁ χρυσος,
η ὁ ναος, ὁ ἁγιαζων τον χρυσον ;

II.

και [ουαι ὑμιν ὁδηγοι τυφλοι, οἱ λεγοντες . . understood]
ὁς αν ομοσῃ εν τῳ θυσιαστηριῳ, ουδεν εστιν·
ὁς δ' αν ομοσῃ εν τῳ δωρῳ τῳ επανω αυτου, οφειλει.
μωροι και τυφλοι·
τι γαρ μειζον, το δωρον,
η το θυσιαστηριον, το ἁγιαζον το δωρον ;

III.

ὁ ουν ομοσας εν τῳ θυσιαστηριῳ,
ομνυει εν αυτῳ, και εν πασι τοις επανω αυτου·
και ὁ ομοσας εν τῳ ναῳ,
ομνυει εν αυτῳ, και εν τῳ κατοικουντι αυτον·
και ὁ ομοσας εν τῳ ουρανῳ,
ομνυει εν τῳ θρονῳ του Θεου, και εν τῳ καθημενῳ επανω αυτου.

St. Matth. xxiii. 16. 22.

In each of the first two stanzas, there is a beautiful peculiarity of construction, by rhetoricians termed the epanodos, or ὑστερωσις ; that is, a going back ; speaking first, to the latter of two propositions ; afterward, to the former. In the first stanza, the temple is mentioned first, then the gold ; in the latter part of the same stanza, the gold is first resumed, then the temple. In the second stanza, the altar is mentioned first, then the gift ; in the latter part of that stanza, the gift is first resumed, then the altar. Again, in the passage at large, the same arrangement obtains, on a larger scale. Swearing by the temple, is mentioned in the first stanza ; swearing by the altar, is considered in the second ; and in the third stanza, the altar is first resumed, then the temple. In the last two lines, is the termination of a transcendent climax, for which the way had been most skilfully, and yet most naturally prepared, throughout the whole of the last stanza. There is a most expressive departure from the terms originally employed. When the altar is mentioned in the first distich, ' all things thereon' are substituted for ' the gift.' In the second distich, when the temple is mentioned, ' the gold' is superseded, by ' him that dwelleth therein.' Hence, the progress is easy, to the correlative terms of the last distich, . . heaven, the throne of God, and him that sitteth thereon.

In the last stanza, the first two distichs, are conclusion on corollaries respectively deduced, from the second stanza, and from the first. But the third distich, of the third stanza, is, in structure and meaning, precisely parallel with the two preceding distichs. It, like them, must consequently depend upon a previous stanza. But no such stanza is expressed in words. Therefore, in order to complete the sense, it must be understood. It should also be observed, that the first two distichs of the third stanza, refer to their expressed antecedents, in the inverted order; and that the supplied, or understood stanza, must consequently, in the order of thought, be previous to all the rest. The truth appears to be, that our Lord replied to what was in the heart of the scribes and pharisees, without recording in words the climax of their blasphemy. The omission of the previous stanza is no less judicious, than its implication is evident. It conveys to our mind, in the strongest manner, the most absolute conviction, that the infatuated beings whom our Lord addressed, had attained a pitch of impiety, implying thoughts and feelings, which could not be decorously repeated. Had the lines been inserted, we must, from the context, infer, that they would have been somewhat to the following effect:—

ουαι ὑμιν, ὁδηγοι τυφλοι, οἱ λελοντες,
ὁς αν ομοσῃ εν τῳ Θεῳ ουδεν εστιν·
ὁς δ' αν ομοσῃ εν τῳ ουρανῳ, οφειλει (or *ὁς δ' αν ομοσῃ εν τῳ ουρανῳ του Θ. οφειλ.*)
μωροι και τυφλοι·
τις γαρ μειζων εστιν, ὁ ουρανος,
η ὁ Θεος ὁ ἁγιαζων τον ουρανον;

To me, the omission appears exquisitely beautiful. And I am disposed to say of the passage, as it stands, what Bishop Lowth says of a sublime elliptical exclamation in Job. 'Agnoscet lector, credo, valde perspicuam esse, hujusce periodi sententiam; imo, vero tantam habere evidentiam, ut, si plenior, et explicatior efficeretur, eo minus apte, clareque, mentem atque affectum loquentis exprimeretur.' Præl. xiv.

One more specimen must be added. The song of Zacharias, St. Luke i. 68, 69.* The difficulties, you are doubtless aware of; and Elsner's Observations or Poole's Synopsis, will show several fruitless and unsatisfactory efforts to remove them. In verse 71. *σωτηριαν* appears destitute of government. In verse 73. *ὁρκον* seems equally anomalous. And to add a difficulty of my own finding; in the present order, verse 77. *του δουναι*

* See 'Sacred Literature,' Section xxi. pp. 403. . 417. . . Ed.

γνωσιν σωτηριας, &c., and verse 79. του κατευθυναι τους ποδας ἡμων εις ὁδον ειρηνης, seem to imply much more, than, in any sense, can be justly predicated of St. John Baptist or his system. According to my conjecture, the hymn resolves itself into three parts; the first, relating to επεσκεψατο: the second to εποιησε λυτρωσιν: the third to St. John Baptist. The επεσκεψατο part introduces the εποιησε λυτρωσιν; which, after the επεσκεψατο part ceased, intertwines itself anew, with the St. John Baptist part.

LETTER 100.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

July 28. 1812.

My dear Friend,

I heartily thank you for your letter of yesterday. I approve and admire the course you are proceeding in; and I have not the smallest doubt, that you will throw most valuable light on the language of the New Testament, with respect both to its sense and its beauty. The additional evidence, also, of its truth, afforded, nay forced upon the mind, by so unique a configuration, would be of weighty importance, if it were necessary. It is a sort of good thing, however, of which there cannot be too much.

I wish to say a few words to you by this night's post; and therefore I confine all remarks on the main subject of yours, to the Song of Zacharias. Your analysis of it is so imposing, that it requires resolution to make observations, perhaps tending to disturb it. But I do not seem to myself to find any difficulty in the 71st, 73d, or 77th verse. Σωτηριαν, in the 71st verse, seems to be a poetically licentious apposition to κερας σωτηριας, in the 69th verse, and of course to be governed by ηγειρε. Again, ὁρκον, in the 73d verse, appears to me to be put in apposition with ελεος, in the 72d verse, and consequently to be governed by ποιησαι. As to the passage in the 77th verse, I was early led to consider it, by an interpretation which methodists are fond of giving to it, or rather, a use which they make of it. The knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins, being one of their watchwords. I used to argue, that the words could not mean what they supposed; could not mean an inward experimental knowledge, &c., inasmuch as the conferring of such a benefit, could be ascribed to our Savior only; whereas the act done here,

is attributed to Saint John the Baptist; the true rendering, therefore, said I, must be, *to give notice of salvation, which was to consist in remission of sins;* that is, as a precursor gives notice that his principal is at hand.* It still strikes me, that this is a consistent explanation. As to the words in the 79th verse, I do not think they belong to the Baptist at all. *Επιφαναι* is clearly the infinitive dependent on *επεσκεψατο*, and *του κατευθυναι τους ποδας ἡμων* describes the ultimate effect of the bright visitation. At least it so strikes me, and I cannot but observe a like concurrence of the simple, and the gerundial, infinitive, in the three successive stanzas. *Ποιησαι και μνησθηναι*, followed by *του δουναι*, *ετοιμασαι* followed by another *του δουναι*, and *επιφαναι* followed by *του κατευθυναι*.

I am really, however, saying all this, a good deal at random, for I am not yet well enough to exercise as close thought, as your view of the subject requires. But if I do not err, it would not very much derange your poetical order, were these thoughts found tenable.

I hope I am growing better; but it is very slowly. I write these last words, under the impression of a strong desire to visit you. I feel every motive you place before me. I assure you it will be, if Providence permits, most gratifying to me to see you in your own house; and to enjoy the warmth and comfort (for both I know I should find in the highest degree) of your hospitality. That I shall be able, is far from unlikely. Were I of a sanguine nature, I might speak more strongly; but a complaint of any tediousness, is so new a thing to me, that the scale is always sinking (more I suppose than it ought) on the wrong side. If I am not greatly deceived, I am gaining ground; and if so, I cannot be very long before I reach the statu quo. You shall know about me whatever I know myself.

Mrs. F. called on me to-day to ask my assistance, in finding out a book in a shop in Anglesea-street, for her son C——. I undertook to accomplish the business, if it was practicable, and sent Michael on the search. He found the book, but two volumes are wanting. These the seller, probably in his ignorance, talks of obtaining from England, and then says he would expect for them altogether (with the life) 3*l*. I asked what he would take for the present volumes and the life? The answer was, that he would expect not much less than that. So that until I hear from C. F. I do not know what to do. It seems to me that two

* Mr. Knox's limited study of the Greek idiom, has here misled him into a series of untenable positions. Bishop Jebb's arrangement of the hymn, seems now the received one. It is, in truth, the only key ever furnished for this most difficult context... Ed.

, for a broken set; and I am not sure
e of their being a broken set.

Ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

——oo——

LETTER CXIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Aug. 4. 1812.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

A HEADACHE, not however of any serious moment, has prevented me from answering your most acceptable letter as I could wish. I must still say something, though it were only six lines. It rejoices me to hear of your convalescence, however slow; for, by being slow, I am in hopes it may be sure; my expectation of seeing you here, is now high and sanguine; I must however say, that it was perfectly without my knowledge, that my excellent young friend ———, wrote a pressing letter. He did it in the good nature and simplicity of his heart; and I dare say, so far as he was implicated, he did it in a manner not savoring of importunity. Much and deeply as I have it at heart to see you under this roof, I should be sorry indeed to persecute you on this score. So much of explanation is altogether needless. I live in the prospect of welcoming you and Miss Fergusson, where no human beings could be more entirely welcome.

Your criticisms I have weighed; they certainly deserve consideration; but, after giving to the subject as much thought as I have been able to command, my own arrangement of Zacharias' song still approves itself to my judgment. The reasons, I am prevented by my headache from giving now; you shall have them, I hope, viva voce, when we meet here. And should your visit be delayed, you shall have them by letter; this alternation, however, I most cordially deprecate. J. F. came here to-day. C. F. is much obliged by the trouble you have taken about the books. He had not known that the set was imperfect; and perfectly coincides with you, that two guineas would be a high price. If they had not been purchased for him, he is perfectly satisfied that they should remain on the bookseller's shelf. If, on the other hand, they have been procured, he is quite willing to keep them.

I have in the house a very good piano-forte, so you might bring some music. And, as occupation of a quiet and amusing

kind might not be amiss for Michael, there is a nice trout stream, in which, if he is a fisherman, he might practise. I could lend him Walton's angler; and C. F. says, that, at his father's, Michael might borrow an excellent fishing-rod.

Forgive this incoherent epistle.

Ever, my dear Friend, most truly yours,

JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER CXIV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Aug. 12. 1812.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

MY earnest wish to welcome you here, is not in the least degree abated; but, for a few days past, I have been anxious on another score, namely, the state of your health; from the tone of your last letter, I had augured perhaps too favorably; your silence alarms me; and I shall not be easy, till you, or Miss Fergusson, let me know, if it were but by three lines, how matters stand. I need not say how I shall rejoice, on every account, if I hear that you are in travelling order.

My collections for the New Testament Essay, remain as they were when I last wrote; the changes of weather made me more than commonly nervous. Within the last three days I have been better, and have translated into my scrap-book a long peroration of Saint Chrysostom, with the whole of his first homily on prayer; the second of these homilies, I propose beginning to translate this evening. Possibly, if I succeed in these trials, I may one day give selections from the Greek fathers in an English dress, to the public. My present hasty efforts are in the rough; for the most part very literal, and very bold; I think, however, that the work of polishing into suitable English diction, as chaste and flowing as I can make it, would be a very pleasant exercise. Do come to Abington. I have plans to propose; and I feel about me some nascent activity of mind, which you might perhaps improve into settled and serviceable exertion. My love to Miss Fergusson.

Ever, my dear Friend,

Most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

P. S. The two ——s and Jellett are capital fellows. I absolutely rejoice in them.

LETTER 101.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Aug. 20. 1812.

My dear Friend,

I feel an inclination to write to you; and in order to do so within the post hour, I will copy, for your consideration, what I have just written to that extremely well meaning, but rather over-ardent young man, ———. He has been urging me to set on foot a new edition of Worthington on Self-resignation; and to remove every preliminary objection, offered himself to engage an hundred copies. He in the same letter presses me, to give him in writing, my grounds for asserting that the R. C. church does not hold it criminal, to be present at the devotions of those, whom it deems schismatical. What I say on either point, is scarcely worth your attention, were it not that you are ready to receive any thing I have to communicate.

After raising a slight objection about the Greek and Hebrew notes to Worthington, I proceed, . .

'Were this all, I should find some method of surmounting it. But I confess I have a deeper doubt. I should be very glad to see a London edition of it; but I question if it be a work to be so expressly adopted by the few in Ireland, to whom an Irish republication would, of course, be ascribed. It is eminently pious throughout; and there are passages of it which are invaluable. For example, the eighth chapter of the first section. But take it as a book of instruction, especially for beginners in practical piety, and I cannot but deem it materially deficient. The very title has, to my mind, a great infelicity in it. It suggests a confused idea, between piety itself, and one of its maturest fruits; and so far as I can judge, this confusion becomes 'worse confounded', as the treatise proceeds onward. One ruling notion being adopted, it was necessary, at all events to keep it in view; therefore, from first to last, self-resignation is every thing, and every thing is self-resignation. In my mind, *some* christian attainments may be better enforced mediately, than directly. For instance, those which are the result of other christian graces, will be best inculcated, by drawing the attention to the parent graces. Now, resignation to God, whether in the way of obedience or of suffering, can be substantial, only so far as it grows out of knowledge and love. We must so know God, as to love him, and so love him, as to confide in him with filial affiance, before we can resign ourselves to him. In any other order than

this, resignation has nothing in it rational or real; and in this order, it comes of itself, and crowns our moral happiness in this lower world.

To invite persons, therefore, to religion, under the name of resignation, is leading them to a perpendicular steep, instead of an easy ascent. It is calling upon them to do violence to themselves, before it is possible for them to feel that, which is to compensate them. Assuredly, the first step towards true religion is, to apprehend it as a matter of infinite interest; and the transfer of our affections and solicitudes to it, as such, is the true commencement of the wisdom from above. This may, at every step, involve resignation; but it is a resignation growing out of attraction, a resignation of something less valuable, for something more valuable; or of something hurtful, for something beneficial. In another sense, also, there is resignation; because we resign ourselves to that, be it what it may, which engages our whole heart. Thus, in the general thanksgiving, we are to show forth God's praises, by giving ourselves up to his service. Again, resignation to suffering may, nay must, more or less, be also necessary. But, in the christian sense of the term, this is a privilege and a benefit, much rather than a duty. To be able to resign ourselves to God's wisdom and goodness, is the best of anodynes in any trouble. But, as I said, it is one of true religion's maturest fruits.

A great fault, then, which I find with the work in question, is, that it intermingles these three heads of resignation; and, by that means, diffuses through the whole work, a cloudy indistinctness.

In addition to this, I should be ready to question the justness of several particular statements. Such as, the recommendation of a vow, in the ivth. chap. of the 2d section. What follows with respect to fasting, ought either to have been more expanded, or omitted. I do not myself understand the subject of fasting; but it strikes me, that the truest essence of fasting is contained, in habitual abstinence; that is, such restraint, at all times, in quantity and quality of food, as may tend to keep the body, in best readiness for the service of the mind; and may never subject the spirit to counteraction, in its movements toward its central rest.

In a word, Worthington was a first-rate christian; but I think he was not a first-rate divine. He wanted system. He had much learning, both ethnical and ecclesiastical: but his elementary views were not such, as to afford an apt centre, round which his knowledge might have happily arranged itself. He was a most cordial Church of England man; but, even here, his views wanted enlargement, and philosophical order. This was

scarcely to be expected in his day; but the want makes him less fit for ours. I give these thoughts, not peremptorily nor conclusively as to your movements; but for the purpose of explaining to you the hesitations which I felt, on coming close to the subject. I have scarcely left myself room to say any thing, about your other wish. But will you wonder, when I tell you, that I hesitate about that also? I do not question the soundness of the ideas I have thrown out. They rest on grounds too well established, to be seriously disputed. But I believe, to promulgate them now, would be to waste their efficacy. I must think it incumbent on. R. C. bishops and priests, to be, except in rare instances, strictly on the defensive. The conduct on our side, heretofore, has made this indispensable. So long, therefore, as participation in protestant devotions can be proved inexpedient, it would be doing worse than nothing to prove it lawful; because it would be exhausting a good topic, before the time for using it.

Possibly you will think I have talked more than was needful, but I preferred going beyond, to falling short of the mark. Adieu.

Ever yours,
A. K.

——oo——

LETTER CXV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Aug. 22. 1812.

My dear Friend,

Your truly acceptable letter, received this evening, has relieved me from a state of apprehension; for, though by no means so favorable as I could have wished, it reports a better state than I had feared. It is, indeed, a most promising symptom, that walking has agreed with you, and I greatly wish you to put the case distinctly to ——, whether movement on a greater scale might not very soon, be not only safe, but advisable. You would travel over the very best road in Ireland, the last stage excepted, which is in some parts rough enough; you may make your stages short or long; and when here, you may have as much, or as little air, as you please. Purer and clearer air, I do not know, than we enjoy in this quarter; and I have some tempting gravel walks, which it would be good for us and Miss F. to perambulate. Put these things together, and consider how little serious inconvenience you have ever

experienced, from the mere matter of a journey. Once here, you can be as quiet as you please. Indeed, it would not be easy for you to be any thing else than quiet; and, should need be, there is very good medical aid to be had from Limerick.

I have read with interest, and with cordial coincidence, the extract from your letter to ——. Some months back, I had myself wished to get Worthington reprinted; and actually brought your copy, which you gave me eleven years ago, to Dublin, last winter, for the purpose. I cooled however on the subject, in the main feeling as you feel; and I am glad to have so distinct a registry of your thoughts, corroborative of my own. One observation particularly strikes me. You say 'Worthington was a first-rate christian, but he was not a first-rate divine. He had much learning, both ethnical and ecclesiastical; but his elementary views were not such as to afford an apt centre, round which his knowledge might happily have arranged itself.' Now, these words, for the most part, appeared to me predicable of several others, who lived about the same day; and yet, whose writings may, in several respects, prove beneficial companions, to an enlarged, eclectic, philosophical theologian. And I cannot help thinking, that it is best, and, on the whole, most wisely ordered, that the works alluded to should have been so written, as to preclude popularity; and of course to preclude frequency of re-impression. A sufficiency of copies are afloat, for the use of divines, and of those private christians, who could relish such food. But viewing them rather as raw materials, I do not think it very desirable, that such books as John Smith, Cudworth, Worthington, should come into general use. In truth, I much doubt whether a circulation could be forced. Books may be printed to remain on booksellers' shelves; or perhaps, through the assiduity of such well meaning persons as ——, on the shelves of a hundred purchasers; but it is not so easy to find readers as purchasers. And in this particular, the taste of the public may, perhaps, be providentially over-ruled, to serve higher purposes. It is to be deprecated, in my mind, that imperfect efforts at a right system, and still more, that any indigested elements of that system, should gain much general diffusion; this would forestall, and by forestalling, would mar the full effect of a more perfect enunciation. Meantime, that such imperfect efforts, and such indigested elements, should exist in the world, and should be within reach of the few, seems essential to the progress of the great scheme. How fitly, then, has it been ordered, that, from an unpolished style, from a revolting prevalence of learned quotation, from uncouth Hebrew characters, and, not less uncouth English composition, these raw materials should be kept out of view? That they have discharged, are

discharging, and will continue to discharge, a most important function, I have no manner of doubt; but in no instance, perhaps, has that function primarily been, the mere instruction, or edification of private christians. It has been rather, I conceive, to act upon those, who were the teachers of others; in some instances, on the teachers of teachers; and, in this latter view it is, that I anticipate future beneficial results, from the English platonic school. Many elements of the true system, it may be justly said, are in the Roman Catholic church; many in Wesleian Methodism: yet both one and the other are highly popular. But then, both Roman Catholicism and Wesleian Methodism, are systems in themselves; and, consequently, may be taken in without injury, by a multitude: in the former, there is fixed stability; in the latter, there is no necessary tendency to set people afloat; it was salt, and whenever it has entirely lost its flavor, it will be cast out, and trodden under foot. What I would deprecate is, putting into people's hands the frusta of a system. These may unsettle their minds, without perhaps mending their hearts; for the practical goodness may be readily overlooked, whilst theological quips and quiddities may be fastened on; yea, and sometimes, even in practical matters, while the wheat is thrown to the winds, the chaff may be carefully hoarded. Many, possibly, would adopt the vow of section ii. cap. 4., who have not ear or soul, to apprehend the sublime notions, and high mysteries, of Worthington's happier flights.

At all events, whether the above be fanciful, or, as I am more apprehensive, dense and dull, I cordially join in your feelings, as to London, and Irish editions of books. We should be very careful what we countenance, and for what we make ourselves, in any sort, responsible. And it is the more incumbent on us to use this caution, as we are already grossly misunderstood, and perhaps more grossly misrepresented. Pious and practical books, in all respects to our mind, it is true, are very scantily provided. In this respect, however, time and Providence will doubtless do all that is desirable to be done. Meanwhile, the less perfect aids of individual piety which are afloat, may competently do their office; and I trust we may become qualified quietly to labor in our department; casting our bread upon the waters, with some not visionary hopes, to find it after many days.

My hand is somewhat tired, as I have written a great deal this day. I have finished my translation of St. Chrysostom's second homily on prayer; and hope, to-morrow, to begin the version of some other of his discourses. Excuse the incoherences and inaccuracies of this, which I have written as fast as my pen could travel. You are always kind enough to tolerate my

least matured thoughts; and if there be any thing in them, you know how to translate them into better sense, than I am generally able to convey. My love to Miss F.

Ever, my dear Friend,
most affectionately yours.
JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER 102.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Aug. 29. 1812.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED your last kind letter; and have the pleasure to tell you that, though I am not perfectly recovered, yet my apprehensions are allayed; and my calculations on a little longer continuance in this corporeal sphere, shaping themselves, as they used to do three months ago. Every gleam of hope, when I was at the worst, brought with it your wish to my mind; my present increased confidence urges it proportionably. I do cordially desire to go to you; and therefore wish to have it in my power to launch myself, as soon as a favorable breeze shall occur. Remember I am speaking most sincerely, yet still not peremptorily. I know not what new feeling may occur, to darken these speculations; but, at all events, write to me by return of post, and tell me exactly where I am to sleep; at what point I am to turn off; and, in short, let me have as exact an *itinerarium*, as your own exactness can execute, of the line of travel between Dublin and Abington Glebe.

Miss Fergusson, in spite of her philosophy, acknowledges her gratification, in the probable prospect which I now venture to hold out to her.

Ever yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

——oo——

LETTER CXVI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, August 31. 1812.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

AN opportunity just occurring, I shall write but a few lines, that I

may catch it. It is needless to say how greatly, on all accounts, I rejoice in your amendment.

The road to Abington is, till you reach the stage of Kilmastulla, the road to Limerick. Mistake, therefore, is little probable; when you reach that stage, the post boy will take you to my house, being probably well acquainted with the road.

I would recommend your making the journey in two days and a half; though, if you felt strong, it might be made in two days. An itinerarium I annex.

Johnstown	-	-	13½ miles.
Kildare	- 11¼	-	24¾
Monastereven	- 5¼	-	30
Maryborough	- 10	-	40
Montrath	- 6½	-	46½
Borris in Ossory	6¾	-	53¼
Roscrea	- 6	-	59¼
Dunkerrin	- 4½	-	63¾
Moneygall	- 2½	-	66¼
Tomavara	- 3¼	-	69½
Nenagh	- 5½	-	75
Kilmastulla	- 9	-	84
Abington Glebe	11	-	95

I cannot much recommend your making the journey in less than three days. In this case, either your old quarters at Fallen's, or preferably, the inn at Boughclone, one mile further than Maryboro', on the Limerick high road, would be your first day's journey; the second to Nenagh, from whence, you perceive, it is only a drive of 20 miles to this house. At Kilmastulla, you will get a very tolerable breakfast, and good horses.

Fallen's inn has been much on the decline. Major W——, last winter, spoke of Boughclone in enthusiastic terms; I therefore tried it on my way down, and found it very well; but not so super-excellent, as he had given me to understand. I believe there was a crowd. You had better write beforehand to bespeak your accommodation. The same thing I would strongly recommend as to Nenagh. There are two inns there; both bad; however for one night you may bear with it. I know not the name of the inn-keepers at either inn in Nenagh, nor at Boughclone. If, however, Michael were to inquire at the mail coach office, the people there could acquaint him with all particulars.

My love to Miss Fergusson. Farewell, my dear friend.

Ever yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER 103.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Sept. 4. 1812.

My dear Friend,

I wrote last, under hopeful impressions; but two days scarcely elapsed, when I found myself pretty nearly as bad as ever. My complaint, since then, has had the same uncertain character; but I am still in hopes that there is some ground gained, though neither steadily nor rapidly. Under these indisputable evidences of weakness, I have been most reluctantly obliged to give up, for the present, the prospect which I clung to. But I am far from therefore relinquishing the entire idea; I may grow better; I may be now growing better, and in that event, I shall look toward you determinately. The only delay will be the Archbishop's being in Dublin; though if he stays for any length of time, I am far from thinking of staying him out. Every end will be answered, by my staying till the visitation is over; but not to do that, might look like coldness on my part, when I have been hitherto manifesting warm interest.

Remember, that had I been well, I should have been with you weeks ago. Never was I less voluntarily deficient in performing an engagement.

R. D. called on me yesterday on his way from Cork, where he declares he was delighted with the good, which —— appears to be doing amongst the young clergy. He preaches both *you* and *me* to them, to the utmost of his power, and R. D. says, so coolly, and soberly, and noiselessly, that excellent dispositions seem to be silently diffusing themselves. I assure you R. D. is a shrewd man, and requires solid matter to satisfy him. His manner of speaking was to me highly satisfactory; as it seemed to place before my mind's eye, a very cheering state of things. —— we know has nothing of talent, but talent has its own work, and that, not with the many. In truth, looking at the ways of Providence, as hitherto carried on, I should not wonder if —— were to succeed, much beyond abler persons. These last stand so much above the average level, as to unfit them for actual execution. Therefore I own, on the whole, if I saw plain, sensible, right-hearted, active persons engaging in it, I should have more hope of our little system of revived catholicity becoming fruitful, than ever I had before.

I am going this day, for the first time these seven weeks, to B. I go with ——, a good evangelic, mild and pious, rooted in

the ways of worthy Wilberforce; with whom he is in some close affinity, I know not exactly how. Both Wilberforce and Hannah More wrote by him to me. He is accompanied by one of H. T.'s great favorites, now in parliament, and thought likely to make a figure, though I am not yet sure of that. I had resolved not to go, but my physician thinks I may, and Mrs. L. promises to send me in their chaise to town, should it be needful; so that not being in present pain, and not being perfectly sure but that to give up going now, might be equivalent to always giving up; that is, giving it up for ever (inasmuch as I may be more or less thus weak, for the remainder of life), I yield to what I think a right thing, when it is, as in point of fact it certainly is, practicable.

Believe me, ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

——oo——

LETTER CXVII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Sept. 19. 1812.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I CANNOT let this night close, without offering a few lines of reply to your kind, though sad letter, just received. It truly grieves me, that you write in so desponding a style of your health; but I trust that very great deduction must be made, on the score of morbid feeling. I have known you, at other times, little less apprehensive of the same complaint. Any thoughts of your being a traveller this season, I had, I may say, given up before; and in truth, when I found your complaint so obstinate, my wish was, that you should consult your feelings, and nurse yourself. I am unwilling, however, to give up the hope so long cherished, of seeing you here, at some time. And in spring, so far as it is right and lawful to look forward, I trust we shall meet, both in Dublin and at B.

I shall be most truly gratified if ——— and ——— pay me the visit, you give me room to hope for. I fear, indeed, that I can give them but a dull reception in this solitude. It can, however, be none other than a most cordial one.

I have been led into a train of rather close thought this week, by the history of Cornelius in the Acts; and I find it the easiest way of evolving my thoughts, to attempt a sermon on the subject.* I know not how I may succeed, but I have made some

* See Bishop Jebb's 'Practical Theology', vol. i. p. 208. . . ED.

way. The sermon, if I can effect my purpose, shall not be very long; and therefore, to take in what matter I wish, it must be dense. And even though the composition should fail, it is even now a comfort, that I have gained some new light on the subject. I think of two divisions. The first, somewhat speculative. The second, more practical.

The first division is, that, 'In the first calling of the Gentiles, the time, the place, and the character of Cornelius, are all worthy of observation.'

I. The time, 8 years after the ascension; time, therefore, for christianity to take root among Jews. 'Tis important, not only that sufficient Jewish witnesses might be found, but that the constitution, the discipline, and the worship of the christian church, might be formed on the model of the Jewish. Had gentiles been admitted much earlier, this could not have been so. Had they been admitted but a little later, the church might have assumed too judaical a form. Had they been admitted earlier, one great evidence would have been wanting, which, in the promulgation of a religion to them entirely new, could not be spared; viz. the moral evidence of lives, martyrdom, &c. of first christians. Had they been admitted later, a great support would have been wanting to the church, under the 2nd and most violent Jewish persecution. The precise time, the best that could have been assigned, viz. the rest of the churches, after the 1st Jewish persecution. They were hereby enabled to examine, with due caution and solemnity, the transactions at Joppa and Cæsarea; and thus to meet judaizing prejudices, and overcome them. At the time of this rest, a number of the disciples, already scattered by the 1st persecution through many cities of the east, were so many ready instruments for promoting diffusion. That number, shortly much increased, by refugees from the second persecution. Add, that St. Paul was now prepared, by an interval of six years from his conversion, chiefly spent in the solitude of the desert Arabia, and in the retirement of his native city.

II. The place, . . Cæsarea. Largest city of Palestine, . . seat of Roman government, . . inhabited principally by gentiles, (so says Josephus) . . on the shore of the Mediterranean. There, on one hand, every facility for investigation, to tenacious Jerusalem christians; on the other, the door open to immediate formation of a large community of gentile converts, and for communicating faith to other branches of the empire. Had the scene been out of palestine, jealousy might have produced deadly schism. Had it been any other city of Palestine, neither a sufficient number of gentiles, . . nor means alike obvious and effectual, for diffusion 'to the uttermost parts of the earth.'

III. Character of Cornelius. Such a gentile we have never heard of elsewhere.* His habits, those rather of a devout Jew, than of a military heathen. He feared God, he fasted, he prayed, he observed Jewish hours of private devotion, he gave much alms to the Jewish people. Nothing, short of actual conformity, so likely to disarm prejudices of Jewish zealots. And it had disarmed them. He was of good report among all the nations of Jews; not less likely to be popular with gentiles. His integrity, his generosity, his affection for his kindred and friends, all prove him to have been a most amiable human being. His actual moral influence with his countrymen may be inferred, from the promptitude with which many attended his summons to meet St. Peter; but, particularly, from their cordial concurrence with him in religious feeling. 'Now, therefore, are we all here present before God', &c. He had also made devout soldiers. Communication of christianity, at such a time, in such a place, to such a man, an event far above the reach of human forethought; fraught with consequences far beyond the range of human calculation. No time in christian annals so favorable, as *rest* of churches in Palestine. No place in the world so well circumstanced, as Cæsarea. No individual known of, among the gentiles, so well adapted as Cornelius. This coincidence, manifestly providential. Had Cornelius been born a little sooner, or a little later; had the Italian band been stationed in any other part of the empire; had Cæsarea not been the seat of Roman government, &c. &c., all would have been frustrated. This was the work of Him, 'who hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation.'

I do not like making you pay double postage, and shall therefore give you no more dry bones. These thoughts are crudely put down; but I am willing to hope that the argument is not quite foundationless. Do, my dear friend, let me hear how you are getting on. I am deeply interested.

Ever most truly yours,

JOHN JEBB.

P. S. I am apprehensive that —— will think me little worth knowing. I hope, however, that they will come, for I wish to know them; and my heart warms towards the friends of Hannah More, of Mr. Wilberforce, and Mr. H. Thornton. Personally, those good people are truly amiable; and though we can-

* Of the centurion, who loved their nation, and built a synagogue, we do not know so much. A transcendent testimony indeed, was borne to his faith.

not theologically coincide, they are, after all, the best people, and the best school in England. I rejoice in what you threw out some time ago, when speaking of Cecil, that a few minutes in the other world, will let in a vast deal of light.

——oo——

LETTER 104.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Sept. 25. 1812.

My dear Friend,

This is the first moment that I could sit down with ease, to thank you, as I do most cordially, for your truly fraternal letter. I believe I may venture to talk less despondingly. An invalid I must ever be; but I have been so free from pain throughout the whole time, and have now so many marks of gaining ground, as to dispel the forebodings, which hung about me when I wrote last. This day, for the first time, I have walked freely, and I am very little, if at all, the worse for it. In short, I may have yet some time to spend in this lower world. God give me grace to spend it well! and then, be it long or short, it will be peace in the progress, and perhaps something better than peace in the close: if, indeed, there be any thing better than *ἡ εἰρηνη του Θεου, ἡ ὑπερεχουσα παντα νουν.*

This text reminds me of ——. I do not hesitate to say, that you did right in writing to him. I am glad you did, it was exactly what I could have wished you to do. But how does that text remind me of him? I was ill in bed, the last day that he spent at B ——; and just before dinner he came up, and sat as long as he could sit with me. I talked of the necessity of something being wrought in us, above every thing which we could work in ourselves, in order to our being satisfied that the effect produced, was neither fanciful nor common, but divine; and I added, that, in proportion to our consciousness of such an effect, must be our hope for hereafter. Nothing but God's work in us, being a sufficient pledge for our future well being; but so far as we felt a *quid divinum* at work in us, the inference for eternity was infallible.

The main point, however, was, that the effect wrought should be such, as to be not imputable to our own highest exertions. That, said ——, explains the text, 'The peace of God which passeth all understanding.' That is, we have a comfort not to be fully explained by any parallelism with human consolations, even the most moral and conscientious kind. It is, what can-

not be explained, therefore cannot be produced by man. I give you the purport of what —— said, not his words, for I was not well enough to note the very expressions.

I like greatly what you say about Cornelius; and I should have been happy to pay double postage to have had more of it. Never curtail your pen on that account, I pray and intreat you, again.

How many things could I now go into? but I fear every moment to hear our clock (a little faster than the post office) strike seven. I will therefore only add, that you need not fear any warp in the mind of ——. He loves you as much as any man can love you, you have not a truer, scarcely a kinder friend.

Ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

——oo——

LETTER CXVIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Oct. 2. 1812.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR last letter was, on every account, most cheering; but especially for its comfortable news of yourself. It should have been immediately, and most thankfully acknowledged; but, from the influence of the autumnal change, I could not easily manage my pen. This day was favorable; I took a longer walk than usual, and I feel proportionably better. Literary operations have been of necessity suspended; I enclose, however, my sole copy of what I had written in the matter of Cornelius, which, when you have read and censured, you will oblige me by returning.

In the conclusion of the discourse, I mean to observe, that 'this is a brief and imperfect sketch of the nice providential adjustment of circumstances, in a single event; important, indeed, but bearing a very small proportion to the great scheme, of which it is but a single link. That from the calling of Abraham, to the coming of our Lord, there were innumerable combinations and coincidences of time, place, and person, each in itself most worthy of close attention, but all jointly converging to the same point, and thus exhibiting to the careful observer, a consecutive and consistent plan of divine wisdom, nothing less than miraculous. That, again, from our Lord's time to the present, the history of the church, and of the world in subordination to the church, presents a similarity of providential ar-

rangements. And that, finally, from this time to the great consummation, from unbroken analogy, from the consistency of God's ways, and from the sure word of prophesy, we may conclude, that the great scheme will be similarly conducted. The combinations, coincidences, and fitnesses of any one event, afford a most comprehensive range of thought, and a most convincing evidence of providential wisdom. But so many and so great events, in so many thousand years, throughout the whole earth, embracing an infinite variety of characters, and extending their consequences through the vastness of eternity, all most harmoniously co-operating in one mighty scheme, for one mighty purpose, imply a depth of wisdom, which passeth all understanding. This, all put together, opens an illimitable field, at once to our noblest faculties, and our best affections. There is here, matter more than sufficient to employ, for infinite ages, the soundest head, under the paramount influence and guidance of the most heaven-directed heart. But the subject is too vast, to be more than barely hinted at, in a pulpit discourse. One thing, however, is of immediate, practical, personal, individual use and application. In the life of every man, there are providential conjunctures of time, place, and person, which are of infinite importance, as neglected, or improved. Let us look back upon our past course, and we shall find them. Have we improved them as we ought? Let us watch them for the future. If we have hitherto neglected, we may still be enabled to retrieve. If we have happily improved, we must be cautious, lest we lose our vantage-ground, and lest we fall with an accelerated velocity, which may leave our last state worse than our first. How much more grievous would have been the condemnation of Cornelius, than of any unconverted heathen, if he had relapsed, after his being brought into contact with St. Peter, &c. &c. These topics may furnish matter for the remainder of our sermon. I have thoughts in my head for another, on 'Thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial, &c.'

It is needless to say, that the above hints are rudely, and most imperfectly sketched. They will, however, enable you to judge, how far I am on a right tack. It will be needful, both to amplify, and to condense. To entrench myself in strong reasons; and to address myself also to the affections. On the providential allotment of times, places, and persons, I should write con amore. In the ordinary course of things, how unlikely that I should have been sent to Derry school? Yet this was the great hinge of my life. Again, your recommendation to the Archbishop of Cashel, anticipated but a few days, a proposal from the present Provost*, to enter the diocese of Ferns, under

* Thomas Elrington, D. D., the present venerable Bishop of Ferns... Ed.

the auspices of Bishop Cleaver. And afterwards, the preparation for the press of my Association Sermon, gave me an interval of near a year, between Swanlinbar and Cashel; an interval which sent me, with many new principles and habits, into a new sphere. Had the change of view been effected, whilst I remained on my old ground, the change of habit would have implied numberless embarrassments. Had my sentiments not altered, till after I came to Cashel, the consequences might have been yet more embarrassing. To all this, how much was instrumental and subordinate! And if these matters could be exhausted, what a multitude remain? May the great Disposer grant me will, and power to improve them, after his good pleasure!

I most seriously apprehend, that, if Whitty is left much longer at Cashel, his constitution will be irreparably injured, if, indeed, he does not fall a victim. What he suffers, both mentally and corporeally, is known only to himself, and to God, in its full extent. I know a little: but of this I am most fully assured, that from the delicate caution of his mind, he would rather sink under his burthen, than drop a hint that could give uneasiness to the good Archbishop. He is one of the few, whose mind, on such matters, would bear the most minute and jealous scrutiny. In truth, he is a most amiable being, and a most useful, as well as a most exemplary clergyman. I love him, as I do not many more in this world.*

* The fate of this most unoffending, and truly exemplary clergyman, is still fresh in the public mind; and supplies a comment upon the state of Ireland, from which the heart recoils. If, in the united church, there was ONE, more kind, more gentle, more meek and lowly than his brethren, that individual was Irwine Whitty. If it be possible to exceed in these bright christian graces, excess in them was, in truth, his only fault.

In the following Epitaph, Bishop Jebb commemorated in death, the friend whom, through life, he had regarded as a brother:—

Sacred to the memory
of a servant of God,
the Reverend Irwine Whitty, M. A.,
for more than fifteen years Rector of this parish.
He lived in the continual exercise of
faith, hope, and charity,
and died the death of Saint Stephen,
in the spirit of that first martyr,
on the day appointed to commemorate
the conversion of his persecutor Saint Paul,
Jan. XIV. MDCCCXXXII.,
the fifty-fourth year of his mortal life,
the commencement of his immortality.
Revelation XIV. XII. XIII.

This monument has been erected by friends,
who sorrow, but not without hope.

Of —— and —— I have not heard a syllable. I have, for the last week, held myself free and open to receive them, and shall do so for the next. On Monday sennight I am to proceed to Geo. Forster's, previous to the visitation; to which he will bring me in his carriage on the Thursday after. Possibly the approaching dissolution of Parliament may have affected their movements.

If you can, write soon, though ever so shortly. Criticisms would be most acceptable. My love to Miss Fergusson.

Ever most truly yours,

JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER CXIX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Nov. 2. 1812.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAD hoped, ere this, to hear from you. It will however satisfy me, if I learn that illness had no share in the delay.

—— and ——, you have doubtless heard, paid me the expected visit. During the four days that I passed in company with the latter, I took hugely to him; and felt entire complacency, without any drawback. —— it is more difficult to know. He pretty much sets aside the common forms of society; and has the air and manner of a person on a tour of inquisitorial inspection. His piety I never questioned; and for upright and kind intentions towards Ireland, I gave him full credit; but he appeared to me to lean rather too much to his own judgment; and to feel, as if all wisdom, and sagacity, and sound religion, were confined to his own coterie. He appeared, also, to despise, as far as a good man could despise, our semi-barbarous country; and to conceive that matters must be all wrong, till the party with which he is connected, shall have proceeded in the work of our civil, political, and religious reformation. To-

In a diary kept by Mr. Whitty, solely for his private use, and found among his papers after his death, there occurs the following entry:

'Meditation XC.

'It came over my mind with great force, that I WAS to see the Bishop of Limerick, (now, I trust, recovering,) but that it was to be ONLY in the NEXT world. Wonderful to think, that all our circumstances, now, may be impediments to our meeting here, and preparations, if I may presume to hope it, for meeting hereafter. 18th November, 1831.'

Whitty's remains, p. 141.. 42.

Within six short weeks from the date of this passage, the writer was removed to that better world, where these friends and fellow-laborers in the gospel are now, it is our sure and certain hope, forever reunited... ED.

wards the close of his visit, however, he wonderfully brightened up. I felt sorry even to fulness, at losing him; and I saw through a softened medium, whatever had been least agreeable in our intercourse. I am sure that he is truly estimable: and that, if we should meet again, there would be, on both sides, less reserve, and more unmixed complacency. I am right glad that I know him; and I regard him with most cordial esteem. The visit has revived many delightful recollections of our English tour; and I sincerely thank you for paving the way, for this pleasant interruption of my solitary life.

Doctor and Mrs. Hales passed three days here. He is growing more and more amiable; and whatever eccentricities there may be, I cannot help loving him. I wish he would write less upon the subject of the Trinity: but I do not think he is, even on that subject, a heretic. There are no metaphysics in his theology. He has merely followed a critical Will of the wisp, which has led him into thickets, brakes, and quagmires; but I am sure his heart is in the right place.

I have serious thoughts of seriously applying to my dissertation on the style of the New Testament; which I think I might hope to complete by May next. It will probably form a thin quarto of about 120 pages. My specimens, I think, must be given both in Greek and English. Any suggestions of yours, on the subject at large, or on any branch of it, would be most highly acceptable. The song of Zacharias I have reconsidered, with all the care and thought which I could command; and my former opinion is rather strengthened, than the reverse: my reasons, at a more convenient season, I will give you, unless you should deprecate the detail. I shall be much obliged to you for the two little sheets of paper about Cornelius. They are the only copy of my little argument; and I am desirous (if indeed it be worth while) to bring that matter to a close.

I was rejoiced to hear of Whitty's removal to Glankeen. It will be new life to him.

I long to hear from you. A letter put into the post office on Saturday evening, and directed to Cashel, would reach me there: for I purpose going over on Monday.

Farewell, my dear friend,

Ever most truly yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER CXX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Nov. 11. 1812.

My dear Friend,

You are, both in the literal and metaphorical sense, a far better physiognomist, than I can possibly pretend to be; I will not therefore say that, in my last letter, there were no features of the kind which you allude to: but this I will say, that, as I wrote, I felt all possible conviction, that your silence was, morally speaking, inevitable; and that, however I might have regretted the effect, I was very far, indeed, from imputing negligence as the cause.

In the case which you propose to me, I will not promise to give you a disinterested judgment; it is, however, my dispassionate opinion, that a proposal from you to come here, would be received most joyously, and without implying the slightest reflection on your consistency, and without inducing the remotest impediment to any arrangements or purposes of this house. Besides, as circumstances have altered since your last declaration on this locomotive subject, you have the authority of a far abler casuist than poor me, to act in opposition to that declaration. Jesting apart, and without further reference to Bishop Lanigan, I think you should now propose to come. In this advice, I am not unselfish: for I should assuredly, with the permission of the good Archbishop, (and his house is ever kindly open to me,) come over to meet you. As to your visiting Abington at this season, I should not think of proposing it; but I trust that I may look forward to the summer. Your barely thinking of a long journey, in the month of November, affords me strong hopes; and I shall rejoice, if the actual performance of that journey should raise my expectancy still higher.

I should sooner have expressed, what indeed I am sure you will easily credit, my deep gratification at hearing from yourself, so good an account of yourself. I rejoice, too, at your enfranchisement from the den of Chancery. Next to health of mind, and health of body, it is of importance to human happiness, that we should be free from all malady of estate; and except the burthen of debt, no fiscal difficulties can be compared with the entanglements of law. Trite, but true; as doubtless you have often felt, but I trust will never feel again.

My wish to recover 'the slips*,' arose, not from any interme-

* The original draught of the Bishop's sermon on Cornelius, written in a very minute hand, on two little slips of note paper. . . Ed.

diate plan of pulpit use, but simply from a desire, as occasion might offer, to resume the thread of my discourse; and perhaps to proceed in another, on a separate branch of the same subject. I am, however, in no violent hurry; and should you recommend it, could cheerfully relinquish it altogether. If any thing were to come of it, I entirely agree that college would be the proper place. My voice has been growing stronger and clearer; and I should not be sorry to give some proof, that I do not leave tangible argument altogether out of my scheme of thought and study; which, perhaps, some of my colder and less congenial friends, may be disposed to think I do.

How far I may be able to proceed with the projected dissertation, I cannot venture to pronounce. Dr. Hales, was, in some sort, an encouragement to me. He gave almost unqualified approbation: and strongly recommended that I should publish. England, I have all along looked to, as the proper sphere in which to bring my youngling out; and it is curious, that Dr. Hales, too, should have mentioned Rivington. He proffered, also, his good offices; and, in virtue of your joint introduction, together with Dr. Hales' mention of the matter to his literary friends, I should hope to be indemnified from all expence.

(Private.) The Archbishop has been thinking of a move for me, which would have brought me within about nine miles of Cashel. This, to be sure, would have been a delightful translation, in that respect. In others, however, I thought it would imply serious inconvenience, if not material pecuniary embarrassment. The matter is, therefore, for the present, given up; as I believe, with full concurrence on the side of the good and kind Archbishop. I most entirely feel, that he is, in the truest sense, among the most cordial of my friends.

I have prepared a tolerable course for the examination of candidates, which will last two or three days. Three deacons are to be priested, of whom I have very moderate expectations. —— is to be put into deacon's orders. He will prodigiously outstrip them. In the course of my own preparation, I have been struck with some things, which led to a train of practical reasoning, illustrating just the most difficult and important point, in the ordination service. It is fully laid up in my mind; and I trust will receive some accession of strength, by remaining there. One day, it may probably come out in an ordination sermon. I should have thrown it on paper for the present occasion, but that I do not like the risk of prematurely handling a subject, which, perchance, might crumble under my touch just now; though, hereafter, it may acquire sufficient strength and malleability, to be worked upon the anvil.

Have you seen Bishop Horsley's third volume? I have been

reading in it some capital discourses, on Mal. iii. 1, 2. I cannot, however, adopt his ironical interpretation of 'whom ye seek,' and 'whom ye delight in.' I think it by no means needful. For even bad men may vaguely seek, and fancifully delight in, a Savior, and a salvation, to them altogether vague and fanciful; and who can tell, but that, in the days of Malachi, notions began to prevail, of a temporal Messiah, and of a secular theocracy? By adopting the irony, we should lose a most noble stroke of oratory, for which I should wish to have at hand, a sublimer title than that of antithesis. 'That Lord whom ye seek, that messenger whom ye delight in, shall come, shall assuredly come; but how, and for what purpose? clothed with terrors, to take vengeance on sinners, to inflict judgment, to be a swift witness, &c. To you, therefore, the day of his coming, that day for which you long, that day which you anticipate with delight, will be a day of most awful amazement, and most comfortless despair. Who may abide the day of his coming, and who may stand when he appeareth?'

I rejoice to believe, without any shadow of misgiving, that the friends with whom you are, 'feel every thing that is kind towards me.' It would be little to say that I reciprocate; for who could feel otherwise than kindly towards them? In truth, they live in my habitual course of happiest thought, and holiest feeling. These are strong words, but, if I know myself, I am not given to amplification.

Farewell, my dear Friend,

Ever yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER CXXI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cashel, Nov. 16. 1812.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE Archbishop asked me this day, whether, if he were now to renew his invitation, there might be any prospect of your coming to Cashel. He questioned me so closely, whether I knew any thing of your feeling on the subject, that, without absolute disingenuousness, or without a degree of reserve that might have left room for suspicion, I could not avoid disclosing what you said; and I thought it best to make the disclosure precisely in your own words, lest it might have been imagined that any thing remained behind. Till this day, I had been close as the grave; and now I feel, that circumstances compelled me to do as I have done. The Archbishop is now the

're-inducer' of the proposal; and, before he knew of the hesitancy in your mind, his great fear was, that, in again asking, he might teaze you. He bids me say, that, if you can make it convenient to come, he will be rejoiced to see you; and he desires to be most affectionately remembered.

I had a long examination; all the candidates answered capitally well; insomuch that I never before presented for orders, with such entire complacency.

* * * * *
* * * * *

As to the Archbishop, I never had more comfort in him. Should we meet, (I hardly like to make it hypothetical,) I wish greatly for a conference with you on my own affairs. If it could be brought about with prudence, and tolerable external comfort, I should be glad to meet the Archbishop's kind purpose of bringing me nearer to himself.

Has it ever occurred to you, that 1 Corinth. ii. 7, 8. is brought home to the Ephesians, by the completely indisputable fact, that the epistle was written from Ephesus? The spurious superscription, perhaps, was one cause, why I before overlooked the fact. 'Nevertheless, we are speaking wisdom among the perfect', &c., would, on this supposition, be the more correct way of translating the passage; which would thus reflect great light, on the back references in Ephesians, iii., &c. For Cecil's books I sent, but was told they are out of print: if you could get them, might I beg of you to bring them down?

You have probably seen ————. I hear his preaching makes the people tremble. This precisely, if I mistake not, is the point in which *I* am mainly deficient; and in which you think me deficient. But I rather imagine, that it may neither be compatible with my constitution, nor accordant with my department.

An extremely wet, oppressive day has induced a headache, not acute, but stupifying, which tells me I must conclude.

Ever, my dear Friend,
Most affectionately yours,
JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER CXXII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Dec. 30. 1812.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I CAN write a line, and little more; but I cannot satisfy myself without saying that little. I hope and trust that all circumstan-

ces will be propitious, to your long-looked-for visit; I never, at any period, wished for it more deeply; yet the influence of nervous feelings being somewhat suspended, I hope and think about it more reasonably, than has always been the case. There is not a shadow of a doubt on my mind, that your inclination is with me; therefore, if untowardnesses occur, which I most fervently hope will not be the case, I shall be grieved and disappointed, but not hurt.

The Archbishop had, sometime since, kindly expressed an intention of coming here in summer. Since I left Cashel, it has occurred to me, that possibly he might be induced, by having you for a companion, to make a winter excursion. This I leave with you, and shall be much obliged by your propounding it. To express what I feel, truly it cannot be expressed too cordially; and, by making *you* the medium, I take care that it is done respectfully.

Observe, that when you reach the cross of Abington, you are not to come by the direct road: it is miserably out of repair. You can go round by Mr. ——; the people will direct you.

Write me a line mentioning your day. I could wish your letter to be in Limerick, by Friday the 8th. I send in on Saturday: or, indeed, if it could be there on Thursday, it would be still better.

Ever most truly yours,

JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER 105.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Cashel, Jan. 5. 1813.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IF this letter should not arrive at the time you mentioned, impute it to a change in the post, made within these three days. I hope, however, I am still in good time. On full consideration, I have resolved to stay here till Monday se'nnight. The Archbishop will probably accompany me; but though I know it is his sincere wish, I shall not wonder if some obstruction presents itself. If he does not go, I think illness only, will prevent my being with you on the day I have named: if he should hold his purpose, then my movements may prove less exact, as he might prefer Tuesday or Wednesday, though I see no likely reason why it should be so. H. W. will tell you of a petition to parliament, offered by the Archbishop, as one in which he

would join. It costs some uneasiness to H. W., as he had no relish for signing any thing. I did not hesitate to advise, that he should follow his own feeling. All temptation, however, is now over, as the petition this day was rejected, by the casting voice of Sir J. C. (who was chairman). That which they have adopted is pretty moderate, but their preference takes the clergy out of all embarrassment. If they now sign, it will be ex mero motu, the Archbishop having nothing to say to it. The Archbishop's decided adoption of conciliatory sentiments, on the great pending question, gives me sincere pleasure. There is now really, between him and myself, not a shadow of mutual difference. This is more than I looked for: I thought his last visit to England had made him more anti-catholic; but never was I more wrong. I would not wish him to be a hair-breadth nearer me than he is. This day, Peter Gandolphy's congratulatory letter to Dr. Marsh, came by post; and a curious thing it is. There is not a particle of solid liberality in it, and almost as little sound judgment; but it will serve to give a new, and curious turn to the Bible controversy. He triumphs in Herbert Marsh's unequivocal dereliction of the leading principle of protestantism; and becoming the virtual advocate of the catholic tenet; not knowing, at least affecting not to know, that the doctrine maintained by Marsh, never wanted its advocates in the Church of England; and that, when properly stated, it is a vital doctrine of the Church of England itself; that, in truth, which distinguishes it, from all the rest of the reformed body.

What perverse influence the nick-name of protestant has had on our church! Ever since this epithet became fashionable, its vulgar definition has had more authority with churchmen themselves, than all the settled standards to which they were bound; and the consequence has been, a steady increase of ignorance, coldness, and vacillation. I really think this point must soon be brought to issue. The Bible Society champion (Dr. Marsh), and Mr. Peter Gandolphy, will scarcely make a treaty of peace; and the war between them, must involve a deeper discussion of the merits of protestantism, strictly so called, than it has yet undergone. It will, perhaps, be at length discovered, that there is a medium between the two extremes, which combines the advantages, and shuts out the evils of both; which Vincentius Lerinensis clearly marked out, in the fifth century; and which at this day exists no where, but in the genuine central essence of our own reformed episcopal church.

You will observe, I do not say it exists in our church, in a perfect form; I think rather it exists in it, as the little bird in the egg, when incubation has gone a certain length, but is not yet completed. Perhaps even incubation is yet to come; but we

have the principle, as it is not elsewhere to be found. Since I began this, the Archbishop has received your letter; and he is determined, except unforeseen impossibility intervenes, to do his part towards realizing your 'fairy vision.' You shall hear from me again; but I think it will be as I said, Monday the 18th, or Tuesday at farthest. I believe it will be best for you to sign no petition.. The Archbishop I am sure thinks so.

Ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

——oo——

LETTER 106.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., Feb. 4. 1813.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR inquiry about me comes in precisely good time, for to-day only, can I give a pleasant account of myself. I fancy I caught cold, on the second day of my journey; either by some uncomfortableness in one of the chaises, or by being tempted, through the fineness of the day, to keep the windows too much open. Be that as it may, I kept my bed on Sunday; got up but in middling health on Monday; felt much nervousness Tuesday and Wednesday; but to-day am beginning to recover my usual habit. I was excellently accommodated at Fallen's; and had as pleasant a journey as could be, at the season. I reached Dawson Street by half after four.

I believe I shall not again make such a winter campaign; but now that it is over, I rejoice that I followed your advice. Besides, to have lived with you in your own house, gives not only a new idea, but a new sensation. The Archbishop has given this a delightful heightening, by himself taking me to you. In short, it will be always a right pleasant spot, in the retrospect of my life.

Whom should I find in Dublin but ——. He speaks of you as he ought, that is, with as much cordiality as he can express. I believe he feels himself, by this time, more than half an Irishman.

Being deeply engaged in a letter to Sir T. Acland, I must be as scanty, almost, as you allowed me to be, and only add that I am

Ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

LETTER CXXIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Feb. 10. 1813.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IN the course of this last week, though confined to my house, and to a very low diet, I felt a disposition to write which I did not baulk. I had appointed to communicate with my old friend and tutor, on the subject of my Hebraic disquisitions respecting the New Testament. My book has grown into the enormous packet which accompanies this; and which I should be very much obliged by your sending, by a safe hand, to Dr. Magee in the College; not to be entrusted to a porter, but delivered at his apartments. I am nervous about it, for I have no copy, and my state of nervous exhaustion, affecting both head and hand, put transcript out of the question. I leave it open, that you may, if you wish, look over it: you will find some new matter. I should be sorry, however, it were detained from its destination more than two days. The opinion of such a mind as Dr. M.'s, I feel desirous to have; I own too, that of late, the recollections of former kindness shown by him to me, not merely as tutor to pupil, but as friend to friend, make me desirous to try how near we can go, in any point of contact. With all his faults, I do feel sincere cordiality towards him; I regret drawbacks as much as man can regret them; but the early and unbroken habits of his life, fostered by every untowardness of external situation, and having such a mental temperament at bottom, are strong grounds to induce more pity than censure. You see I am drawing towards your 'necessity.'

All that you say, both of your safe return, and of the impression made by your winter excursion, gratifies me deeply. I hope however, and so far as I may do it with propriety, I would intreat and urge, that you will form no determination of enjoying Abington Glebe, only in 'retrospect.' Recollect what Gray says of

'Forward and reverted eyes.'

If we live, and God spares us health, why, in this retirement, might we not attempt, at least, to work in partnership?

If you see Lord ———, remember me to him with kindness. I rejoice in his cordiality, for he is a good man.

My love to Miss F. My most affectionate remembrances to the excellent L———'s. My hand refuses guidance to my pen.

Ever yours,

J. JEBB.

LETTER CXXIV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Feb. 19. 1813.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU recollect the line and half, quoted by Johnson, under the second meaning of the word TO REST. Feeling with you its beauty, I was curious to ascertain the author; and, when I could not do better, the search at once amused me, and furnished me with some fine parallelisms, which it may perhaps also gratify you to read. The lines in question, are the 10th epigram of Callimachus, manifestly an epitaph; and of epitaphs, one of the best and briefest I ever read; for it tells the name, parentage, and country of the deceased; his character, and his hope of immortality; all in the space of two lines: this is, to use Callimachus' own words,

Παιδακος εξ ιερης ολιγη λιβας.

Τηδε, Σαων, ὁ Δικωνος, Ακανθιος, ιερον ὑπνον
Κοιμαται· θνησκειν μη λεγε τους αγαθους.

Prudentius affords a fine commentary.

Quidnam sibi saxa cavata,
Quid pulcra volunt monumenta,
Nisi quod res creditur illis
Non mortua, sed data somno?
Hoc provida Christicolarum
Pietas studet, utpote credens
Fore protinus omnia viva,
Quæ nunc gelidus sopor urget.

Καθημ: Hymn x.

Not merely Christians, however, but Jews, conceived death to be a sleep, not of the soul, but of the body. Thus BERESCHIT RABBA, § 91. 'Obdormivit, dicitur honorifice de corpore sancto, cujus mors nihil aliud est quam somnus.'

Saint Chrysostom, in his xxixth homil. on Genesis, says, *Ουτε ὁ θανατος, θανατος εστι λοιπον, αλλα ονομα μονον εχει θανατου· μαλλον δε και αυτο το ονομα αφηρεθη· ουκετι γαρ δουδε θανατον αυτον προσαγορευομεν, αλλα κοιμησιν και ὑπνον.*

Again, S. Cyril of Alexandria, on S. John xi. v. 11. *Λαζαρος, φησιν, ὁ φιλος ἡμων κεκοιμηται· ὑπνον γαρ ονομαζει της ανθρωπινης ψυχης, την απο σωματος εξοδον· και σφοδρα εικοτως· θανατον γαρ ουκ ηξιωσεν ειπειν ὁ κτισας εις αφθαρσιαν*

τα παντα, κατα το γεγραμμενον, και σωτηριας αναδειξας τας γενεσεις του κοσμου. Εστιν ουν αληθης ὁ λογος· ὑπνος γαρ οντως παρα Θεφ, και ἑτερον ουδεν, ὁ προσκαιρος ἡμων του σωματος θανατος, ψιλφ και μονφ καταργουμενος πνευματι, της κατα φυσιν ζωης, τουτεστι Χριστου.

Again, S. Chrysostom, Savil. tom. v. p. 563., in his sermon on a particular day, (I presume, the Saturday before Easter,) when the congregation assembled, not in the church, but in the cemetery; κοιμητηριφ.

Δια τουτο, και αυτος ὁ τοπος κοιμητηριον ωνομασται· ἱνα μαθης, ὁτι οἱ τετελευτηκοτες, και ενταυθα κειμενοι, ου τεθνηκασιν, αλλα κοιμωνται, και καθευδουσι· προ μεν γαρ της παρουσιας του Χριστου, ὁ θανατος, θανατος εκαλειτο. —— επειδαν δε ηλθεν ὁ Χριστος, και ὑπερ ζωης του κοσμου απεθανεν, ουκετι θανατος καλειται λοιπον ὁ θανατος, αλλα ὑπνος και κοιμησις. —— δια τουτο και ὁ τοπος; κοιμητηριον ωνομασται· χρησιμον γαρ ἡμιν το ονομα, και φιλοσοφιας γεμον πολλης, ὁταν τοινυν αγης ενταυθα νεκρον, μη κατακοπτε σαυτον· ου γαρ προς θανατον, αλλα προς ὑπνον αυτον αγεις.

In this discourse, there are some curious particulars, on our Savior's descent into ἁδης. And there is a beautiful accommodation of a passage in Ps. cvii.

To these extracts, I might add a vast deal of the same kind; but I spare you. Is it not remarkable, however, that so early a writer as Callimachus, contemporary with the Ptolemies, should express himself in the same language with the christian fathers?

By the by, I have little doubt that Saint Paul had studied Callimachus. In his Hymn to Jupiter, he has a hemistich, exactly corresponding with the former part of the line, quoted from Epimenides, by the apostle . . Κρητες αει ψευσται. I recollect, some years ago, in reading Callimachus, having been struck by more coincidence with Scripture; but, at that time, I kept no scrap-book; and I have now not time to look for them, it being fully bed hour.

You see I have taken your advice, and kept myself in the posture of writing. Till the weather mends, I can do no more than exercise myself by this kind of σκιομαχια. I am still very nervous, but I trust, as I have sunk with the barometer, so I shall rise with it.

Farewell. Ever yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER 107.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

March 6. 1813.

My dear Friend,

Though I can write only a line or two, it is better to write a single line, than say nothing in acknowledgment of your repeated communications.

I put your large manuscript into Dr. Magee's hands. I saw him yesterday, and he seems as much interested by it as he can be. I dare say he will speedily tell you, how strong an impression your remarks have made on him. He will urge you forthwith to learn Syriac, which, he says, you will accomplish in a fortnight; I suppose he takes for granted you know Hebrew, and may be you do by this time: at all events, Magee is cordially interested, in your following up your sacro-philologic undertaking.

As I said at the top of the letter, I wrote thus much, except a few words, ten days ago. I meant to close time enough for that night's mail, but young —— came in, and forced me to listen to him till the moment of dinner. These calvinists seem to keep a theological slop-shop, wherein any showy young man may get himself caparisoned with a ready-made pulpit dress, so as to make as imposing an appearance, as if he had taken the most regular pains to equip himself. But the next avocation was a much more painful one. The day after, Lord C—— (not even then meditating a speedy departure) received a letter from Edinburgh, notifying the sudden death of his younger, and most beloved sister. We were to have dined together at Mrs. P. L.'s: but I received a note between three and four, telling me what had happened; that he must go off that night; and that he desired to see me before he went. I was with him as speedily as possible; and spent all the remainder of his time with him, except when I left him on his business; and I must say, that I never witnessed any thing, in which I experienced so much of the γλυκυ πικρον. His deep and poignant feelings could not be concealed; but their strongest appearance served to show, in a light not otherwise to have been produced, the depth, as well as the strength, of his christian piety: never, while I retain recollection, shall I lose the impression of substantial saint-like excellence, then manifested before me. He went off that night for Donaghadee, as he had intended.

Another avocation arose, from a letter received the day before,

from Mr. Wilberforce, and requiring forthwith, as I conceived, the best-digested answer that I could furnish. It was relative to the R. C. question; on which he earnestly wished to have his opinion settled. I filled two sheets, with the best matter I could furnish; which I hope he will have received time enough for the committee; into which, you will see, the House of Commons has resolved itself, by a majority of 40.

I thank you for giving me the exquisite epitaph, as well as for the accompanying passages. The latter, I might have relished more, had they not reminded me of that uncatholic doctrine of the intermediate sleep, the Socinians are so fond of; and which, to my sorrow unfeigned, my friend K—— has openly broached to his congregation at A——. This, I fear, is but the beginning of troubles. I BELIEVE NO ONE YET HAS HELD THIS OPINION BY ITSELF; either Arianism or Socinianism being hitherto its constant accompaniment; and to you, I say, that some such unhappy bewilderment, I expect, if I live, to witness, in that most amiable, but distressingly misled man.

Painful as such an instance is, it conveys deep instruction. It shows that, in that simplicity of Bible religion, which so many exclusively contend for, and so many more unconsciously strive to diffuse, there is no security for any man, however honest, however intentionally pious, being completely, himself, what he substantially now is, at any future period; suppose at twenty, fifteen, ten, or even seven years' end. Were there no resource against this versatility, the case of the religious world were deplorable. Yet sectarianism has no resource; as they who sail east or west, without a time-keeper, cannot tell where they are, so the honest sectarian, who is not content with the coasting movement of feeling, but launches into the sea of thought. *Νηπιοι κλυδωνιζομενοι, και περιφερομενοι παντι ανεμῳ της διδασκαλιας*, is the common character of them all, except when secured by a steady habit of mind; by an unwinged ponderousness, which keeps its place, through an insuperable vis inertiæ. Mrs. P. L. has just come in to me; therefore with her love and my own, adieu.

Ever yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

——oo——

LETTER CXXV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, March 7. 1813.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

AT no time since I saw you step into the carriage at Travers-

ton, have I been perfectly well; and for some days, I was very seriously the reverse. For more than a week, I passed my mornings in your room; this day is the first of my coming down stairs. But I thank God, my spirits have been, almost throughout, equally good; and my mind has been tolerably disposable.

My sermon for the Penitents* is in progress. I have finally chosen S. Luke xix. 10. for my text; a pregnant one, if it were in good hands. I am indeavoring to do my best. At all events, the study has, I trust, been useful. For I hope I have acquired some new light, which may at least, with the divine aid, be practically beneficial to myself.

It has just occurred to me, that when Christendom becomes what it ought, the authority of the church will be a powerful instrument in diffusing christianity as a science. You complained of protestantism being unsystematic. How can it be otherwise? Some grand principles of interpretation must be so authoritatively laid down, that they cannot lawfully be contravened, before any thing like system can obtain. This would be the very antipode of Chillingworthian private judgment. But private judgment, surely, is inconsistent with the very notion of a science. How would the astronomer, the mathematician, the chymist, laugh at the asserter of private judgment? Would not a person be accounted mad, that were to say, The moon is made of green cheese; I maintain it; I have a right to do so; it is my private judgment. Two and two make five; it is my private judgment. Gold and brass have the same weight, properties, and value; it is my private judgment. Yet this ridiculous farce is every day enacted in theology; and this is protestantism. Is divinity then unphilosophical? has it no principles? is it no science? I trow otherwise. How would any human science, I will not say advance, but how could it be taught, if principles were thus thrown aside? And what hopes may we not hold of the advancement of theology, when principles shall be held as tenaciously as by the church of Rome, without her accompaniment of error? This, surely, is a comfortable prospect.

Even by this brief effort, you may see, I am not willing to let you give me up.

Ever yours,
JOHN JEBB.

* Published in Bishop Jebb's 'Practical Theology.' . . ED.

LETTER CXXVI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Gle

My dear Friend,

* * * * * *
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What you say about ——, is truly both melancholy and instructive. The good man himself will, I trust, be saved, though as through fire; but what wood, hay, and stubble, may he not accumulate and vend? It is my wish and prayer, that I may be saved from *the simplicity of Bible religion*. Indeed I believe that, in my very constitution, I have some safeguard. I love system, antiquity, and authority. I read, during my illness, much of Alison. I am taking more to imagination.

My sermon is creeping on. I seem to have matter enough; and some fertility of invention, and fluency of expression. Still I am unable to judge what sort of thing it will be. I wish to speak much plain, serious, home truth; but to do so, not in a prosing manner, and, above all, not in mere common-place. The sermon being fixed for the Sunday before Easter, I conceive marks the propriety of a very serious discourse. In proportion to its seriousness, it will probably not be popular. If I can make it useful to any, but above all, useful to myself, I shall be thankful that I have been forced so to employ myself. To my work I must now turn.

My most affectionate regards to Mrs. P. L. T., along with my thanks for her cordial recollections.

Ever, my dear Friend, most truly yours,

John Jebb.

——oo——

LETTER 108.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

May 3. 1813.

My dear Friend,

This is the first moment I could command, even to acknowledge the receipt of yours. I have kept back nothing from you, which I deemed of any moment. I did not, perhaps, in any instance, assume the tone of a censor. Certainly, the reason

was, because there did not appear faults to require it. As to differences of opinion, it never struck me, that there were any between us, until I was in your house, last January. Then, for the first time, I thought I saw a shade of difference in our views, respecting worldly compliances, or indulgence to such habits in others. It touches me on a peculiarly tender point; as you may recollect, that, from the commencement of our serious conversations, I have maintained, on this subject, a uniform, unyielding strictness. I seem to myself to have had deep ground for my rigidness; and the apprehension that you saw matters in any thing of a different light, could not but disturb me. Yet, from that moment till now, I have not decided, that my apprehension was founded.

I may give the same account of my feelings, respecting what has recently passed. I certainly have been much saddened, but perhaps without cause. I own, I am discouraged by what you say in your note, of its being 'difficult to define' the 'precise point of difference'; and of there being 'inevitable drawbacks of all human language.' This seems to make mutual explanation hopeless; and it would take for granted, what I have long hoped is not the fact, namely, that the understanding of man is not competent to explain the evangelic theory. I think the imperfectness of intellect lies in this, that it cannot keep pace with feeling. There are matters of which the heart takes cognizance, the fulness of which is not to be expressed in words. Music seems added to supply this lack. Who could give in words, the effect on the feelings, of one of the choruses in the Messiah? but, in poetical matters, I cannot but think, language will be found an adequate instrument.

'Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequentur.'

I do not, however, write now, for the purpose of dispelling intellectual clouds, in your mind or my own, but simply to assure you, that my apparent omissions were necessitated. Were there time, which at this moment there is not, I could not hope to accomplish much, within the compass of a letter. Alas! what can I say, which I have not said times without number? The whole tissue of my writing and talking, has been one and the same. Had I taken up any new notion, it would be my part to explain and justify it. I have not. I have been devoted to a moral religion; and have protested against any ground of consolation, which was not moral, from the first moment of my thinking on religion, to the present hour; and I do nothing more now.

The mind of the sincerest, I will not venture to say of the maturest, for that I am not competent to speak of, will be some-

times, to a certain degree, less luminous, it may be, beclouded; the question will be then, what is the path to comfort? I say, and say with all my soul, . . prayer. Prayer, persevered in, until the mind is sensibly reinstated, and the former light renewed. They who live in this experimental way, will not need speculative appliances; when the *δυναμεις μελλοντος αιωνος* are actually felt, dubious, inexplicable consolations, need not be resorted to: but if there be not a competency of the one, and religion still thought of and adhered to, there must be the other. This is the simple truth. If feeling decline, religion must be abandoned, or speculation must supply the place of that which feeling has lost.

I do not know how I could make myself more plain, than in this last paragraph. I have no quarrel with any thing, which does not abate the intensity of prayer, for the graces, or degrees of graces, yet wanted. I know, by experience, that this intensity is essential, to the 'the peace of God which passeth all understanding.' I am therefore jealous of all that could chill it; and, if I think the first names on earth, are, however unconsciously and unintentionally, instruments in this bad cause, I must, when called to it, withstand them, as Saint Paul withstood Saint Peter, were they 'bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh.' In truth, there is a much nearer tie; and this tie has existed, and I trust will exist, between you and me.

Adieu! May God bless, direct, and make you happy, and if it be his holy will, keep your heart and mind, ever in close union with the mind and heart of

Yours, more than language can express,

ALEX. KNOX.

——oo——

LETTER CXXVII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Glebe House, Loughbrickland, May 4. 1813.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I LOSE no time in acknowledging your invaluable letter, which I trust, by the divine blessing, has already produced, and will continue to produce a good effect upon me. I only regret that you were not more full and distinct, in stating the grounds, and the extent of your apprehensions. I well know, that I have often needed a friendly censor; and I am apt to think, that an explicit application, amounting to somewhat, if not of reprehension, at least of warning, might often have been very salutary.

I have altogether failed to make myself clear, if you imagine that I require any satisfaction, respecting your views and feelings of the christian system; or indeed, respecting your special application of those views and feelings, in any branch or detail of practical religion. I am fully satisfied, that you are, both right and consistent. You have maintained unbroken uniformity; if there were any change, any declination, it must have been on my part. But I soberly think there is none; my mind and heart seem to respond to yours, without a jarring note.

I am well pleased to have two points distinctly brought before me: secular compliances; and speculative grounds of comfort.

As to the first, whether with respect to myself, or others, my mind and affections are altogether unchanged. This, I deliberately say, without reserve or hesitation, on the ground of my own internal consciousness. I do most entirely believe, and it is my earnest desire to grow more and more in the feeling, that christianity, in its power and sweetness, cannot reside, where such compliances exist. The ordinary amusements of the world, constitute a deadly and a blighting atmosphere; deadly to all plants of the true heavenly growth; blighting even to the growth of mere human virtue: and thus feeling, I would maintain the most uniform, undeviating, uncompromising strictness, in my practice, and in my language. There is not a particle of my letter on Fashionable Amusements, to which I would not, at this moment, subscribe, from the bottom of my heart; nor a syllable of it, which I would blush to proclaim to the whole world. And such has been my feeling, from the moment in which it was dictated at my desk in Cashel. The truth is, I conceive it to be now, more vitally important than ever, that not a shadow of support should be, directly or indirectly, afforded, to the low and sickly pursuits of worldly pleasure. The friends of moral christianity, should now be peculiarly strict, because the advocates of dogmatic christianity, are now most shamefully compromising. They appear to have discovered, that religionism has ever been more repulsive and unpalateable, through its strictness of moral abstinence, than through its strangeness of doctrinal assertion. And, with a wisdom not assuredly from above, whilst they retain their dogmatism, they abate their strictness. At such a time, and under such circumstances, to waver for an instant, or to swerve an inch, would be to desert our post, and relinquish our high and holy cause. During our conversation last January, at Abington, I perceived that my meaning was not clear to you: probably, from some mental cloudiness, I could not make it so. But I can say with perfect truth, and without the slightest hesitation, that, then and now, I did not,

and do not, entertain a single thought or feeling, in the least degree contrary to what I have just stated, as my most mature, and most unalterable opinion. It may not be amiss to add, that I would shrink, with downright dismay and dislike, from the utterance of a syllable to others, which could be construed into the most remote sanction of worldly amusements.

As to speculative grounds of comfort, I do (as I have done for the last six or seven years) most entirely renounce, and most cordially dislike them. Not a movement of my mind turns that way; and as to the feelings of my heart, I have yet to learn, how they could be touched by a speculative nonentity. Worthy people, and even good people, may and do, in this point, deceive themselves. But I am deeply of opinion, that their delusion is fed, either by moral deficiency, consciously allowed, or unconsciously cherished, or by a pitiable weakness and morbidness of mind; and, whatever be the cause, I am certain, that, in all cases, the result is unfriendly to the growth of christian goodness, and consequently of solid, inward, spiritual consolation. Speculative comfort, is, in truth, a sort of mental dram-drinking. It may afford a momentary stimulus, a temporary relief, but it is permanently injurious to the moral constitution. Your path to comfort, I hope and trust will be mine; I firmly believe it is the only true one. In a very imperfect degree, I have found it so. God grant I may so find it more and more!

On such a subject, it is almost needless to add my persuasion, that mere theoretic agreement, would be nothing. I cannot add a word, which would not diminish the weight I attribute to this simple assertion.

I shall offer only one more consideration. You are constitutionally disposed to fear the worst. On such a subject, with me, . . in some measure another self, . . it was perfectly natural, that your constitutional nervousness, should have been most tremblingly alive. If, therefore, you are not yet completely satisfied, however deeply I shall regret, I shall by no means despond. Could I find words to assure you of my deep and cordial union with you, I would most gladly employ them. But I cannot. God of his mercy grant, that this union may become more deep, more intimate, more cordial! If it do not, my loss will be irreparable. But I do indulge more cheering and delightful hopes.

Farewell, my dearest Friend.

Ever yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER CXXVIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, July 11. 1813.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

AFTER a lapse of five weeks, you must naturally begin to ask yourself, what I have been doing or thinking. I can only say, that I fear little has been done or thought to any purpose; but of that little, some account must be given. Something I have read;—and my pleasantest reading has been generally associated with you. I love to be able, now and then, to say to C. F., Here is a passage, with which I am sure Mr. Knox would be pleased. I met lately such a passage of Gregory Nazianzen; which I determined to transcribe for you, because it appeared to me, at once, a most solid, and most luminous exhibition, of the stability and enjoyment, even in this life attainable, by a thorough christian. Here it is. *Ὁ, αυτο, δι' ἑαυτο τιμων και περιεπων το καλον, επειδη του εστωτος ερα, εστωσαν εχει και την περι αυτο προθυμιαν, ὡστε θειον τι παρασχων, και το του Θεου δυνασθαι λεγειν, εγω δε ὁ αυτος ειμι, και ουκ ηλλοιωμαι. ουκ ουν μεταποιηθησεται, ουδε μετατεθησεται, ουδε συμμεταπεσειται τοις καιροις και τοις πραγμασιν, αλλοτε αλλος γενομενος, και πολλας μεταλαμβανων χροας, ὡσπερ τας των πετρων οι πολυποδες, αις αν ὁμιλησωσι. μενει δε ὁ αυτος αιει, πηγεις εν ου πεπηγοσι, και εν στρεφομενοις αστροφος. πετρα τις, οιμαι, προς εμβολας ανεμων τε και κυματων, ουδε τινασσομενη· και δαπανωσα περι ἑαυτον τα προσπιπτοντα.* Orat. xxvii. § 13. Does not this, picture a state, of which modern religionists have no conception? And is it not a happy contrast to Saint Paul's *νηπιοι, κλυδωνιζομενοι και περιφερομενοι παντι ανεμῳ της διδασκαλιας, εν τῃ κυβειᾳ των ανθρωπων, εν πανουργιᾳ προς την μεθοδειαν της πλανης*? It seems to me a principle equally comfortable and philosophic, and most comfortable, because it is most philosophic, that, whoever truly loves what is stable, will adhere to it with stability of affection. There is, I verily believe, in this case, a happy necessity, founded on the immutable nature of things. They who rely upon a more fluctuating christianity, will sooner or later find, that 'opinionum commenta delet dies'; whilst I humbly trust, that, on our side, naturæ judicia, non solum dies, sed etiam æternitas confirmabit.

I have been creeping on a little with my pen. The strength, or, more properly, the weakness, of my stock of sermons, does not permit me to lay upon the shelf any thing producible. I

therefore bethought myself, that the former part of my last charity sermon, with some modification, and some additional matter, might be moulded into a decent discourse for ordinary use. This thought has been acted upon; and I am disposed to send you my new conclusion, especially because it seems to me conceived after a manner, which I never tried in any other instance. After having gained a turning point, which might naturally lead my hearers to expect some practical observations, derived from, or at least referring to, the story of Zaccheus, I proceed as follows. 'Holy scripture has been graciously provided, not merely to communicate information, but to awaken within us a train of salutary thoughts and feelings; and, if I may so speak, to put us in a proper posture, for thinking and feeling to the best advantage. When, therefore, we read or hear any Scripture narrative, we should habituate ourselves to observe, and to improve, the thoughts which it suggests, and the feelings which it inspires; for thus, and thus only, we shall convert it into the food of our souls. And, in the matchless narrative of the Gospel, we should make it our peculiar study, that we, like Zaccheus, may *see* Jesus who He was; that we may enter into the very life and spirit of his adorable character; and thence imbibe, at once, the disposition, and the power, to become the children of God.

'If, with such views, we reverentially and affectionately approach the records of our Savior's life, we shall, by the divine blessing, attain a deeper impression of his excellence, and a larger portion of his pure, exalted, heavenly spirit.

'Difficulties, it must be granted, may impede the first movement of our minds. Compared with those superior intelligences, who continually surround the Throne of God, and who see Him as He is, we are 'little', indeed, of spiritual stature. A crowd of vain imaginations, of frivolous interruptions, and of worldly cares, is but too ready to press upon us, and to hide our gracious Master, for a season, from our view. But, my brethren, in all such emergencies, we may, and we should, derive instruction from the wisdom of Zaccheus. Like him, we should out-run the giddy multitude, and escape from the din and bustle of the throng. So shall we gain the vantage-ground of high and holy meditation; and from that serene and blessed eminence, which has ever been the chosen resting-place of the pious and the good, our eyes will expatiate over prospects, gladdened by the perpetual light of God's countenance, and our regards will be supremely fixed on Him, for whom all things are, and were created; the Son of God and Son of Man, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

'One look of Christ, converted Zaccheus. Is it the desire

of your hearts, my brethren, that Christ would thus look upon you? Make known that desire, in fervent supplication to the Throne of Grace, and it will be met and satisfied exceeding abundantly, above all that you can ask or think. In the study of Sacred Scripture, in the devotional retirement of your closets, in the daily business of your lives; publicly, in the great congregation, and secretly, in the silence of your beds, Christ will then look upon you, my brethren, with softened majesty, with assuasive tenderness, with mild persuasion, and with love, which the heart, indeed, may feel, but which no tongue of man or angel can express. All rival affections will then perish in your souls; you will then cheerfully part with all things, to procure the pearl of great price; and when you have procured it, you will rejoice and be glad in your hearts.

'This day, then, my brethren, let us, in all seriousness and simplicity, draw near to the Savior of the world, and he will infallibly draw near to us; this day, he will abide at our house. Every day let us invoke the light of his countenance; and all our days will be days of holiness and peace. Let us receive him with the same honest exultation, and serve him with the same disinterested, uncompromising spirit, which were manifested by the good Zaccheus, and he never will forsake our dwelling, he never will desert our hearts and minds. 'If a man love me,' saith our gracious Master, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him; and we will come unto him; and make our abode with him.'

Something of the nature of *allegorizing*, in the above quotations, reminded me, whilst transcribing it, that you asked me, not long since, whether I had examined any of Origen's allegorical interpretations. I was led to do so, in the course of last week; and what I read, makes me desirous of reading more. Amidst his highest flights of fancy, one may clearly discover the steady aim of piety, and the well-adjusted equipoise of good sense. He excels in the natural, forcible, and graceful introduction of Scripture. And, perhaps of all the fathers, he most resembles St. Gregory the great, in the power of deriving important evangelical instruction, from whatever portion of scripture he may be engaged in illustrating. However untenable his εξηγησις, in a critical point of view, his allegory is, perhaps always, ingenious; and certainly, for the most part, admirable in its practical tendency. I was much struck with a passage, which I shall transcribe. The Greek has perished; but Rufinus has preserved the sense, and, I dare say, much of the spirit, in his Latin version. The quotation is the earlier part of his 5th Homily on Joshua; commenting on the 4th chapter of that book.

I had got into a vein rather for transcription than origination. Will you, therefore, accept the beginning of a sermon? I have some thoughts of making a series, on the beatitudes; but have proceeded no further than you shall see. Your opinion will have great weight in deciding me, whether to advance, or to retreat. Some hints, towards the opening, I have taken from John Wesley; but, I trust, the matter is honestly made my own.

St. Matt. v. 1, 2.

'*And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him. And he opened his mouth, and taught them.*'

'Our blessed Lord, at the beginning of his ministry, established his divine authority, by miracles peculiarly fitted to impress the minds and hearts of the people; miracles of mercy and compassion, which prepared all that possessed any moral sensibility, to hear his words with meekness, and to receive them with sincerity of affection.

'Great multitudes had followed him, from Galilee, and from Decapolis, and from Jerusalem, and from Judea, and from the region round about Jordan. Desirous to instruct them, he went up into a mountain, from whence he might be conveniently seen and heard, and where he might escape the pressure of the crowd. When he was seated (for this was the posture used by public teachers among the Jews) his disciples came to him. 'And he opened his mouth': a Hebrew form of expression, which marks the beginning of a solemn and weighty discourse. 'And he taught them': in the first instance he taught his own immediate followers; afterward, the multitude at large.

'But the words then spoken, are addressed to all christians, in all ages; to us, my brethren, no less really, than to the multitudes upon the mountain. And, assuredly, it is of unspeakable importance, that we take heed how we hear. For, who is it that speaketh unto us? It is the Lord of heaven and earth; our creator, lawgiver, and judge; infinitely able to save and to destroy. It is the eternal wisdom of the Father; who knoweth whereof we are made; who understandeth our inmost frame; our wants, our weaknesses, our wishes, our capacities, our thoughts, and our most secret feelings. It is the God of love; who hath descended from the glory of the Father, to open the eyes of the blind, to give light to those that sit in darkness, to guide our feet into the way of peace. And what is the subject matter of his discourse? It is the way to that heaven, from whence he came; to that heaven, whither he is gone, and where he is, even now, preparing a place for all his faithful followers; to that

glory, which he enjoyed before the world began; and which, after heaven and earth had passed away, shall endure, unfading and imperishable, through eternal ages. And how is it that he speaks? He might again bring us to the mount that burned with fire; to blackness, darkness, and tempest; he might again renew the terrors of Sinai, and speak as when the highest gave his thunder . . Hailstones, and coals of fire. But no, my brethren. It is the still small voice. His doctrine drops as the rain; his speech distils as the dew; as the small rain upon the tender herb; as the showers upon the grass.

'Happy are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven:
Happy are the mourners: for they shall be comforted:
Happy are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth:
Happy are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled:
Happy are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy:
Happy are the pure in heart: for they shall see God:
Happy are the peace-makers: for they shall be called the children of God:
Happy are the persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven!

'Happy, whatever be their temporary sorrows; whatever the judgment of a short-sighted and miscalculating world. Happy in the way, and happy at their journey's end; in this life, and in the life everlasting. Who is he that desireth to live, and would fain see good days? Our blessed Redeemer will guide you to the object of your heart's desire, by a path which you could never discover for yourselves; the way of irreproachable pleasantness; the path of calm, inviolable peace; to an anticipated heaven upon earth; and a consummate heaven in the mansions of our Father.

'Happy are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.' It is, perhaps no unreasonable supposition, that, as our Lord looked around upon the multitude, he observed not many rich of this world; and thence, made an easy transition from temporal to spiritual poverty. Happy are the poor; . . not merely in outward circumstances; for such may be far distant from all true enjoyment; . . but, happy are the poor in spirit. Happy are they, in whatever condition, high or low, rich or poor, who have made a wise and sober estimate of themselves; who rely not on their own sufficiency; who feel their own intrinsic weakness; and who, therefore approach the throne of grace, humble petitioners for those purified affections, holy tempers, and virtuous habits, which they cannot produce in themselves. Theirs is the kingdom of heaven. They are blessed with the prime ingredients of happiness; they are admitted into the fellowship of Christ's religion. Enrolled under the banner of him, who resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble, they are his faithful subjects and soldiers; and he will lead them

on, conquering and to conquer; from strength to strength, and from glory to glory; from his present kingdom of righteousness, and peace, and joy, to his eternal kingdom of perfect righteousness of unmingled peace, and of unutterable joy.

'Christian poverty of spirit, is, therefore, no mean, low, and enfeebling sentiment. It implies, indeed, an intimate conviction, that, if abandoned to our own guidance, we should, in no transaction of our lives, nor in any portion of our time, be happy or secure. It implies, also, a fear of being subdued, by the least of our sins; but such a fear, as will propel us to the source and fountain of the greatest virtues. This poverty is, in truth, a principle most elevated in its source, and most ennobling in its consequences. Little minds may think highly of themselves, because they are successful in the pursuit of little objects. Not so, the mind and heart which look into eternity. They are conscious of their own deficiencies, because they have measured their stature and their powers, with that moral and spiritual elevation to which they perseveringly aspire. And they seek to have their deficiencies supplied from that all-gracious fountain, which flows more freely than our thoughts; and communicates more bountifully than our wishes.

'And here, my brethren, it is proper to observe, that those eight short sentences, usually termed the beatitudes, indicate the progressive stages of our christian course; from the commencement to the consummation; from the relinquishment of all self-dependence, to the perfection of that zeal, which can do and suffer the hardest things, through Christ that strengtheneth us. Each, indeed, of those inward characters or dispositions, which our Lord pronounces happy, belongs to the genuine christian, from the moment it is formed in his heart, through every gradation of his progress; but each is also introductive of a higher grace, till, in due season, the faithful disciple of an all-powerful Master, is made perfect and entire, lacking nothing: till endowed with all the living principles of goodness, he increases the energy of those principles, by continual exercise; and thus, gradually ripens, for the joys and triumphs of the paradise above.'

On reviewing what I have written, it appeared to me so unlike a letter, that I had serious thoughts of suppressing it. ——, however, makes it a point, that letter or no letter, it must go. He, therefore, is somewhat more than an accessory, to this outrageous trial of your patience. And, as the second sheet is entered upon, I cannot let you off without more.

And now, my dear Friend, let me remind you of your kind promise, that no little impediment should prevent you and Miss Fergusson from visiting me this summer. You know how near this is to my heart; I shall therefore add not a syllable, lest I

should inflict pain, where I would least wish to inflict it. My warmest wishes are always with my excellent friends at B——.

Ever most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

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LETTER 109.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

July 27. 1813.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE too long delayed to acknowledge your much valued communications, but B—— is to me, a bad letter-writing place. The uncertainty of dispatching letters implies less stimulus, than is felt in a near post-office, and a fixed daily hour; and I need every possible stimulus, to make me sit down to write. This is a curious change in my habits. Writing was my great amusement, reading having too little interest. Now, I like reading much better than writing: reading sufficiently interests me, and writing overworks me. I am glad of the first, but I can only submit to the latter; though with sincere thankfulness, that the weakness, which this implies, is not without its indemnification: and besides, 'God doth not need either man's work or his own gifts', &c. you know the remainder.

I assure you, your letter was most acceptable, and truly interesting. —— was as right as possible in his estimate of my liking. Quotations are to me the more valuable, because I greatly relish, peculiarly bright passages; and I am unqualified, by habit, to find them for myself. I must thank you, however, for your own transcripts; and especially for the new conclusion of your discourse on Zaccheus. Managed, as you have managed it, few modes of improving a subject would have equal effect. The mind is thus addressed, through several of its most impressible points, at one and the same moment; and instruction is conveyed, through the medium of very lively entertainment. To almost any one but yourself, I should be ready to hint at cautionary rules. But to you, above all, I know, they would be perfectly superfluous. As to the beatitudes, your commencement does justice to the subject, but not with such felicity as in that just mentioned. I agree in all you say in your exordium; but, in my mind, there is more to be said, though I doubt whether it would be fit for indiscriminate communication. I am sure our Lord spoke, that what he said, might be recorded for the continual, and I should think progressive in-

struction, and edification of his church. But, I imagine, a present purpose was, to repel loosely attached followers. To this end, his apparent severity of language was peculiarly fitted. It has other deeply valuable uses, beneficial to all times, and probably best adapted to perennial effect. But I think it could not have failed to throw off, the mixed multitude, who crowded round our Lord, on low, and carnal principles. To free himself from this incumbrance (so unsuitable to his design, and inconsistent with its continued prosecution, because exciting needless and undeserved jealousy), seems to have been his object on several other occasions; particularly in the cases mentioned St. Luke xiv. 28., and St. John v.: in both which instances, though in different ways, there appears the same astounding strength of expression, as in the sermon on the mount. I suspect that the discourse to Nicodemus, was spoken with like intent, though with a most important ulterior purpose. Bishop Cleaver has taken successful pains, to trace a correspondence in manner, between this last-mentioned discourse, and that on the 6th of St. John, as having been similarly meant to convey the divine doctrine, respecting two sacraments; a marked resemblance, even with this profound, and permanent view, would add something to the probability of their immediate object being similar. But be this as it may, I conceive the first beatitude, though well expanded by you, on the usual supposition, admits of a more easy interpretation. You, after numbers who have trodden this ground, before, deem it to mean. 'Happy are the humble'; I have long thought this explanation, not consonant to the figure, and not suitable to the design: not the latter, for humility is a fruit of true religion, I would say of advanced religion, rather than the first step in its progress. I grant that, as you make it out, dispositions indispensable, even in commencement, present themselves: but I doubt if they belong properly to humility, or strictly form a part of poverty in spirit. This last, I conceive, must be something more radical, than any thing you have actually mentioned; though some of your expressions nearly imply my idea. What I look for is, a feeling adequate to originate all that follows: and this I take to be no other than a discovery of our want of true riches; a sense of our vacuity of spirit, our alienation from our chief good, and consequent [derangement] in our immortal part. Our Savior saw himself followed by the poor, in hope of their circumstances being changed, through their early attachment to the Messiah. He begins, therefore, by intimating another and deeper poverty, a want in the inmost soul, which no external opulence could supply. A want of God, the object of the human spirit, its true and infinite inheritance. Blessed, says he, are they, who discover this

interior poverty; for this is it, which I am come to relieve: to this spiritual poverty, and this only, the riches of my kingdom have reference; and until a consciousness of this indigence takes place, the highest blessing I dispense, will excite no interest: a discovery of spiritual good and evil, the highest good, and the deepest evil, is, in its nature, antecedent to all effort, for attainment of the one, or deliverance from the other. In such a discovery, therefore, must the process of renovation commence. It is the first symptom of regeneration. 'That which is born of the spirit, is spirit.' But there must be 'spirit', in order to the discovery of spiritual poverty, and spiritual riches; for 'except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.'

I cannot but think this idea, is adequate to sustain all that follows; for as it must precede every thing, so every thing naturally grows out of it. It seems to me, in short, both evangelically, and philosophically suitable, and then, try it by its agreement with the figure πτωχοι τωπνευματι. Can this be so naturally, or so simply rendered, as by 'poor in a spiritual sense', or spiritually poor in their own feeling of themselves: that is, consciously destitute of the 'true riches.' This last idea (of 'true riches') occurs again and again: as, for example, St. Luke xvi. 11, 12. 21.; in short, every where. Opposed to this, then, there must be a poverty described in itself, without due consciousness of it; because its being felt, is the first indispensable preliminary to relief and blessedness. (πτωχοι τῳ πνευματι implies, I think, that the spirit is awakened, and feels its situation.)

I am particularly strengthened in these ideas, by referring to the resembling passage in St. Luke vi. 'Happy are ye, poor', compared with (verse 24.) 'Woe to you, rich, for ye have received your consolation', that is, ye are so amply supplied outwardly, that you feel no want within. Who, then, are the 'happy poor?' they who, in that instance, were predisposed, by having nothing to rest on for comfort in the world, to open their eyes to their inward wants, and their hearts to the supply of them. These verses, and those referred to in Revelation iii., throw light on each other. I cordially thank you for your sermon. I think it as good, as it could be under the circumstances; and the style is precisely what I could wish. As a pledge of things to come, it gratifies me more, than I can express. I forgot, when speaking of it, to suggest, whether, in the conclusion about Zaccheus, 'contemplation' would not be better than 'meditation', and whether 'hearts' would not be better than [minds]. The former would be an exact opposite, to 'the great congregation', and, perhaps, a happier close of the series.

Ever yours,

A. K.

LETTER 110.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., Sept. 11. 1813.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I DO not wonder at your letter to Miss F. Appearances, assuredly have been against me. But did you know, how I have been circumstanced, you would not blame, but feel for me. The fact is, I have hardly, for fifteen years, had so much uneasiness of frame, as within the last two months. My head, hitherto, to appearance, my strongest part, has been unusually affected, so as to make not only writing, but sometimes even reading, a matter of inconvenience. This has been a new affliction to me, who always, heretofore, have found reading a resource, and, generally, writing also. This cannot but sadden me. Yet I do not despond; I look forward, I hope with humble confidence, to brighter days.

I think you will not wonder, that, under such feelings, I could not bring my mind to think of a journey southward. I have sincerely wished to realize your kind expectation; but I was absolutely unable to undertake a journey, except some peculiarly urgent sense of duty had raised me above my infirmities. I do not know when I was less capable of effort, or more liable to feel uneasiness at straws in my path. I trust you will not blame me, for indulging indolence, when so unfit for every thing but quiet bearing. In short, I honestly feel, that I am entitled to your full forgiveness; for, were I competent, never was there a time, when I should have been more glad to testify my cordial attachment to you, than now. If ever I felt a touch of jealousy or apprehension on your account, you have perfectly dispelled it; and, instead thereof, have raised hopes in me, of your important usefulness at some future time, such as, a year or two since, I did not dare to entertain.

* * * *

You may judge of my nervousness, when even what I have now written, is making my head hot. I cannot, however, end, without directing your attention to the review of Faber's tract on the influences of the Holy Spirit, in the last Ch. Observer. The remarks on his assertion, that God withdraws the comforts of the Holy Spirit, in order to the greater improvement of the individual, I cannot but consider as the best doctrine I ever met in that work. If they had foundations equal to sustain such a superstructure, the catching of such lights would give promise of a more 'perfect day', than such theologists have yet

any where arrived at. But I question the final result, of a superinduction of very luminous morality, on a dogmatic basement. We have seen something of the kind before, amongst the non-conforming calvinists, in their first emergement from the gloom of their system. For the moment it was interesting; and produced much, within the short period: it produced a Baxter, a Howe, a Shaw, and an Annesley; but what did it speedily grow into? In a word, catholic verities, fully and cordially apprehended, are the only support, because they are the only wings (I must change the metaphor) on which earth is clearly left, and heaven is truly anticipated.

With all my heart and soul, I say, God bless you! and I cannot say more. I have banished myself from B——, for a few weeks, in order to keep the feeling of home uninjured; for, though I have less enjoyed B——, during my last visit, than before, there is that in it, which lays hold on my heart, and as 'the heart is deceitful,' even where it is not 'desperately wicked', I am compelled to guard myself against an absolute captivity.

Ever yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

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LETTER CXXIX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Sept. 13. 1813.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THIS day I was at once deeply gratified, and deeply pained, by your most kind letter. And I cannot permit my messenger to go into Limerick, without a few lines to express my cordial thanks, and to assure you, that whatever uneasiness and jealousy might have been induced by the infirmity of my nature, are now completely removed. I trust that *your* infirmities have been chiefly, if not altogether, produced by a singularly trying season. It has affected both myself and others; and, at this moment, I am not free from its influence. In reading and writing, I have been equal only to desultory efforts, or to what a friend of mine not unaptly calls 'literary saltations.' My hebraico-evangelical pursuits have not yet been resumed; not, I humbly trust, from indolence, but from pure incapacity to resume them. I too, however, look hopefully forward; the more so, as I have been disposed to catch every gleam of sunshine, and turn it, if possible, to some profitable account.

The passage in the Ch. Obs. caught my attention also: and excited in me some thoughts and hopes, altogether akin with yours. But in the last paragraph of that review, I met what creates more than apprehension, that the foundation will never bear the superstructure. That strange panegyric on the *indistinctness* of Messrs. Faber and Hall, followed up, as it is, by a panegyric still more strange, upon the neutralizing spirit of indifferentism, (the cold breath of the Bible Society, for it can blow cold as well as hot) is little calculated to raise sanguine expectations of an improving, and heart-ennobling theology. Their prophecy, that 'such established churches as are comprehensive, and liberal, and holy, will by degrees absorb their surrounding sects', . . is to me a presage of no good omen: for how, on their principles, and in the present state of the world, are sects to be attracted and absorbed, without some dangerous, and perhaps ruinous convulsion, in the parent planets round which they revolve? The premature, and spurious unity, of a theologico-political compact, is a unity, rather of pretence, than of reality; it is far different from christian unity of spirit; and, in the end, it will scarcely be found a legitimate bond of peace. To say, that subordinate points of difference shall be merged, in order to the co-operative promotion of paramount objects, . . is, in fact, to say, that many points of faith and discipline, heretofore delivered to the saints, and for which the saints of old zealously contended, are, in these days of light and liberality, to be sacrificed; . . and sacrificed to what? . . to the furtherance of a mawkish, unintelligible, generalized thing, which it would be a mockery to style a system. If we are to abstract our christianity so far, as practically to reject all and every the specific differences, of the multifarious denominations of christians, which compose the Bible Society, what, I pray, will be the generic remnant? It will resemble real christianity about as much, as that two-legged unfeathered animal, a plucked cock, resembled Plato's man. How far 'lesser points of difference,' are to be 'merged', or what are to be accounted 'lesser points', . . it would assuredly require far wiser and more calculating heads than mine to determine; but the fraternizing 'spirit of the Bible Society', is undeniably 'diffusing itself'; and in quarters, where, a few years ago, it might not have been expected; and in modes, which, even at the present day, may appear, if not deeply reprehensible, at least extremely questionable, to those old-fashioned moralists, who have not yet learned, that any public 'object,' however plausible, is paramount to that distinct, uncompromising, incommiscible strictness of religious principle, which would shun, as a pestilence, all close contact or communion, with unholy men, or unholy things. It is no-

torious, that the most profligate men in England and Ireland, have been rallied round the standard of the Bible Society, and ostentatiously proclaimed by the religious and irreligious world, as patrons, and presidents, and vice-presidents: and worthy Mr. —— himself, publicly and solemnly declares, from his place in parliament, that he is happy to call —— his friend' !!! This amiable spirit of accommodation, indeed, seems to pervade the whole fraternity. In a very brilliant and fascinating speech, at some auxiliary Bible society, (I forget which) Mr. —— Jun. tells the good gentlemen and ladies, then and there assembled, (and I dare say he tells them nothing but the truth,) that they are about to return to the common business and amusements of life; but, in the bustle of business, and the tumult of gaiety, let them pause and indulge the delightful reflection, that the bibles which they have now sent forth, will penetrate the abodes of poverty, and the recesses of ignorance and vice; will convert sinners, will console the afflicted, will speak peace and consolation at the sick bed of the dying, &c. &c. (I write from memory, but I am sure, I faithfully preserve all but the eloquence of the original). Now, what is this, but to say in other words, 'we may now go and amuse ourselves; we have fairly purchased this privilage, by our zeal in this glorious cause; let us then be dissipated as we please; and if, amidst our nightly revels, or at the public show, any uneasy feeling, or superstitious scruple, should disturb us, let us drive it away as an officious intruder: even now, we are doing good by proxy; the bibles which we have given away, are, at this moment, our faithful deputies, and are visiting, in our stead, those less dazzling and attractive scenes, which might render us too sentimental for the business, and too dull for the pleasures of the world.' Mr. ——, I trust, did not mean all this. But are there none who will thus translate his language? And had he no surmise, that it might and would be thus translated? And is it not to such compromises and concessions, that Bible Societies owe a great measure of their popularity? This one mode of '*merging subordinate points*,' in order to the promotion of 'paramount objects.' Had such been the language of the apostles, and the fathers, it is by no means difficult to conjecture, whether the meal would have been converted into leaven, or the leaven into meal.

I may appear to use words which have more than a tincture of asperity; but you well know I mean nothing harsh. When the religious world is in compact, (undesignedly I allow, but really and effectually in compact,) to break down the barriers of strict, undeviating, home-felt, and home-exercised christianity, it would neither be easy nor eligible for us to be cool and unconcerned;

and I trust, I neither feel, nor express, any greater warmth, than the case fully authorizes, and perhaps, ere long, will imperiously demand.

The excellent archbishop brought over Mr. B. here last week. They afforded me two happy days. It was like the visit of a father to a son. As you have both seen and conversed with with Mr. B., it is needless to say how much I was delighted with him.

Farewell, my dearest Friend,

Ever most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER 111.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, Sept. 16. 1813.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE ventured to desire two persons to call on you, —— (pronounced ———), recommended by Hannah More and Mr. Wilberforce to me, and by the former to Mrs. L——; and ——, the eldest son of Mr. ——, whom we met at Mr. Thornton's, and now in Parliament. Being the friends of your friend, and wishing to know you, I knew you would not hesitate to receive them. They are both interesting. ——, what you might suppose from Henry Thornton's account; —— sincerely pious, and solidly sensible, of Wilberforce's school, but not disagreeably or illiberally. He is, I really think, well worth your knowing. He will write to apprize you of his approach. I suppose it will be in about ten days. They went hence on Monday, and are now at N—— B——. They will probably meet Major W—— there, and take their route from thence by his direction. I must stop, or lose the opportunity.

Ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

P. S. I go to town Saturday or Monday, perhaps not soon to leave it; though perhaps there is too much of the croak in that. The Archbishop confirms here on Sunday se'nnight . . but I have no thought of being here with him.

LETTER 112.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson Street, Sept. 18. 1813.

My dear Friend,

Your order respecting your books, shall be executed on Monday. * * * * * *

You are a proper man for me to be agent to, for you care no more about little things, than I do. The truth is, care about little things is a disease; and neither you nor I have any occasion to amplify our nosology. 'The natural shocks, which flesh is heir to,' will satisfy us, without straining our inventions to invent new troubles.

I thank you much for your observations. I read them to M'C——, to his no little comfort. It comforts me to think that you and I see matters in such identity of light. I am thankful that it is not my lot absolutely to stand alone; though in this here Dublin, I am wonderfully alone. Strange to tell, I have not, beyond these walls, one thoroughly congenial soul; a few cheer me by their partial or aliquatenus agreement, but I do not know even one, who cordializes with me, on the same intellectual level.

Adam Clarke, I fancy, has given a strong impulse to the methodists, by promulgating his doctrine, of sonship belonging solely to the human nature of Christ. All the younger, and hotter methodists, seem to be swallowing this novelty down, as if it were a message from Heaven. To me it appears the very false and pernicious crudity of a half-learned man: false, because Saint Paul expressly tells, that God made the worlds by his Son (that is, says Dr. Clarke, before the Son existed;) and pernicious, because leading to arianism.

I must say no more. I am pretty well to-day, but a change of the wind may trip up my heels. I say too much; the tripping up of the heels is not likely to happen, but Providence sees good to keep me in a very dependent state of health. Perhaps it is, that the divine strength may be made perfect in my weakness. If that be the object, I am satisfied that divine wisdom should fulfil its own purpose in me.

Ever yours,

A. K.

LETTER 113.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., Sept. 23. 1813.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR books are now in Mr. F——'s keeping, after being wrapt individually in paper by Michael. I thought that your eight folio volumes* deserved this care, as I could not imagine books, so bought, in better order. Your Mill's Testament is a mere second-hand book; therefore, I say 8 vols.

What I am now going to say, you must decide upon with severe dispassionateness. Have you, in consequence of giving up my visit to you, made any arrangement, which would make a recall of my negation inconvenient to you? Again, if you can, early in the next month, receive Miss F. and me, will you permit it to be a business of merely eight or ten days? Answer these queries; and on that answer, which (respecting the first query particularly) I pray may be such as I have required, I will make up my mind.

The truth is, I am better since I came to town; not I presume, from change of place, but from change of season; and if you were so circumstanced, as to make my fulfilment of my early purpose still suitable to you, I would urge myself to the extent I have mentioned, to meet your kind desire. Again and again I say, decide impartially; for believe me, you yourself out of the question, I should greatly prefer staying in Dublin. But most truly I say, in contributing to your gratification, I shall most directly and deeply gratify myself.

I am not very well to-day, therefore I will not go, into any other subject. Give my love to C. F.

And believe me, ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

——oo——

LETTER CXXX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Limerick, Sept. 25. 1813.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

HAVING here received your most acceptable letter, I write two lines of answer on the spot, and in the utmost dispatch, the day

* A fine copy of Walton's Polyglot Bible. . . ED.

being far advanced. I shall delight to see you and Miss F., whenever you can come, and for as long, or as short a time, as you can make perfectly convenient. It implies not the slightest inconvenience, nor the derangement of a single plan. Only write me a line, whenever you have fixed your day.

I am sure all about the books will be well. Pray have you ever heard of Schweighæuser's edition of Epictetus? I lately procured it; an expensive, but most valuable book.*

Your letter has put me into great spirits.

Ever, my dear Friend,
Most truly yours,
JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER 114.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., Oct. 15. 1813.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE put off writing to you, in hope of being able to confirm the purpose, which an appearance of returning health encouraged me to express to you. The amendment which I looked for, has not taken place; at least in the degree which I was willing to reckon upon.

I therefore, sincerely against my wish, am obliged to give up the project, to which I looked forward with the more cordiality, because I knew that I should be gratifying two friends at once, . . yourself and Miss F. I am sure Miss F. as much wished to visit you in your own house, as she could do, consistently with that temperate submissiveness to providential circumstances, which makes her life easier to her, than thousands find theirs to be, whose means of gratification are like a thousand to her one. I should be distressed, at this moment, did I not see this temper in her; and did I not build on your candid and friendly indulgence. I have said enough on this point. I trust you will read my heart, and free me from the blame of willing versatility.

I wish to direct your attention to a subject, which I am not sure has been yet adverted to; the state of our Lord's disciples, between the resurrection, or ascension rather, and the day of Pentecost. It seems to me, that, during that time, they manifested a more remarkable advancement, than has been duly no-

* In the possession of the editor, among other invaluable memorials, by the bequest of his honored friend.

ticed. This might in reason be looked for, from what is said in Saint Luke xxiv. 45., and in Saint John xx. 22. But I think we see the evident marks of a change, in the account of their conduct. 'They worshipped him, and returned to Jerusalem with great joy, and were daily in the Temple, praising and blessing God.' The manner, too, in which Matthias was chosen, and the devout intensity of mind, with which they waited for the grand effusion of the Spirit, through which they were to receive 'power' suitable to their trust as 'witnesses,' are evidences to the same effect.

A certain suitableness strikes me, in this interior effect being derived from our Savior's breathing on them; the spirit of sanctification having been communicated without measure to him, that, from him, it might be diffused to all the living members of his mystical body. I may have mentioned this to you before; but, lest I should not, I suggest it for your fuller consideration.

Ever yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

P. S. It strikes me that the matter just mentioned, has been already a subject of conversation between us; perhaps, noticed first by yourself. Something about it floats on my memory. I wrote a pretty long letter, a few days ago, to N——, on the question, Ought a member of the Church of England to forsake the methodist society, through fear of being liable to the guilt of schism? I was obliged to say, I think not. What new shape the methodists may be acquiring, I will not pronounce. But judging by their character heretofore, though I must deem them irregular, I cannot account them schismatical (because they do not yet exhibit *separate communion*). Considering them, therefore, as irregular, I would not advise any one to unite himself to their society; but not regarding them as schismatical, I would not advise any one, now in it, to forsake it. I mean, I would not do so, in ordinary circumstances, lest, in depriving a weak christian of his go-cart, I might incapacitate him for going at all. I am perfectly aware, that symptoms are appearing, amongst the methodists, of a new character, to which my reasoning would not apply. But it strikes me, that a fuller developement of that new character, ought, in prudence, to be waited for, in order that, whenever they do develope it, the onus may rest exclusively with themselves. Besides, under any circumstances, I think our church may be far better defended, by proofs of superior excellence, than by assertion, or exclusion of privileges. Let the methodists act as they may, I should not see it right to frighten weak women, with menaces of damnation. We may, I

conceive, fully maintain our cause, on grounds of good sense, without trenching on any feeling of christian charity.

——oo——

LETTER CXXXI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, December 10. 1813.

My dear Friend,

Last night, sicut meus est mos, I was amusing myself, and I will hope instructing myself, with Mr. Cecil's Remains. As I read, I could not help thinking, how much we are indebted to those faithful recorders, who have preserved to us the sayings of wise and good men, as they came, altogether unsophisticated, from their lips. In such sayings, there is to me a value, which rarely attaches to premeditated writings. When people sit down to write, they seldom forget that they are not merely talking; that the written word remains; that their opinions may be coldly canvassed; and that they should be clothed with a certain drapery, which will, at once, recommend their beauties, and cover their defects. Hence a caution and a coloring, which too often mar the simplicity of nature. And hence men's thoughts, too commonly, are transmitted, through a prism, from the brain to the paper. It is not so in speaking; there is confidence, no less than ardor, in the flow of conversation. Thoughts emanate from the mind, with the strength and purity of solar light; and words are poured forth,

> Warm from the heart, and true to all its fires.

But how seldom are we rustics privileged to enjoy, the delights of wise and good conversation! This enhances to me the value of such books as Cecil's Remains; and why should I not add Boswell's Johnson? The apothegms too, and aculeated sayings of the ancients, are inestimable; and hence it is that Plutarch will probably maintain his popularity, while books continue to be read. But it is not rustics only, that need a succedaneum for good conversation. The world assuredly does not afford it. Men, in what is called society, come out to play an artificial part. They are elaborate in their efforts to avoid diving below the surface. It is hardly counted good breeding, to attempt getting at a man's real opinions. Mind is not put to mind. Conversation is a fencing-match with foils: it is a game, in which, whatever dexterity or skill may be employed, the stakes

are only counters. All this I have often acutely felt. All has been animated around me, but I have been saddened into silence; and when I have escaped from the insipidity of a dinner company, where there was no lack either of gaiety or talent, I have felt myself brought into society indeed, among my books and papers. It is then that I have most relished, the recorded table talk of other times; and it is then especially, that I have recalled, with mingled melancholy and satisfaction, the hours which I have passed with you, and with a few more,

'Qui me lenire docebant
Mordaces curas, qui longam fallere noctem
Dulcibus alloquiis.'

But I seem to myself, unawares, on the brink of a morbid feeling, which I am unwilling to indulge, and which very rarely haunts me. I know that society must be gradually improved, by kindly tolerance of what we cannot at once make conformable, in all respects, to our wishes; and that, wherever with safety, with innocence, and without descending from a high moral tone and standard, we can enter into the circle, however limited, in which our lot is providentially cast, we may and ought to be unfastidiously cheerful; watching and improving every fair opportunity of judiciously scattering thoughts, which may prove a seed of good. Our great Example was often thrown, . . I should rather say, often placed himself, among associates of very scanty promise; but we never, in any instance, see him fastidious, reserved, or austere. There is hilarity in all his conversation. His table talk, is inimitably what it ought to be; and taken merely as a matter of taste, would be most worthy the closest attention of those, who desire to excel in conversation. Is it not a wondrous privilege, that we have most faithfully recorded, *the spoken words* of him, who spake as never man spake? Assuredly we shall be accountable for our improvement of them, even in our social intercourse. And they who best improve them in this respect, shall become best qualified to be, in the best sense, 'Deliciæ humani generis.'

Doctor and Mrs. W., and their two daughters, are, by their own invitation, to be with me to-day, and to pass here a few days more.

They have come, and so far has passed on very well. They seem gratified with the house and its *et cetera;* and as a sort of experiment, I just read them all the former part of this letter, which Dr. W. bids me tell you he heard. I have good hopes of ——; he is most amiable, disposed to be most docile, and I trust, if God spares his health, his fine talents may one day be most useful. I greatly wish to hear from you: and notwith-

standing my very long arrear, I hope I may say, that I have not, since we last met, been an unwilling correspondent.

My love to Miss Fergusson.

Ever, my dear Friend, most truly yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER 115.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, Jan. 10. 1814.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RESIST a strong disinclination to write, in order to say a few words to you. I told you, that I was occupied closely in a certain train of thought. This day three weeks, I was obliged to lay aside my papers, and go to bed; to which, with the interval once or twice of an hour or two, I was confined for ten days. My complaint was the epidemic cold, and to this moment has left sensations, which prevent my feeling myself perfectly recovered; though not in any manner to cause actual uneasiness, but rather to indicate a need of care, as to quantity and quality of aliment. To this I hope I am always fully well disposed, therefore a necessity for additional caution sits lightly upon me.

January 17th. I have improved much during the intervening eight days. I am ready to hope, that passing through such an attack without nervousness, is the evidence of a tranquillized nervous system, than which, I could not wish for any greater corporal blessing; and if God is pleased to grant it me, along with 'increase of grace' (which is the blessing of blessings), my happiness for this life is completed.

One of my first employments, after convalescence, was attentively to read your little discourse, in which the second head particularly interested me. I will not say, that the truth you there dwell upon, is so developed, as to ensure a clear apprehension of your idea, in untrained minds; but to me, it was distinct and impressive, and I hope, while I read it, my own heart in some degree gave witness to its justness. At the same time, it strikes me, that justice cannot be fully done to so important a topic, within such circumscribed limits. The first division of the first grand division, touches great practical points, but it could of course do no more than touch them; though I do think expansion in that style, I mean in that of soberly and solidly spiritualizing or moralizing scripture history,

would, in such hands as yours, be peculiarly interesting, and peculiarly instructive; indeed, much more than instructive,.. heart-fascinating, as well as heart-penetrating.

What you say of 'domestic happiness,' needs elucidation; the manner in which it ministers to, and is heightened by religion, not being, in my mind, sufficiently indicated. A few words about good temper, mental cheerfulness, softened manners, enlarged and exalted knowledge, (all which, we may believe, Abraham exemplified, probably more than any other individual had done,) might give additional tone to this portion of the discourse, without adding very much to its bulk.

The next paragraph, 'Nor be it imagined,' &c., could scarcely contain more matter, in so many words; but the last paragraph of all, imperatively demands expansion. I cannot but advise that this should be done, before it be delivered in public; as the point with which it now ends, is far too important to be left in obscurity.

I make these remarks, rather to show you how sincerely interested I was by your communication, than in the hope of their being of any service to you. They contain nothing but what your own thoughts would suggest, on reading over your discourse, a week or two after having written it. That is, so far as my remarks are just, they contain nothing but this: I will not flatter myself that every thing which has occurred to me, would have also occurred to you.

I often have serious doubts, whether I am ever to be as well as I was a year or two ago. I sometimes suspect my health is seriously undermined; that even my strength of mind is lessened, by the growing infirmity of my body; and that the most I can hope for is an easy, perhaps slow, but assuredly steady decline. I feel no difference, I thank God, in clearness, or even closeness of thought; but in vigor of thought, I must think I am scarcely the same, nor even likely to be the same, that I once was. In my recent writing, I could go on tolerably; but the flow of thought, which used formerly to spring up, seemed to have passed away. Perhaps I am calculating too gloomily, but I fear I have some reason: still, however, I am not depressed. There are consolations, far above those of intellect, which I humbly hope will increase, not diminish, as I advance in life. Were it not for the prospect of these, I should more sensibly feel my lessened ability to exercise thought; but blessed and comforted in so many ways as I am, the least I can do, is to commit myself without reserve to that guidance, which will never leave or forsake an honest adherent, especially in a season of increasing exigence.

I said pleasant things to you about ——; I wish I could

always use the same language; but, in truth, to impress him, is too much to write on sand. I have been long aware of this; but it becomes more apparent, when one seemed to have made some definite traces on his mind. Once or twice, he has seemed almost transported, with ideas I conveyed to him; but a day or two after, he would seem to suspect himself of having yielded to illusion. I can only hope that, on the whole, some advance is made; but what it will all eventually amount to, I am sure I cannot imagine. While —— is wax, —— is mountain granite; a better man cannot be; but his mind needs to be softened and unfolded, if that be within possibility.

January 17th. Thus far I wrote, on this day se'nnight, expecting an opportunity the next day; but, on that day, a storm of snow commenced, which has interrupted all regular intercourse, and kept us here in a state of imprisonment. There was to have been a removal to town this week; but, when the road will now be practicable, cannot be conjectured. It is thought that, even on the supposition of a decided thaw, it would take ten days at least, to put the roads into travelling order. I have been told, that there will be an opportunity of sending letters, either to Bray or Dublin, to-morrow; and therefore I resolve to have this in readiness to be dispatched. You asked me about Kirwan's sermons. I think your single subscription will be enough, and I will take care to subscribe for you, when I go to town. Apropos, have you ever read those discourses of Massillon's, which are called, Conférences et Discours Synodaux? If you have not, I advise you to look into them: I have read a few of them, with great pleasure; and they have to recommend them, that they are the maturest fruits of his mind. Certainly, nothing of his, ever satisfied me so much respecting his piety. That, in the second volume, 'Sur la manière dont les ecclésiastiques doivent converser avec les personnes du monde', and the latter one 'De la nécessité de la prière', in the third, pleased me particularly.

Ever yours,
A. K.

——oo——

LETTER CXXXII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Good Friday, 1814.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I DID not sooner reply to your kind letter of the 25th March, because I have had my usual spring fit of illness: it is now

abating; and by nursing myself, I trust I shall be enabled to get through Easter Sunday. You will be glad to know that the attack has been less violent, than I have experienced, at this time, for some years back. Your wise and good advice about change of scene, was not thrown away. It is but honest to confess, that the cause you have assigned as probable, did counterbalance other attractions to Dublin. Its removal, therefore, did much towards deciding me to a short excursion; and I determined with myself to visit town, immediately after Easter. My inclination, however, has been forced to yield; and I must remain at home. In the first place, I did most decidedly decline two very kind invitations, one from my brother, the other from my sister; and so declined them, that a change of purpose, now would be accountable, on no assignable motive. In the next place, I resisted, with equal resolution, a most pressing call from our friend N——: and last of all, another motive weighed with me from the first, and has by circumstances been brought to weigh very imperatively on my mind: I mean, economy. A trip to Dublin, necessarily implies much more than bare travelling expences; and with my house still unpaid for, and some unexpected calls starting up, I feel it a duty to be rigid, for this year at least, that I may be more my own master in the next year, if it please God to spare me another. Pecuniary independence is a blessing, which, with the divine aid, it is my purpose, first to attain, and then to cherish, as indispensable towards mental and spiritual ease and freedom; and I cannot give stronger proof that I am in earnest, than by resisting the attractions which would now draw me to Dublin.

I have not seen Mr. N——'s book, and, in truth, am little read in the Biblist-controversy: on that point my opinion has been long made up; were I nearer the centre, I should be more acted upon, by the passing publications of the day; and even as it is, did they reach this remote corner, I should read them with avidity; but I turn with far other relishes, to such-passages as you led me to, when you recommended a chapter in 'Baxter's Life of Faith.' It, assuredly, is not to be ranked among the '*opinionum commenta.*' It harmonizes with the '*Ecclesiæ judicia*', . . which, with Cicero's good leave, I would place at least on equal ground, with his '*judicia naturæ.*'

Though not equal, or comparable to Baxter's noble passage, I cannot help transcribing one from ORIGEN. It might have helped to support Bishop Horsely in his exposition of ἰδιας επιλυσεως. It is from a fragment of his commentaries on the Psalms. *Edit. Bened. tom.* II. p. 526. (For I too have some Benedictines.)

Μελλοντες δε αρχεσθαι της ἑρμηνειας των ψαλμων, χαριεστατην παραδοσιν, ὑπο του ἑβραιου ἡμιν καθολικως περι πασης θειας γραφης παραδεδομενην, προταξομεν· εφασκε γαρ εκεινος; εοικεναι την ὁλην θεοπνευστην γραφην, δια την εν αυτῃ ασαφιαν πολλοις οικοις εν οικιᾳ μιᾳ κεκλεισμενοις, ἑκαστῳ δε οικῳ παρακεισθαι κλειν, ου την καταλληλον αυτῳ. και ούτω διεσκεδασθαι τας κλεις περι τους οικους, ουχ' ἁρμοζουσας καθ' ἑκαστη εκεινοις οις παρακεινται· εργον δε ειναι μεγιστον ευρισκειντε τας κλεις, και εφαρμοζειν αυτας τοις οικοις, ούς ανοιξαι δυνανται. νοεισθαι τοινυν και τας γραφας ουσας ασαφεις, ουκ αλλοθεν τας αφορμεις του νοεισθαι λαμβανουσας, η παρ' αλληλων εχουσων εν αυτοις διεσπαρμενον το εξεγητικον. ηγουμαι γουν και τον αποστολον, την τοιαυτην εφαδον του συνιεναι τους θειους λογους ὑποβαλλοντα λεγειν — ἁ και λαλουμεν ουκ εν διδακτοις ανθρωπινης σοφιας λογοις, αλλ' εν διδακτοις πνευματος, πνευματικοις πνευματικα συγκρινοντες.

Is it thus, that modern religionists seek, and choose, and apply the keys of scriptural interpretation? I trow not.

Along with this, you have a sermon, which I preached last Sunday se'nnight for a Female Orphan School at Limerick. I do not send it as containing any thing, either very new, or striking. But I wish to show you, that, in my retirement, I am not altogether idle; it is, perhaps, too, no unfair specimen of a style of composition, into which I have been lately getting; which flows rapidly from my pen, and which, I would at the same time hope, is not altogether deficient either in strength or correctness. I have no other copy, and having promised the loan of it to my parishioner ——, I should be glad if you would have the goodness to return it by post, in two or three days. By the way, I wish for Dean Kirwan's Sermons. Mr. Whitty put down my name. You, I know, will be kind enough to pay the money; and perhaps they could be forwarded to Limerick in a Castle frank. I have been more a sermon writer, of late, than for years past.

Pray give my kindest regards to Miss Fergusson.

Ever, my dear Friend,

most truly yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER 116.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., May 20. 1814.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE been long silent, but I can assign reasons, some of which you will deem too good ones.

* * * * *

Do you take the British Critic? I think you have not taken it, but now there would be a motive for taking it, which did not exist before. It begins, this year, a new series, and with great prognostic of animation and energy. An article in the March and April numbers, has made me think again and again of you. It is a review of Lord Harrowby's plan, for raising the salaries of curates, and it says many things in a manner as like your animadversions on the 14th report*, almost, as if you had written it yourself. If you have no pecuniary objection (on principles of present economizing) I could almost wish you to order it. On one great point, I fear it is as hostile to my wishes as ever; but there is a fair and spirited zeal for the church establishment, which the times need, and which I much wish were, on one or two points, better informed. For example, much advantage is given to the soi-disant evangelics, by identifying, instead of synchronically and consequentially, connecting, regeneration with baptism; yet this is less grossly done in these late numbers; and some things are even so well said, in a review of the late pamphlet war between Simeon and Marsh, that I meditate writing them a letter, assigning reasons why Dr. Waterland's anti-catholic doctrine, of regeneration being nothing but baptism, should be rejected, and a sounder doctrine from the fathers substituted in its room. I feel an inclination to say to you, Save in what you may, do not save in reviews. The receiving of these, every month, has something which I find exhilarating: they bring in news to me, from the mental and moral world. I see, in these, what is going on; and I take those three monthly publications, because, as specimens of three distinct classes, they admit of being compared with each other. In reading them, I feel the pulse, as it were, of churchmen strictly so called, of equivocal churchmen, and of professed dissenters; and from these three, some satisfactory inference may be made, of the stations which minds are keeping, or of the changes which they are undergoing.

* Of the Commissioners of Education in Ireland. . . ED.

You have no doubt looked at the last Eclectic review; and perhaps have been amused, as I have been, with the faux pas, which the reviewer of Collinson has made, Page 474. 'The direct commission of Christ', says he, 'accompanied by the extraordinary illumination of the Holy Spirit, alone constitutes authority in religion.' 'This character,' he proceeds, 'belongs exclusively to the apostles; to them alone, did Christ give the promise of the Holy Spirit, to lead them into all truth. In every instance then, in which an apostle presents himself to our attention, as a religious instructor, his character is sacred, his communications are to be received, if we reject his doctrine, we reject it at our peril.' Now observe, that this title, being founded on what our Lord said, to those who had continued with him, in his temptations, is not strictly applicable to Saint Paul, but absolutely falls to the ground, in the instances of Saint Mark, and Saint Luke; so that, according to these gymnographists, (forgive the new word, for what can one do when a new class extorts designation?) two Gospels, and the Acts of the Apostles, are ipso facto relegated to the Apocrypha! There was a sort of half awaking, before the page was ended; at the bottom of which we learn, that religious doctrines are to be found, 'in the writings of evangelists and apostles'; but the former denomination is introduced, not only gratuitously, but inconsistently; for, in the rigid exclusion of all but apostles ('the direct commission of Christ', and the extraordinary illumination, being confined to these) they who confessedly are not apostles, must sink to the level of those, whom the reviewer wishes to divest of all authority; the successors of the apostles, alias the fathers.

Henry Woodward is in town to-day, and spent part of this forenoon, and means to spend this afternoon with me. I must now stop, and earnestly intreat you to believe me cordially, and unalterably, and ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

LETTER CXXXIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, May 22. 1814.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I KNOW you will accept a few (for they must be a very few) lines, of heartfelt acknowledgment, for your late most acceptable letter, and its valuable accompaniment. Believe me, you

need not 'earnestly intreat' that I should credit, what is the great cordial of my life, the unshaken steadiness of your friendship. On that point, I dare venture to assure myself, that all morbid misgivings are for ever vanished into thin air. By the grace of God, I hope I shall continue such an one, as you will never blush to own; and to your counsel and admonition I look forward, for the detection and the removal of some at least, among the many infirmities which cling to me. I shall then be less unworthy of your partial kindness.

I cannot say how deeply, and how warmly, I approve the paper of 'Amicus.' It is, indeed, but candor to own, that had I been at your side, I should have ventured to recommend some abbreviation, some elucidation, and some infusion of terseness; but, from the paragraph in which it is shown, that 'the religious difficulty is at an end', to the conclusion of the paper, I feel unmingled complacency. It is one of the very best specimens, in my judgment, of your very best style; and it strikes me, in argument, in pointedness, in precision, and in spiritedness, to be a capital piece of political writing. When your leisure permits, I shall be most anxious to know how you have been employed.

Many thanks for your hint about the reviews. You make it plain, that to economize here, would be a downright vice. I pray you, therefore, aid me in removing a part of the stain I have contracted, by forthwith ordering for me, paying for, and procuring a receipt for, the British Critic, the Eclectic Review, and the Chris. Obs., for one year, from the commencement of this present 1814, inclusive. Be accurate in procuring the receipt, as our friend, Mr. A., is in the habit of making many embarrassing mistakes. As to economy in general, I had special, and unforeseen motives this year. But I am most entirely of opinion, that on no future occasion should I economize, by cutting off my intercourse with Dublin: such intercourse is essential to the healthfulness του σωματος, της ψυχης, του πνευματος: and never, I trust, after this year's experiment, shall I wilfully abstain from my exhilarating annual visit. I trust my present economical measures, may serve a useful purpose; and be assured, it has been my first object in retrenchment, to retrench without *carefulness*, and without any movements which might contract my mind. It does not enter into my plans, to deny myself the privilege of quietly and moderately seeing my friends. I look forward, in some parts of the summer, to visits from my nearest relations; and I still fondly indulge the hope, that you and Miss Fergusson may look in upon my retirement. Do not, however, misunderstand me. It is, as it has all along been, among the most ardent of my wishes; but I most unaffectedly declare, that I deprecate your thinking of

such a movement, if, in any shape, it can interfere with the health, or the comfort, either of yourself, or of my valued friend Miss F. Of her alarming illness I did not hear, till I heard also of her recovery from all danger: I trust she may be long spared to this earth, a quiet example of solid, unpresuming goodness. To both of you, I am not without hopes, that a summer trip to our southern climate might prove serviceable. If you can come, without doing any violence to yourselves, I shall rejoice. If you cannot, I shall feel assured that your heart is with me.

Dean Kirwan's Sermons I wish you to get and pay for (my subscription copy). I am sure the Archbishop of Cashel will kindly bring them for me to Cashel; and I can get them at the visitation.

Adieu! Ever, my dear Friend, most entirely yours,

JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER 117.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, { July 25. / August 2. } 1814.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IN what you say of the missionary business, you feared an appearance of 'hasty incoherence.' I assure you that fear was groundless, and in every remark I am obliged to concur. Poor —— is an odd compound; he, as it were, occupies a point of various, as well as heterogeneous contact; and he strays, from his own ill defined station, sometimes into one territory, and sometimes into another. The worst of it is, that he has least propensity to the quarter, with which he is externally connected. I lead him with me sometimes, a short way, and for a short time, into the interior of his professed province; and he often owns himself interested and impressed, but it is the feeling of the moment. The next meeting shows me that I did little more, than write on sand. I go on, however, and sometimes flatter myself that a more substantial result may, at length, be apparent. I have no doubt it would be so, if he were once established in the catholic verities, an event, respecting which I can only say, I do not despair. Until then, he cannot see the only certain grounds of moral melioration; and being, in the mean time, anxiously conscientious, respecting every matter of real, or supposed duty, it cannot be expected, but that he will be more or less attracted, by every meteor of active religionism, that comes within his horizon.

I am sorry to say —— is fitted to encourage him in these wanderings, though not disposed to support him in unsettled belief. —— has a demi-calvinism about him, which gives a liking for coarseness and hard driving. Consequently, the prevalent movements of the day engage him by their energy, and do not repel him by their crudity. He delights in the one, and he has little, if any, distaste for the other. There is, however, great good in him, and no small talent; yet I have little hope of his ever being regularly and consistently useful. He belongs more to the sectarian, than to the hierarchical species; and there is a want of pliancy in his mind, which leaves little on which to calculate changes for the better.

But it is not amongst such only, that the missionary project receives countenance. I am told that several churches in Dublin, (St. Anne's, and St. Andrew's for example,) were given to those gentlemen; and Dean Graves (who came here shortly after) seemed strongly impressed with a persuasion, that either those movements ought to be aided, or something of the same nature, among the regular clergy, should be adopted. 'For,' said he, 'what will be said, if we neither favor the exertions made for christianizing the heathen world, nor make the effort ourselves? The character of our establishment will be lost, if we, its clergy, clearly subject ourselves to the charge of indifference, on a matter of such vitality?'

My answer was, 'That the church of England would not be served, by a dereliction, from whatever plausible motives, of its essential principle: that it was an essential principle of the church of England, that, whatever was done in its name, should be done regularly and responsibly, under the authority of its chiefs, and harmonically with its organization. But this', I observed, 'could not be the case with missions, voluntarily undertaken, by unaccredited individuals. This would be the work, not of the church, but of self-directed, irresponsible agents.' 'If individuals,' I added, 'would act in this way, let them do it; and let those whose conscience impels them, unite in the undertaking, if they will. But let no one talk of serving the establishment, by exertions irreconcileable with its essential principles; nor call that a church mission, which the church could not recognize without self-contradiction. In a word, a bishop of the anglican church, is now to be established in the east: he will of course be the regular superintendent of all ecclesiastical movements, in that quarter; through him, therefore, alone, would it seem, that a church of England mission could now be set on foot; or, if set on foot, could be conducted with consistency or safety.'

He did not deny the force of this reasoning; but Graves is

too much disposed to be, not in charity only, but in unison with all men. There is some good in the wish, but there is more weakness.

I wish you would give me your criticisms, on the former part of my Quarantotti paper; you might greatly serve me by it, if it should please God to permit me to make further use of my pen. I am sure *you* do not find fault without reason; and as I do believe *I* write better through your animadversions, so I might, by a continuance of them, be still further benefited. If I live, I shall be using my pen; and I trust no remark of yours, on what comes from it, shall ever be made wholly in vain.

I should have been glad to meet Mr. M'Cormick, and shall be gratified at his finding his new situation, every thing, and more than every thing, he hoped for.

I am glad to find myself at the close of this letter, not from being tired of writing, but that I may catch an opportunity going to town, which, from some interruption an hour ago, I feared to have missed. The people here are well, and would wish to be remembered to you, if they knew I was writing to you. They are immutable in their regard.

Ever yours,
A. K.

——oo——

LETTER CXXXIV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, August 9. 1814.

My dear Friend,

I am unwilling to let a day pass, without acknowledging the gratification I have enjoyed from your last most acceptable letter. And, my own church being closed under repairs, and a very wet day preventing me from attending any distant church, I know not how, more congenially with the feelings I should wish to cherish on Sunday, an hour or two can be passed, than in conversing with you.

At a more seasonable time, and when I feel in a more critical mood, I shall endeavor to recal any thoughts which might have passed in my mind, on reading your Quarantotti. It is my present notion, that any objections, were chiefly, if not altogether, respecting arrangement or style. If I can recover them, very likely they will be trifling. But it affords me deep satisfaction, that you value and wish for my remarks. To have them now and then provoked, might serve perhaps to rouse me, from occasional, but inevitable torpor. In order to exertion, my

faculties, such as they are, require excitement; of the quiet kind indeed, but still they need excitement. And, if I can indulge the slumbers attributed (and perhaps too justly) to my profession, it must be pleaded, in mitigation of sentence, that Providence has placed me in a narrow sphere, with scarcely any thing professional to do, without any of the propellants which variety affords, without literary intercourse, and with a frame, which, in spite of some natural sturdiness and stoicism, if it does not sink under depressing circumstances, at least, often lamentably flags. I thank God, however, that I do feel conscious of a radical healthfulness, and of some steadiness, and some solidity at bottom; and, since we last met, though there has been little accomplished that is actually producible, some ground, I would hope, has been gained, both in expansion of view, and in powers merely instrumental. It would appear, that I see objects more distinctly; that I catch more readily, and point my weapons more directly, at the *jugulum causæ*; and my hopes are more sanguine, though I trust not less tempered by sobriety and humility, that I may yet be enabled to do something in my generation. By the bye, do you recollect to have ever noticed the character of christian humility, given by St. Ambrose? 'Sunt et alia innumerabilia testimonia, quæ, ex paginis et novi et veteris Testamenti, quâdam conclamatione confirment hanc esse veræ humilitatis excellentissimam dignitatem, ut omnia quæ hominem faciunt christianum, ad divinæ gratiæ donum referantur.'

I have lately commenced an undertaking, in which I trust I may be enabled to persevere. The revizing and recomposing of my sermons, with some view to publication. Some of my older ones, though deficient in terseness, pointedness, and polish, seem to me to have considerable *stamina*. That, for instance, of '*They that sleep, &c.*', I now like much better, than I ever liked it before. I propose, both with a view to unity of subject, and to moderation of longitude, that it should, in a reformed edition, fall into two discourses. One of these I have composed; and it seems to me among the very best I ever produced: through the other, I pretty well see my way; much of the materials are ready in the old one; more materials seem tolerably arranged in my mind; and as to the amputation of needless words, and the supply of strong ones, I trust that my small powers both of judgment and invention, are greater than heretofore. One secret I must disclose; namely, that, in several of my latest and least objectionable discourses, I meet with a *mannerism*, to me, at present, absolutely offensive; a species of phraseology, peculiar and abhorrent from the usage, not only of polite secular writers, but of our own chaste-translation

of the Bible, of our best theological writers, and (making allowance for the different genius of different languages,) of the ecclesiastical succession of the catholic church. Such phraseology has in it something, which at once offends good taste, and puzzles plain understandings. It often rather veils, than discloses an object; and even where it pleases, and engages, and appears to instruct, I more than suspect, that it throws a false coloring over subjects, by involving them in a sort of gawdy mist. I know not whether I can make my meaning precisely intelligible; but it will, perhaps, be tolerably plain, if I am enabled to complete my project of revision. It would be my wish, not only to retain, but, if it may be, to increase any portion of energy, impressiveness, and genuine feeling, that may have hitherto existed in my sermons: but then, I would discard all peculiar phrases, all over-wrought expressions, all round-about talk; I would, in a word, aim at simplicity; and leave what is, in any measure, either weighty or affecting, to make its way, by its own intrinsic weight and pathos. This, it may be objected, is an ambitious effort. I can only reply, that the effort is made after some thought, and without any ambitious object. And in an effort so made, though complete success may not be attained, I would humbly trust, that, through divine assistance, there will not, on the other hand, be complete discomfiture.

The above, relates especially to manner. Respecting matter, I would say, that, let the Christian Observer people speak as they please, (see their review, in the No. for July, of Dean Ryder's Sermons), I feel more and more a disposition to cling to the department, as I conceive, most congenial with the providential function of our church; the department of EDIFICATION, rather than of EXCITEMENT. I cannot, I own, 'wish to see' in others, much less can I propose it as an object to myself, 'that the largest portion of every sermon should be *appropriated* to the largest portion, confessedly the ignorant and careless, of the audience.' Has the Holy Scripture been thus *appropriated*, by the Holy Spirit? Does it not, on the contrary, *there only* meet its most appropriate usufructuaries, and *then only* discharge its most enlarged, and most appropriate function, when it is intelligently and affectionately approached, and deeply and profoundly investigated, and practically and spiritually imbibed, by the best prepared and best instructed minds, by the most awakened and most interested hearts? The best writings, of the best and ablest christians, in all ages, must be tried by the same test; and assuredly, they will nobly stand the trial; and they who are best qualified to pronounce, will not merely confess as a truth, but lay down as a principle, that christian writers and preachers,

have been, and will be, able and useful, exactly in proportion as they advance those grand and deep truths, which the ignorant cannot apprehend, and which the careless will inevitably disregard. 'God,' indeed, as *they* say after Scripture, 'is no respecter of persons.' But in what consists his equitable distribution? Is it in attenuating his gifts, till they suit the tenuity of the receiver? He causes his sun to shine, and his rain to fall, indeed, equally upon all. But it is the sun in his undiminished splendor; it is the rain in unpolluted purity. It is no dim and dull obscurity of light. It is no perturbed, and stagnant muddiness of moisture. It must indeed be owned, that, in the religious world of to-day, a substantial evil does exist against which the C. O. was, with good intention, solicitous to guard. But I humbly conceive, that the physician is not merely unacquainted with the causes and the cure of the disease, but that he is also himself infected. 'The bent of some, and those eminent and distinguished preachers, seems to be, rather that of addressing the elect people of God, as the class for whom more especially, if not exclusively, the word of this salvation was sent; and who alone have, or can have, an ear to listen to its instructions.' This is doubtless very true; and it is also very much to be deprecated. But in what instance does it obtain? In the instance, we must believe, of high-flying, doctrinal dogmatists, whose preaching is notional, rather than moral, who dwell on peculiar views of divine truth, on special determinations of God's sovereign will, on exclusive privileges of God's chosen people. It is not so much the moral elevation, as the revolting dogmatism of this mode of preaching, which makes it unacceptable, unintelligible, and unfruitful, amongst ordinary congregations. Indeed, moral elevation is out of the question. But how would the C. O. remedy the evil? Partaking itself of the disorder, it is unconscious of its malady; and, like all who have been unpractised in the examination of themselves, it is little qualified to prescribe for others. It would willingly retain the dogmatism; it would cling to the unhealthful sustenance, which feeds and fosters the disease; but it would superadd a certain mawkish diluent, which, for all moral purposes, will be found miserably inefficient. A low and dull morality, attenuated to the low and dull conceptions of the vulgar, or even a warm and exciting tone of expostulation, addressed to the indolent and careless, when, of set purpose and full premeditation, divested of strength and body, of fullness and of grandeur, is little calculated to advance a congregation; and perhaps, too, very imperfectly calculated to awaken and reform. But the truth is, that of advancement, they have little notion. They regard christianity, almost exclusively, as a *re-*

medial process; little aware that christianity is then alone rightly apprehended, when viewed as most sublimely perfective. Here, I conceive, lies their grand error. For to him that rightly understands the New Testament, I do verily believe it will appear, that remedial christianity may and should be so put forward, as to afford instruction and delight to the most established and advanced; whilst, on the other hand, perfective christianity may and should be so inculcated, as to cheer, to encourage, and to confirm him, who is but just entering on the way; and so inculcated also, as to elicit a wish, even in the profligate and careless, that they too might be enabled, to forsake their wickedness and live. The Scripture itself is, at once, milk for babes, and strong meat for men. Saint Paul, when writing to the Corinthians, so managed, that by far the greater part of those epistles should be interesting and edifying to the most advanced christians. The same Saint Paul, again, in writing to the Ephesians, so ordered that wonderful and high doctrine, that it should contain much to benefit, and even to awaken those, who scarcely knew the first and simplest elements of christianity. But, on all occasions, he manifestly writes most peculiarly, for enlarged and elevated minds; and in no case, are his instructions '*appropriated* to the largest portion, . . to the ignorant and careless.' The truth is, that such appropriation must necessarily lower the standard. And what can be the effect of lowering the standard, but teaching people to rest satisfied, and to feel complacent, in something different from, because inferior to, real christianity? Far opposite was the mode of our Lord, of his apostles, and of the great doctors of the church. And has not the result been also most different? Let the principles be judged by their several results. When have there been most mature, and most advanced christians? I grant, indeed, that there is such a thing as an awakening, exciting department. But this department is not in our church. And assuredly it is not to be produced within our church, by the superinduction of a dull, vapid spiritless morality, upon a dry, stern, disputatious dogmatism. Such people will be always learning, and never coming to the knowledge of the truth. Such people must inevitably remain nondescript and amphibious entities, without the stability and elevation of a hierarchy, without the magnetism and energy of a sect.

The fact is, that one can feel infinitely more disposed to congenialize, with an honest, orthodox, pious dissenter, than with a perhaps equally honest, orthodox, and pious evangelic, who professes to love, and who thinks he supports our establishment, whilst, in reality, he both deteriorates and undermines it. And the reason is obvious. The strict dissenter properly fills his providential function; the evangelized churchman does not.

Nor is this a mere theoretic distinction. For assuredly, whosoever departs in any degree from his proper providential sphere, in so departing, must suffer loss. His movements cannot be steady; his principles cannot be rooted and grounded; his conduct cannot be free, from more or less of trimming, or obliquity. There is a certain sobriety of conviction, a sort of absence of all conscientious misgiving, which cannot be purchased by any lower price, than a wise study of the principles, and a steady adherence to the lawful course, of 'that state of life into which it hath pleased God to call us.' When, therefore, I see a spurious liberality, either in churchmen, or dissenters, . . when I see the one, ready to view as merely subordinate, and almost indifferent, the goodly order of the hierarchial institution, . . or the other, ready to scoff at the conscientious scruples, which kept their forefathers without the pale, I cannot help apprehending, in each instance respectively, that the light is turning into darkness, and the salt is losing its savor. Amongst dissenters, such departure from the old ground, engenders arianism, socinianism, and unbounded scepticism. Among Church-of-England men, the diffusion of evangelical indifferentism is of too late a growth, to give us a complete result; but the tendencies are, in my judgment, by no means equivocal. The reviews which have lately reached me, place it in my power to offer some illustration. There is much, of course, to which I strongly object, in the Eclectic. Yet, when I compare the moral tone of the best articles in that publication, with the moral tone which pervades the Christian Observer, I am obliged to say, that I could far more cordially mingle minds with the avowed dissenter, that with the soi-disant churchman. You are well aware of the neutralized spirit, and compromising caution, evinced by the Christian Observer, respecting public amusements. Look, on the other hand, at the bold, nervous, manly, and philosophical tone, in which, on this delicate subject, the Eclectic Reviewer (No. for July, p. 84 . . 86.) castigates Miss Hamilton. You must also recollect that indifferentism, which would 'merge all minor differences, in the pursuit of a common object', on which the Christian Observer delights to expatiate. This conciliatory project is carried to its height, in the charge of the Bishop of ——, from which I must cite a passage, sanctioned by the Christian Observer (No. for May, p. 303.) 'The [Bible] Society is constituted on this simple and comprehensive principle, that it may not exclude the aid of any persons, professing to be christians. Indeed, no contribution for the distribution of the Bible can be unacceptable, whether it come from a churchman, or a dissenter, from a christian, Jew, mahometan, or heathen.' Thus speaks a Bishop of the church of England! And thus feel the whole body of

the evangelical clergy! Let us now turn to the Eclectic Review for August. I cannot but feel greatly struck with that fine and masterly article, upon 'Belsham's Memoirs of Lindsay.' It were easy here to dwell on felicities of thought, of argument, of indignant reprehension, of playful wit, of cool irony, and of retributive sarcasm, which mark the mind, the hand, and the undaunted spirit, of a controversial hero. But the passage to which my attention was especially attracted, as contradistinguished in a peculiar manner to the new-fangled indifferentism of to-day, is from the top of page 130. to the end of the article. The reference, towards the very conclusion, to the practice of the primitive church; and the quotation from Eusebius, &c. mark out, to me at least, most clearly, a far nearer approach to the genius of a hierarchy, than we can at all discern in our evangelic churchmen. There is here no 'merging of minor differences', . . no disposition to commingle with 'Jews, Mahometans, or heathens.' Had the writer of this article not been born a dissenter, he would have been a noble churchman. But, on the whole, I rejoice that such men are to be found in the dissenting ranks. They may, under providence, preserve their body, from adopting 'the system of Socinius, or any other cold negation.'

The truth is, that both amongst dissenters, and among the Church-of-England men, we shall invariably find the most unsophisticated piety, and the most zealous attachment to catholic verities, where there is least disposition to recede, from the proper ground of their respective callings. Dissenters have, in too many instances, receded and diverged; and, in none of those instances, have they failed to make shipwreck of their faith. Among churchmen, to recede, or to diverge, is a new thing. We have had coldness, indeed, and ignorance, and profligacy, and total disregard for every thing connected with religion. But, in the church of England, strictly so called, (that is, putting Methodism out of the question,) religion cultivated in the sectarian manner, . . the forms of the church retained, but its spirit neglected; the doctrines of the church (as they explain them) strongly asserted, and its order lightly regarded; constituted authorities moved aside, and self-elected bodies usurping their jurisdiction; the ancient distribution of parishes repealed, and the clergymen of those parishes bearded, by the miscellaneous committee of some newly-apportioned district; swarms of dissenters intruded, and intruded by laymen, and clergymen, and nobility, and bishops of the church of England, . . all this is a new thing upon the earth; and its consequences who can venture to foretell? One thing is certain, . . that the result cannot be trivial. In one way or other, it must

produce some great change. And the nature of that change, though sagacity may shrewdly conjecture, time alone can thoroughly disclose. Meanwhile, I have good hope, that, even now, some beneficial effect has been produced, among those who wish well to our hierarchical establishment. Jealousy has been awakened; and a spirit of inquiry has been set on foot, as to the nature, the functions, the privileges, and the safeguards of the church. And though the subject is yet but very inadequately apprehended, its revival, at a period certainly of greater light, and more generalizing powers, than any period in which it was a matter of much thought, or interest, can hardly fail to answer a most valuable purpose. In the British Critic for June, though originating with a man one cannot like, there are some capital observations from 'Daubeny's Sermon.' I had almost thought him on the true ground; . . that the Bible, to be an efficient instructor, DOES need collateral aid. He is, indeed, substantially on the ground; but he does not plant his foot firmly. Perhaps we may live to see our own Dodwells, and Hickes's, and Collier's, divested of the old peculiarities, shorn of some excrescences, and enlarged by a philosophic apprehension of the Scripture. And perhaps too, a little of persecution, or of somewhat resembling persecution, may be providentially permitted, to train up men with an attachment towards the church, as a hierarchy; as distinct from the state; and as dignified only by its intrinsic excellence, by its venerable antiquity, and by its apostolic institution.

But how have I wandered! Into how wide a field! But I trust, into no inextricable labyrinth. Nothing, indeed, has been said, new to you; but you will like to see many of your own thoughts reflected. You will forgive whatever is weak, and correct whatever is erroneous; and you will indulge this excursion to a mind that has been kept somewhat long in close imprisonment, and that cannot help gambolling a little, when turned out to grass. You see I am disposed to make use of the Reviews: a more superficial use, it must be allowed, than a more sagacious and practised observer would have made; but mental movement, however imperfect, is better than mental torpor.

I am sure that, at all times, but specially in times so pregnant as the present, it is of essential consequence, that we should watch the indications of the day. The scribe, is to bring forth things new and old. To the ancients we must go, indeed, by day and by night, in order to acquire true and settled principles. But to present writing, and events, and particularly to the periodical recorders both of events and opinions, we must go for things new, in order that our right principles, may be

brought to bear on real objects. Were we to confine ourselves to things new, we should be superficial, unballasted, and unsteady; were we to confine ourselves to things old, we might indeed be full enough, but we could not bring our fulness to bear on any definite purpose. The former error, and its consequences, are abundantly exemplified around us; the latter is not predominantly the error of the day, yet it is probably the error into which I might be most likely to fall. But I hope to be preserved from it: particularly (next to light and guidance, εξ ὑψους) by the conviction, that whoever exclusively confine themselves to things old, are apt to fall into some strangeness or other; either they pursue learned trifles, or waste away their minds on antiquated common-places, or take up strange notions respecting catholic doctrines, or soar into the ideal world of mysticism. Specimens of each variety might be easily adduced. I believe, however, they will at once present themselves to your mind. And you will probably not differ from the opinion, that the just and happy mixture, if we could attain it, of conversation with the past, and observation of the present, would be no bad preservative from many absurdities, into which learned and religious men have too frequently plunged themselves.

All that you say about ——, all that you said to Graves, and all that you both recommended, and omitted recommending, about the Anglican missionaries, I cannot but most cordially approve. We cannot, in these times, look for many intelligent, and complete coadjutors. We must bear with many, whose honest dispositions cannot fully sympathize with ours. And we may feel right thankful, whenever we are given to meet, here and there, a congenial individual. It is, however, a grand consolation, that, in the worthies of the church, of all ages, we can recreate ourselves, if not with absolute identity, at least with most substantial agreement. And it is a still greater consolation, that the day will come, when throughout the christian world, our way of thinking (making allowance for any slighter aberrations, quas parum cavet hominum natura) will become the prevalent, if not the universal way of thinking. I am sure it is the most comfortable; and pursuing it in sincerity and simplicity, with directness and perseverance, we may humbly trust, it will bring peace at the last. Nor is it a slight matter, that any minor difficulties will be cleared up, by a moment of the invisible world.

You will be glad to hear, that we have got into this parish a treasure of a young priest; zealous and indefatigable among his flock; a constant and impressive preacher; open, engaging, and gentleman like in his deportment; unaffectedly cordial in his intercourse and co-operation with Mr. Forster and myself; and

withal a very pleasant companion. There is not an atom of indifferentism in his liberality; and, on the whole, I consider both the parish and myself, very fortunate in his appointment.

It is said, and on what I take to be the best authority, that Dr. Everard has been appointed, that is, that the postulation has been transmitted to Rome for his appointment, as coadjutor to Archbishop Bray. In this I should rejoice. It was said that he had come over; and in this supposition, I sent over to Thurles, by my friend the parish priest, the enclosed letter. He, however, brought it back; and you have it. Would it be well to write some such letter to Dr. Everard, when he does come over?

I have, it is to be feared, exhausted your patience. You shall be now released. My most cordial remembrances you will not fail to give at B.; they are not less deeply felt, than they are justly due. C. F——, and Mr. Jellett (now with me,) desire me to present to you their kindest regards.

Ever, my dear Friend,

Most truly yours,

JOHN JEBB.

P. S. If you would entrust me with any, or still better, with all of your papers which relate to the Liturgy, and particularly to the subjects of baptism, and the Lord's Supper, you would do me a great service and kindness. I propose, very soon, re-writing my sermons on the Liturgy: and your materials would afford me most valuable aid. I should take care not to interfere with any use, to which you may wish to put them; but I could earnestly wish, that the volume which I hope to have ready for publication next spring, might have in it half a dozen discourses on our formularies. The views which we love, might, in this way, be put forward to as much advantage, as I can at all expect to put them forward; and perchance, in this way, we might gain the ear of genuine churchmen. If you do not like to entrust your papers, you would gratify and serve me, by noting down any important references to the fathers, and to passages of consequence, in writers of the Church of England.

LETTER 118.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dublin, August 13. 1814.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

FROM my happening to come to town on Thursday, your letter

reached me a day sooner: and I cannot delay to thank you for giving me so speedy a reply. I grew ill in coming into town; and am convalescent only this day; yet I was able to read your letter as soon as I received it, which was in the evening, Mr. Taylor's porter happening to meet Michael at the post office, into which he had delivered it, and from which he got it back. Unwell as I was, I read it with interest and pleasure.

I will now only touch upon three things. 1st, you shall certainly have all my manuscripts, you being the one man in the world, who may command every thing of the kind I possess. I have those, to which you particularly refer, at B——; and, on returning, I will, as soon as possible, look over them and put them into legible order, and send them, either through Mr. Taylor, or by any opportunity that you could find.

2. The letter to Dr. Everard well bespeaks your kind and liberal feeling; but whether such an overture should be made to him by you, supposing him actually in that situation (of which I have heard nothing but that vague newspaper report), is another question. I own I am as well pleased it is in my possession, as in his. Liberal as I hope I am, toward the R. C. religion, I would not be too prompt in committing myself to its clergy. I would meet them cordially, and cherish their kindly movements; but I would not put it in the power of any knowing R. C. ecclesiastic, to make a cold return to my kindness, nor an unfair use of my ingenuousness. Dr. Everard's intercourse with us was, in every instance, on his side spontaneous. He came, on the slightest invitation (a kind one on my part, certainly, but not a pressing one), both to C—— and to B——. Afterwards, I saw little of him, and that little, I say to you in confidence, forced me to deem him more showy than solid; though, I would fain hope, not dishonest or hypocritical. My feeling towards him, at this moment, is just such, as that I would receive him, if he offered himself, with the same cordiality of manner as ever (if his manner should leave room for it): but I would give him no more of me, than he clearly chose to have. And should he come into your neighborhood, I would advise you to take the same line. I would send him a civil, nay, a kind message, by your young priest; but I would not write to him.

In short, there is no class of men, whom I would more critically try, before I would trust, than thorough-trained R. C. ecclesiastics. I deem them to be a most necessary agency in the great system; but their peculiar circumstances, too often, merge the man in the functionary.

3. What I have said in No. 1. implies my best wishes on what you are doing. Go on; and I think, when you have satisfied yourself, you will scarcely fail to please and interest others.

I rejoice with you respecting your young priest. It gives a gratifying specimen, of what I have long been fancying attainable. If others, in your situation, felt as you feel, increasing instances of like kind, would perhaps be found, and certainly would at length be formed; till, at length, charity and good sense, would triumph over weakness and prejudice. I would be glad to know where your priest received his education; and, if at Maynooth, what his name is, and when he came out.

Do not suppose I am unsolicitous to visit you. I wish it sincerely, but my strength is certainly not what it was; and the untoward distance of your house from Dublin deters me. If it were exactly at the distance of Cashel, I should, even this autumn, make the effort; but the want of a sleeping-place, which would equally divide the journey, is to my weakness a revolting circumstance. I fear I am not again to be strong in this world; which would the less affect me, if I did not dread a decrease in the working powers of my mind, as well as of my body. Against all this, I have but one resource; which I humbly hope will never fail me: namely, endeavoring to follow our Savior's counsel, of taking no painful thought for to-morrow.

Things may, however, yet turn out better than my bodings. They are doing so, I trust, in the instance of Miss F., of whose health I receive most encouraging reports, both from herself and others. She is at Leixlip with her brother Geo. I return to B—— this evening.

Adieu. Ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

——oo——

LETTER CXXXV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Dec. 2. 1814.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

FROM a severe and sudden change to frost, I am this day more than commonly nervous and incapable; but, frost-bitten as I am, it is impossible to let the post-bags go, without a few lines of acknowledgment for your most reviving letter. I have reason to be thankful to Him who has given me such a friend, and fervent in my petitions, that I may prove not unworthy of such friendship.

I rejoice in the renewal of your literary labors, and am certainly right well pleased, that the puritanic memoir was not omitted; it will now become, as it were, the vehicle of a tribute,

far more worthy than simple omission, to our venerable church. As to style, it is a very subordinate consideration, but if your preface is written like your letter, you need not be afraid.

When I reach Dublin after Christmas, all things must be discussed and determined, respecting my sermons and London. To be there with you, alternately perhaps a nurse-tender, and nursee-tendee, is perhaps almost too fair a vision to be realized. We must compare our *ifs*, and strive to act as wise men. You will be glad to know, that I have been getting on rather beyond my hopes; my capabilities of writing have indeed been intermitting; but, when I could write, I have written with ease and pleasure; sometimes perhaps with force and fluency. As this is the only period, perhaps for many months, that —— can be spared to visit his friends in Dublin, I am speeding him off on Monday. He will tell you more about me and my pursuits.

Ever, my dear Friend,

Most entirely yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER 119.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, January 17. 1815.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

BY a letter received this morning, I find you have been some days in Dublin. My first thought was, to go to town before the close of this week, instead of waiting, as I had purposed, to the end of the next. But Mrs. L. so earnestly desires me to beg you, in her name and Mr. L.'s, to come here, that I am led to think *that* the better measure. They mean to go to Dublin, themselves, on the 31st; and I had calculated on going the Saturday preceding. But now, I should be truly glad you would come, and particularly before the close of this week, as every one would be gratified by your being here on Sunday. I must therefore even intreat you to strain whatever point, to make it practicable.

You were our preacher in the chapel on Sunday evening. Mrs. L. read your sermon on 'Be not conformed to this world', &c., and most truly do I assure you, that it interested me even more, than at any former hearing. I cordially felt, that the publication of a few such discourses, would be a benefit of solid value, to this poorly instructed generation. —— had preached, I may say, an eloquent sermon, in church that day; but it had

neither the solidity, nor the order of yours. Therefore, the comparison heightened, instead of impairing, my pleasure in the evening.

I am obliged to stop, that there may be time to send this to the office, which Mrs. L. does by a special messenger. I therefore only add that I am,

Ever yours,
A. K.

——oo——

LETTER CXXXVI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Rutland Square, January 18. 1815.

My dear Friend,

Your kind letter of yesterday was on every account most acceptable. Nothing fairly superable should prevent my forthwith obeying, the welcome summons to B——. I had, however, engaged to preach, on the two next Sundays, at the Asylum; and the engagement could not be wholly set aside. The best that could be done, was to compound matters. Next Sunday, the 22nd, I shall be at the Asylum; on Monday I hope to proceed to B——, and there, with your permission, we will remain till the Monday following, so that I can preach on Sunday the 29th, at D——. The following Sunday will answer at the Asylum.

I must now say, that your judgment of 'Be not conformed' has invigorated and cheered me; which I often need, from sickly and morbid misgivings, the result of over-seclusion. Right glad I am, to have again visited the busy haunts, and again to hear the busy hum of men. But this year, Dublin and its environs must content me. For this I can give, when we meet, good and solid reasons. But I do not by any means relinquish thoughts of early publication. What do you think of my having bought from Archer, Benedictines, to the amount of 82 guineas? I saw Miss F. to-day, well, and down stairs in the dining room.

I must close, to catch postman. My love to our excellent friends.

Ever most entirely yours,
John Jebb.

LETTER 120.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

January, 1815. Sunday morning.

My dear Friend,

If I did not immediately acknowledge the receipt of your most acceptable letter, it was that I thought there was nothing in it to be replied to, until I should have the pleasure of seeing you. But on handing it this morning to Mrs. L., she thinks it right you should receive a line, before you leave town, assuring you of the gratification every one here will derive from your visit.

As to my staying till Monday, most happy shall I be to do so, provided I continue in, or, indeed, rather return to such health, as will let me stay till then with safety. I merely mention this, as the sole reason why I do not grasp at your proposal. But I hope, still, I am more frightened than hurt; though I verily believe I am, on the whole, rather in the descending, than ascending node.

I like your prowess about the Benedictines. I suppose Archer told you I had purchased an Augustine and Ambrose.

Poor Henry Thornton, I see by the London paper received this morning, is no more. This is a warning to me, who with all my weaknesses (I cannot but think increasing on me) cannot hope to weather many more winters. Be that as it may, I pray you to believe me,

Ever yours,
Alex. Knox.

——oo——

LETTER CXXXVII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Worcester, May 7. 1815.

My dear Friend,

We moved with such expedition, and had so much to look at as we moved, that last night, after Dr. W. placed himself in the mail coach, was the first moment I could spare, to read your sheet with any attention. It greatly pleases me, and unless my judgment be greatly astray, it will at least equally please those, whose approbation you would most value. Some slight observations I have taken the liberty to make; very possibly they

are not well founded; but it remains for you to set them aside, if they fail to approve themselves.

Our passage, you have heard, was long, twenty-seven hours. The subsequent journey, or rather tour, was more prosperous than could have been expected. The scenery far surpassed my expectations. And we had, all through Wales, an uninterrupted succession of most charming weather, while, in England, they were suffering under tremendous rain, and hail, and thunder. Dr. W., you may well suppose, was a most agreeable travelling companion.

I must now confess, that I feel nervous, and almost painful sensations, at finding myself afloat in England, and especially on my way to London, and on such an errand; as, however, the object of my visit is not absolutely illegitimate, and as my hopes are not high, perhaps there may be in store for me a little of the 'grata superveniet.'

I shall be most anxious to hear from you, and to receive your valuable inclosure: on every account, I am desirous to get speedily out of this business, and to return to my post in poor, distracted, yet beloved Ireland.

Farewell, my dear Friend,

Ever most entirely yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER CXXXVIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

London, May 15. 1815.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

BY this time, I dare say, you will not be displeased to hear somewhat further of my movements. Last Tuesday I arrived here; and, in two or three hours, found that our excellent young friend J—— B—— had heard of my intended peregrination; he had been looking for me at Cadell's, and elsewhere; and so cordially, so kindly, and withal so modestly propounded my fixing my quarters at his house, that it was not in me to resist. Here, therefore, I am, very happily settled in Fleet-street, and within a stone's cast of Strahan's printing office. Kindness such as Mr. B.'s always comes deeply home to me; but, in a strange country, it is peculiarly delightful. I own too, that, on the first morning when I found myself alone, to seek my abode in this great Babylon, without even a servant to assist me, my heart sunk within me. But now I am domesticated. The

young couple have not lost an atom of their simplicity: they live quietly as possible; dine precisely at four o'clock; are attended by nice maid-servants; and seem to have made for themselves, in the midst of Fleet-street, a sort of philosophic retirement. He is most thoroughly a churchman, and is hardly less estranged from all the societies and religious bustle of the day, than you, or myself. He has a fine mind, which he is well disposed to cultivate; and as for Mrs. B., she is really a charming young woman, quite intellectual; she has acquired a very good knowledge of Latin, which she reads with taste and feeling; and is not absolutely a stranger to Greek; very pleasing and agreeable in conversation; serious, sober, yet cheerful and animated, and altogether . . and what more can I say . . such a person as you would dearly like to talk to.

Tuesday, the first day, I dined with Lord ——. It is absolutely a privilege to see our friend Lady ——, in the midst of her little family, so happy, so innocent, so matronly, yet, I could almost say, so much the very same childlike deliciæ patris, that I recollect her at Cashel. It is surely a blessed thing, to see a young person, with the world at her feet, altogether uncontaminated by this contaminating atmosphere; and retaining, without the least scratch or blemish, the pure enamel of simplicity.

To you, it is needless to say, for you know better than I do, that her mind has been greatly expanding.

Wednesday, I passed quietly and comfortably at home.

Thursday, having procured a ticket from Lord C——, I attended, at St. Paul's and Merchant Tailors' hall, the feast of the sons of the clergy. In the cathedral, by the management of Mr. B——, I was seated in a stall, but two or three removed from the Duke of York. The scene was grand, the church never having been so full, at any former meeting of the sons of the clergy; and the chorusses were very fine: the solos, duets, and trios, not at all comparable to those at our own Christ-church. At the dinner, I saw Mr. Wilberforce, and was introduced to Mr. H——, next whom I sat at table; opposite me, was seated Dr. R——, Dean of W——; beside me, was Archdeacon P——; within one or two Mr. ——; so that I was among the high-churchmen, but I had no opportunity of conversation with any of them.

Friday. In the morning I hunted through some old bookshops, and picked up a few little prizes.

Saturday. Mr. L——, the Moravian, dined with us; a stronger minded, and more roughly mannered man, than I had expected to find him. Often his conversation reminded me of the facetiousness of the old puritans; a comical account he gave of ——, whom he called mad ——.

Sunday, being Whitsunday, Mr. B—— brought me to his parish church, St. Dunstan's, where I heard the most manly, the most theological, the best arranged, and the most powerfully delivered sermon, from the vicar, Mr. Lloyd, that I almost ever heard in my life. Of some things, Indeed, I could not approve; he seems somewhat a doctrinal calvinist, but he is not in any measure a modern evangelic. His sermon was long, without being tedious; argumentative, yet practical; serious, without an atom of cant; and calculated in a very peculiar manner, to command attention, and extort assent. He was admirable in the indignant parts; treated cold anti-spiritualists as they deserved, and pelted pretty strongly the opposite party of irrational enthusiasts and fanatics. He maintained with great energy the position, that holiness, alone, was happiness and salvation; that grace, was glory in commencement; and glory, grace in full and perfect consummation; but I cannot now give a syllabus. I shall only add, that it might perhaps be wished he could make religion appear more amiable and lovely, but then, probably, his δεινοιης would be wanting.

At 4 o'clock, dined with ——, to meet ——, and hear him preach at Percy chapel. The ——'s sermon was not by any means marked with the strength, which characterized Mr. Lloyd's; there was little theology, and no profundity, but there was amiability and feeling. What I most cordially disrelished was the style of hymn. The first line of the 1st hymn sung at the chapel, was the Veni Creator Spiritus; but alas, from thence to the close, all was dismal beyond what I could have imagined. The whole congregation was made to speak of itself, as cold, dead, and agglutinated to this present evil world; in one verse it was said, 'But we are cold towards Christ, and he is equally cold towards us'!!! I do not recollect the precise words, but this was the sense or rather the nonsense. I felt like a stranger, dropped from another world, into an assembly of strange worshippers, with whom I could no more join, than I could join in the adoration of Juggernaut. In the morning, indeed, the Psalms displeased me; they were christianized, and no Gloria Patri was either sung, or indeed existed in the printed Psalm book. I forgot to mention, that, before sermon, —— gave a long prayer of his own, and altered the Lord's Prayer; and after the sermon, took a still greater liberty, in lengthy alterations of a liturgical collect. Oh innovatores! At the chapel I met Mr. I——, who recognized me in the most cordial manner possible. I am to call upon him to-day. Mr. Wilberforce proposes taking me, to-day or to-morrow, to see poor Mrs. H. Thornton. I have not yet seen the G——s. For C——', I left my card on Saturday. R——, indeed, I did see, in the old square

of Lincoln's Inn, but from a nervous diffidence, which you will readily understand, I shrunk back from accosting him, on his own ground.

The printing is advancing, and I am most desirous to finish my appendix; till I receive your packet, however, I can do nothing. I know you will dispatch; even any loose hints and references would be acceptable, in preference to delay. Sir T—— A—— I have not seen. Mr. H—— proposes carrying me to breakfast with him.

The enclosed paper, my kind friends Mr. and Mrs. B—— copied for me, from a printed draft, which Mr. ——— is submitting here to some persons. Here is more tumbling for preferment. It seems to me a most dangerous, most impertinent, and most arrogant undertaking. I wish you to show the paper to the Archbishop. Something surely should be done to counteract those meddling geniuses, who care not what complicated, and unmanageable machinery they set at work, always provided the first wheel may turn them, into some situation of emolument and confidence.

The B——s desire me to give to you their affectionate remembrances. He says he would travel a thousand miles, and a thousand back again, to see you. I am sure she would not willingly be left out of the party. This is a sad scrambling sort of epistle, but you will forgive it. Love to Miss F.

I am, my dear Friend,

Most entirely yours,

J. J.

——oo——

LETTER 121.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

May 23. 1815.

My dear Friend,

Despairing of being able to copy the rough draft I have made, without annoying you by my necessitated delay, I have resolved to send you, scarcely legible as it is, the enclosed outline of my plan. I hope you will be able to read it, and, at least, to extract hints from it. Absolutely, under the circumstances, I could not do more. I hope and trust it will reach you safely.

If the Archbishop has not work for me to-day and to-morrow, the next business of my own choice will be to write to Lady B——.

I pray you to write to me when you can. I enclose the priest's note which C. F. sent me, having the present conve-

nient opportunity. My love to your host and hostess. Ever yours,

(in great haste to catch Mr. Taylor)

A. K.

——oo——

LETTER 122.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., May 25. 1815.

My dear Friend,

Your letter, received the day before yesterday in my bed, gave me a pleasure, which could not be damped by the illness that made, even the reading it, a matter of difficulty. Every thing you tell is interesting. As soon as I knew you were at H—— B——'s, I wrote forthwith to Sir T—— A——, and enclosed a note to your host; which I expect has reached him ere this, to tell him how deeply I felt his attention to you. What you say of him and Mrs. B. gratifies me cordially; and I pray you assure them of my, not diminished, but solidly advanced regard and affection. I endeavored, in my note, to explain to him the causes of my apparent negligences; some of which, at least, you can verify.

It is astonishing how my time is devoured by visitants, some of whom I like to receive, others invade me; for instance, poor —— comes to sit of an evening with me, and one part of my occupation is, to pull him from time to time, my talk always operating on him as a soporific. Why he comes I cannot tell.

Mrs. —— went to see her son on Monday last, and I sent him by her 'Roderick the Last of the Goths'; in consequence of which, I have this morning received one of the warmest-hearted letters, I ever received in my life. I rejoice that I thought of what has given his honest and affectionate heart so much pleasure.

Miss F. keeps her ground; but she looks very indifferent. I am not well; whether I am ever to be much better, time only can show. I sometimes hope, and sometimes fear. Which scale will finally preponderate, He knows, who, I hope, will do what is most for my good.

Remember me, in the kindest manner, to all our common friends. I trust you will speedily hear from me satisfactorily; in the mean time, believe me,

Ever yours,

Alex. Knox.

LETTER CXXXIX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

London, May 25. 1815.

My dear Friend,

How shall I sufficiently thank you for your letter to Sir T—— A——, your most kind note to H. Butterworth, and last, not least, your letter to myself of the 20th of this month? But you need not thanks, and I need not pay them. It is enough that I am most deeply gratified, and that I trust we shall ever be one in sentiment and affection. Certain it is, that I do not feel any other human being, so much, and so pleasantly identified with myself, as you are.

——, on receiving your letter, wrote me a very kind note; inviting me to dine with him the next Sunday: I was engaged; he afterwards called, but I was unfortunately not at home. Several notes passed; and at last H. Butterworth and I breakfasted with him, yesterday. It is needless to say, how much I like both him and ——. Parliamentary duty, and the constant engagements of this great town, so occupy him, that *here* there is little prospect of much intercourse; but, not being able to go with him next Saturday or Sunday, I am to do so, on the following Saturday and Sunday, to his father-in-law's, Mr. H——, at M——.

Of —— I have seen a good deal; and was not able to enjoy so much of her society as might have been, in consequence of my engagements. —— has been most kind and attentive. He is, as you know, very solid, very amiable, and deeply pious. He feels, in the profoundest manner, the absolute necessity of close and continual self-converse, in order to be carried with safety through the active exertions, in which he thinks it a duty to engage; and deprecates, to your heart's content, a course of bustle, unsupported and unfed by an interior life. One sentiment, I think you will like; 'I do not find,' said he, 'my intellect so powerfully called forth in any other exercise, except, perhaps, that of prayer, as in the study of scripture.'

Mr. Wilberforce is so much occupied by parliament, by bustle, and by a crowded succession of visitors at Kensington Gore, that I cannot see much of him. He says, in his kind, cordial, but hurried, and manifestly embarrassed manner, that he hopes I shall pass two or three days with him, when his house shall be sufficiently quiet, and free from guests, to receive me; but I doubt whether these days of quiet will come. He pro-

posed to me one day, to take me out to pass the next Tuesday, with our valuable friend Mrs. H. Thornton, at Clapham. I most gladly embraced the offer. She was much affected, and spoke freely to me about her feelings. At first she had been reduced to a state of inert grief, which would willingly have made her lie down on the same bed, with him that was just gone, and die with him. A sense of affection and duty to her children, soon roused her from this torpor; and she then felt, and continued for many days to feel, as if she were in heaven. This high-wrought feeling, however, could not long remain; and nature since has had its griefs and tears. But she feels quite abstracted from the world, and raised above it; willing to continue, so long as God pleases, with the feelings of a devoted nun; at the same time, discharging, with the utmost care and diligence in her power, her duties to those children, for whom alone she wishes to live. I since went down with Lord C., and passed last Sunday with her; preaching in the evening. She appeared, both to him and to myself, considerably improved, both in health and spirits. Saturday next she goes to Mr. C——'s at H——; where I am to meet her, and preach on Sunday. Mr. I—— made me out; indeed we met at Percy chapel. He showed quite the kindness and affection of an old friend; and when I called at his house, his very charming wife received me with the same cordiality. I passed a very rational day with him; the company select, and well assorted.

I called on Mr. Pearson; but have not yet seen him. To-morrow I am to dine with him. Wednesday next Lord C—— and I are to dine with Mr. D—— at Clapham. Mr. D—— W—— has called on me, and I returned his visit. At Lord C——'s, Mr. I——'s and Sir T—— A——'s, I met a most amiable and accomplished young clergyman, Mr. Marriott*, to whom Walter Scott addresses one of his introductory poems. He presses me to visit him in Warwickshire, on my return home. The good S——s, also, wish to see me at Henbury.

As to the religious world, it would seem that churches are more and more assuming a dissenting tendency; and in the bill for further relief of dissenters, brought in two or three years ago, by Mr. Butterworth's management, the word 'dissenters' was left out in a leading clause, with a view to enable clergymen of the establishment to have their churches licensed, independently of bishops. This has been done at Mr. Butterworth's suggestion, in one instance; and if this instance should succeed, evangelical laymen, with anti-episcopal propensities, may build as many private chapels as they please, and legally keep

* The late Rev. John Marriott. . . Ed.

the presentation in their own power, by licensing under the late act. Is not this a pretty scheme?

Farewell, my dear friend,

Ever most entirely yours,

J. J.

P. S. I rejoice that you took that kind notice of my excellent young friend ——. He will ever be one of your comforts. I have procured a nice little Sedan Greek Testament, to present him with, on my return: say not a word of it, that I may surprise him.

——oo——

LETTER CXL.

To A. Knox, Esq.

London, May 31. 1815.

My dear Friend,

I snatch a few moments to employ a frank, and thank you for your invaluable paper: to abridge, were to injure it. The whole must be employed; and I find it needful only to use verbal alterations, and compositional modification, here and there, for the purpose of making it match the rest of the volume.

Never, in any former instance, did my mind and heart move in more complete unison with my pen, than while retracing your thoughts for the last three days. To do an act of common justice to my own sense of right, I must acknowledge obligation in a short preface, or rather, advertisement. But your name shall not appear. This course, I hope, you will approve. It would be impolitic, (for the debt would be inevitably detected,) to put forward as my own, what has been supplied by another. But independent of, and I would hope, infinitely beyond and above, any petty fear of detection, I must place, the honorable satisfaction of my own mind. It rejoices me, that, in the same volume, we shall go forth to the world, and even, perhaps, do some good to posterity.

I have been prodigiously engaged of late, through the matchless hospitality of English Friends: yet, in the midst of bustle, I have been quiet within. Details, I shall, I trust, give you in a little time. For the present, as a specimen, I will say, that on Saturday I went to Harrow; preached twice on Sunday; went on Monday to Clapham. Yesterday, being Tuesday, breakfast with Sir T. A., and paid several visits. Yet, on Friday night, I received your paper; and this day, being Wednes-

day, at one o'clock P. M., I am at the close of my 18th quarto page of appendix, smally and closely written. To-day I am again going to Clapham with Lord C., to dine with Mr. D. Saturday and Sunday I am to be at Mrs. H. Thornton's, to meet Lady O. S., and preach at Clapham. Yet, amidst all, I am working hard and fast; I must conclude. I am running a race with the printer. You shall, I hope, soon hear at greater length.

Ever most entirely yours,
JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER 123.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dublin, June 5. 1815.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

OCCUPIED as you are, I cannot refrain from breaking in upon you, for the purpose of putting into your hands the preface, which you assisted in fitting for the public. Still, I am sorry to say, you will find incorrectness. One terrible one in particular, at the top of the 17th page. Watson's printers are not masters of their trade, and perhaps they trusted to my corrections, which, in purely technical matters, are as little to be relied on, as those of any one that handles the 'pen of the writer.'

I have thoughts of publishing the second preface separately, as 'A brief View of the Spirit and Tendency of the Church of England, written with Reference to a Paragraph in Bishop Burnet's Life of Sir M. H.', with a notice prefixed, that it is a preface to a second edition, with which it is right that the possessors of the former edition should be enabled to provide themselves.

It strikes me, if you have not done it, and there be yet time for it, that Van Mildert should be noticed in the Appendix. His last sermon comes wonderfully near us.

Repeat my love to your host and hostess. Reflect on what I have said, about going home by Bristol. When you arrive here, I shall probably be at B——; but I rely on your seeing me there, as speedily as possible.

Adieu, ever yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

LETTER 124.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dublin, Dawson St., June 6. 1815.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I MUST tax you postage, for the purpose of telling you what pleasure I received, from your note of the 31st. My success gratifies me deeply. I hoped for your substantial approbation; but your unqualified adoption was above my reckoning. I cannot pretend to resist your desire, limited as you propose. In truth, to see myself so referred to by you, would be as high a pleasure, as any thing of that kind could give me. I therefore leave myself in your hands; and, if I am employed in doing what is good or useful along with you, I hope I shall be grateful to Him, without whose special aid and blessing (much more than aid, re-animation from the worst of deaths) I should have been, and should, if living, still be, of all men most miserable. In this feeling, I hope and believe no calvinist upon earth can exceed me; and it is a thought which never fails to recur, when I experience any gratification resembling that, which your value for my communication affords me.

I do not believe I have yet thanked you, for the pains you took with the second sheet of my preface. I endeavored to avail myself of every one of your observations. I believe I omitted but one, where you suspect yourself of fastidiousness. I did not see, how I could either part with, or materially alter the passage, to which your remark referred. I say, 'it is the consistency of our church with itself, its essential identity' (I substituted the plainer word 'sameness') 'notwithstanding circumstantial changes, with what it was originally, and its consequent vital retention of catholic faith and piety,' &c. This, in truth, seemed to me a sort of key-stone of my arch; and I could not imagine any happier way of shaping it. In every other instance, I was satisfied, that, in adopting your idea, or using your hint, I was improving my little essay.

Last week, as I was going to Watson's with the proof of that same second sheet in my pocket, whom should I meet but the Dean of Cork?* While we talked, I could not help saying, 'I am going on an errand, in which you have had some concern. Do you remember your attack on me, about a Memoir of Sir Matthew Hale, by Richard Baxter, inserted in Burnet's Lives?' 'Nothing of it whatever,' said he. 'Ah,' said I, 'that shows

* Dr. Magee... ED.

how phosphoric your flame is, when it leaves no vestige on yourself. But, however, you did attack me.' And then I went on to explain to him the nature of my preface, and what had induced me to write it. The conversation ended with my putting it into his hands to read over, before I should proceed farther. In about an hour, I received the following note (with proposed corrections, of every one of which, I more or less availed myself):—

'My dear Sir, I rejoice exceedingly, that the phosphoric coruscation, drawn forth by Richard Baxter, has served to spread so sweet and soft a light, over the venerable fabric of our establishment. I am indeed greatly pleased, with what I have just read; and read, though hastily, yet not without close attention. I find much to admire, and nothing to condemn.

Corrections proposed.

'With much satisfaction at even having had the *demerit* of being instrumental to this purpose, I remain, my dear Sir, very sincerely and faithfully yours.

W. M.'

I am sure this will gratify you; and therefore I give it you verbatim. Will you be angry at me when I tell you that, perhaps rather rashly, I hope, however, not vainly, I showed him yours of the 31st? I believe it was not amiss. It left room for my telling him the leading idea; which, considering his own intended publication, may not have been wholly inopportune. He took me affectionately by the hand, and thanked me for showing it to him.'

Thanks to you for your paragraph, about Mr. Wilberforce's and ——'s steadiness. I quite agree with you about my friend ———. Except, perhaps, that I would be ready to impute his not entering deeply, to a certain coldness about the heart, rather than to a want of light in the understanding. I think he has said enough, in his letters to me, to prove that he understands me; but I have not proof, that his feeling keeps pace with his apprehension.

I do wish you to come home by Bristol. Why should you not? You are of course not living at expence in London. Your stay, therefore, cannot affect your means of travelling; and, as to time, I almost persuade myself, that the little difference, in that respect, would be amply compensated. I wish you greatly to visit my cordial friends, Mr. and Mrs. Stock; and when you visit, tell them how sincerely I regard and love them. I wish you also to see Hannah More. You never may

have an opportunity of seeing her again. And when you see her, assure her of my cordial affection; and tell her I shall never forget the delightful days I spent, under her truly kind, and most hospitable roof. I wish you to do what, were I in your place, I should do myself. And I can add, that he, who on earth, has the highest right to judge of your conduct, is perfectly desirous that you should take all convenient time, and omit nothing that can add to your present, or retrospective comfort. I am sure what I am urging would redound to both.

Tell your friends with whom you are, that I rejoice in your being under their roof. And that, if they will receive me, I shall look forward to a journey to London, just to have the gratification of living with them for a week or two. If I could be deterred, it would be by your catalogue of engagements. But I am set at ease! Preaching is not my province. Therefore I could escape invitations, which you are forced into.

If you can, get me a copy of Worthington on Redemption; and, when a little at leisure, get and read Southey's Roderick the last of the Goths.

Adieu. I am going to spend the afternoon with the Archbishop, who is alone; the young ladies having gone to B——, whither he follows them to-morrow.

Ever yours,

A. K.

——oo——

LETTER CXLI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Fleet Street, June 10. 1815.

My dear Friend,

Your letter of the 6th instant, just received, affords me the purest gratification. In the very first place, from its general tone, I collect, (and, I trust, not *mendose*) that your health and spirits are as I could wish; and that being the case, I feel an implicit reliance, that all other things are well. But how many special occasions of gladness do you minister! They are delightful refreshments, amid 'the smoke and stir'; and you will be glad to know, that there is no drawback, from the least circumstance approaching to untoward, in my present posture, or my approaching movements.

It is truly a cordial to me that you like, (though alas! you greatly overrate) my adoption, of what it had been folly or madness to reject, or to curtail. It is to me a great thing, that we shall thus go forth together. Perhaps this may not be the

last time. Before I leave this point, I must tell you, that Mr. H——, lent your letter about the fathers and tradition, to Mr. R. G——; who has started some objections with great acuteness, but with great modesty and mildness; and with the most evidently cordial respect, and, I would nearly say, affection for your person, including therein your heart and mind. The ground of that letter to Mr. H., you may recollect, greatly corresponds with that of our Appendix. Had I seen it, and Mr. G——'s animadversions, before the said Appendix was in the press, it (*i. e.* the Appendix) might have been profitably enlarged, and perhaps not slightly improved. For that purpose, they came too late into my hands. But I am just at present somewhat far advanced, and much mentally occupied, in a defence of our common opinions: it will be a letter to Mr. H., and I told R. G—— yesterday, how I am employed. Should a second edition of my book be called for, what I am now excogitating, might possibly be interwoven with the Appendix.

All that you say of Magee is to me right pleasant. You know I regard him as an old, attached, kind friend, that loved me, and essentially served me, as a tutor, and that has not forgotten his old feelings towards me. I delight, therefore, in every indication of good and softened feeling, in other respects, which he manifests: and I rejoice in the hope, that he may one day come closer to our own views and sentiments. He is a manly fellow: nothing sneaking. This you know is a classical epithet:

'When interest calls off all her *sneaking* train.'

You surely did quite right to show him my note.

I suspect you are quite right respecting ——. He has however, I verily believe, honestly received, *secundum modum recipientis*; and what more can we look for? His steady relinquishment of the gay world, in which he might revel, is a test of sincerity pleasant to reflect upon. As to the G——s, kindness I believe they feel; outward indications they have shown. I breakfasted with them one day, by appointment; and dined yesterday: a fair, pleasant, quiet day. Still, still, ambition is a sad snare! They are young men whom HE might love, were he again upon this earth: I trust they would not go away sorrowful.

Of Wilberforce I have seen very very little. He is amiable as ever: but, perhaps, more distracted than ever, by the cares of state, and cares of church, and cares of sects, and cares of societies, *cum multis aliis curis*. Mr. I—— yesterday observed to me, almost in words like your own, that his spreading sails

are sadly bereft, by the loss of poor Henry Thornton's ballast. By the way, I greatly like I——, and his nice wife.

——, the more I see him, the more highly I appreciate his solid excellence. He is surely in the way to heaven. I do believe he secures more hours of secret converse, than any other of his confraternity. Mrs. H. Thornton too is very steady: and wondrously supported. Good Mr. Pearson, and worthy Z. M——, are not at all declined from what we saw them, either in kindness, or religious feeling: and with Mr. D——, whom you never saw, I have been very cordial. Mr. Bean called here yesterday. He is one of the librarians, now, at the British Museum; which he is to show me on a close day, and afterwards he dines with us in this house.

The good people have the delicacy to abstain from any discussions, which might involve controversial discussion. For this I am grateful, to them, and to Providence; for such discussion would go far to overset me. Of the A——s I have seen scarcely any thing more: but by old appointment, which, had I been disengaged, would have been much earlier, I am to go with them to-day to Mr. H——'s at M——. From what I can learn, he is a little too much occupied in, and with the world. But I am told he pretty strictly keeps his Sundays; and here is a rallying point. To strengthen, (if I can be made the instrument ever so slightly,) this salutary adherence, I mean to-morrow, to preach '*the Sabbath Day*,' and then a long farewell to twelve of my sermons. They will be out, probably at the end of next week.

I did not say, that I have passed a couple of days in company with Lady ——. You have heard so much from others, that I need only add, that, like the rest, I too am fascinated. She has, clearly, real religion, great talents, and great steadiness, along with a playful buoyancy of spirits, which may serve to make religion less a bugbear, to many of the great and gay, than it has hitherto been. Still I think a sober month at B——, in company with a certain sage whom I shall not name to you, would materially serve her. She would, or I am much mistaken, prove a good recipient.

And now, my dear Friend, what shall I say on the subject of protracted stay? Why, that I had already decided on the course you recommend. And that your sanction, and the paternal permission of him, whom I do not more revere as my Bishop, than I love as my friend, relieve me from the only drawback, and set me quite at ease. The truth is, I was anxious to meet the most cordial, and generous, and delicate invitation of our excellent friend Mr. Stock, as it should be met. You will delight in

his letters to me. I was solicitous also to see Hannah More, perhaps for the last time in this world. In addition, Lady —— tempts me to pass a little time, at her seat in —— shire. I found her, on this point, as all others to whom I speak have found her, irresistible. Then my most amiable friend Captain V—— has caused his father and his brother to look after me, and if I did not pass three or four days between Bisham Abbey and Taplow, I know it would give pain to one of the most affectionate hearts I ever knew. I wish you had before you, what he has written to me, and also what C. F. says. These, with a call of duty, friendship, and family condolement, on poor Mr. Finlay at Reading, who so lately lost his daughter, will wind me up; unless indeed I stop for a day, on my way home, with good Mr. Stedman. And these all over, I shall, if it so please God, hail my retirement with joy, and not without hopes, under the same gracious protection and influence, of being enabled to keep my heart and mind, or rather to have them kept, more healthily in tone.

Poor —— is full of cordiality, simplicity, and kindness. I was probably mistaken as to the extent of his fine engagements. He is full of affection for you, and hopes very soon to see you. He called here yesterday: and again breakfasts here on Tuesday, to accompany me to the British Museum. Sure I was t'other evening in Sam Johnson's house, and in the apartment wherein he breathed his last, in Bolt Court. You may judge with what reverence! The premises are now, partly bare rooms, partly a printing office, in the occupation of Mr. Bensley, forming but a minute part of his vast concerns. I could not help comparing the palace of the printer, with the humble dwelling of the sage, and then asking myself, how poor a thing is pelf! How unworthy of our care and competition! By the way, as my personal expenditure has been reduced, I bought a few books; a Benedictine uncut St. Basil 6 gs. (3 vols.) Do. Gregor. Magn. 10 gs. &c. &c. I have been unsuccessfully hunting after Worthington for Miss B. I shall hunt more for you both. Pray do you wish for 'Hare's Essay'? Miss B. commissioned me to get it for you. I do not know but you may have been supplied in the interim. It was Worthington on Resignation I could not find. W. on Redemption you shall have: I was giddy.

My host and hostess could not have been more rejoiced by any earthly prospect, than that of having the happiness and the honor, for such in the highest degree they would account it, of having you under their roof. You cannot, perhaps, form an adequate conception of the delight your message gave to their unsophisticated hearts.

To be the bearer of such a message to H. More, too, is most cheering to me. This trip is beyond all expectation improving upon me. To use your apt words, I may humbly trust, it will 'add, both to my present, and retrospective comfort.' Lady B. showed me your last excellent letter: it has made, as well it might, a deep impression: I greatly like Miss B. the ———'s sister. To my invaluable friends the Archbishop, and those at B——, I beg my most cordial and affectionate respects and regards.

Ever yours entirely,

JOHN JEBB.

P. S. I must prepare for Sir T. A——, who is to take me out in his curricle.

Have you heard that Grattan's speech on the war, was considered the best he made in this house, by many degrees; and that an old friend of his told me, and had previously told him, it reminded him of the best days of the Irish Parliament. In truth I believe it united the energy and animation of his old, with the more chastized taste of his new speeches. Adieu. I am in momentary expectation of Sir T——.

——oo——

LETTER 125.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, June 22. 1815.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THOUGH I am not sure that these few lines will catch you in London, I cannot but say something to you, in the hope that it will at least overtake you. Your letters have been to me extremely interesting; and particularly your last, in which you say as much as could be contained within that compass. The paragraphs in which you speak of the feelings of Henry and Mrs. B. on receiving my message, and of my letter to Lady B., were as full of gratification as any thing of the kind could be.

* * * * *

I wish you could procure a copy of R. G.'s remarks, though I dare say you have well answered them; at least, if you think so yourself, I am sure I shall be of the same opinion. It is, however, a good thing, to have a system objected to. It leads to deeper investigation; and of consequence, if we be of the side of truth, to a more perfect enucleation of the subject.

I am now longing to see your volume, and to hear and read what shall be said, or written concerning it.

* * * * *

Mr. O——, who was recommended by Mrs. H. More, dined here; and appears to me likely to do ample credit to his recommender. I think him exceedingly solid, both religiously and intellectually. When you see Mrs. H. M., mention this to her; as I think she will be pleased to know that her friends here like the person, on whom she has fixed the valuable stamp of her good opinion. As far as I can judge on a short acquaintance, I conceive him most deserving of it.

I am ashamed of making you pay postage for such a letter. And yet I might cause you a much greater uneasiness, by omitting to write. Perhaps I may hear from you to-morrow or next day. I look forward to this gratification, whenever I think it approaching, with something of actual avidity. Have you written to the Archbishop of C. since you came to London? If you have not, you ought. Affectionate persons are apt to be jealous. And, besides, he thinks so much of your letters, as to entitle him, even on that ground, to no small dividend of your correspondence.

You are not wrong in your conjecture about my health. I thank God I am better a good deal, as far as present feeling amounts to, than I was this time last year.

Adieu! may Divine Providence guard you in all your movements, and guide and bless you in all your undertakings!

Ever yours,

~ A. K.

——oo——

LETTER CXLII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

London, June 27. 1815.

My dear Friend,

You so encourage me to continue my letters, that I am truly sorry I disappointed your kind calculations; this, however, will reach you, within a week of the time, at which you expected to hear; and, had I not been peculiarly occupied and on the move, you should have heard long ago. Yesterday (Tuesday) I returned from Cambridge, which I reached, the day before, from Lady O. S——'s. You are doubtless aware, that the general effect of Cambridge, is incomparably below that of Oxford; that King's College Chapel is, perhaps, the first thing of the kind in Europe, with various other &cs., which it is needless here to mention. But I can tell you one or two things. Mr. ——, a fellow and late tutor of Magdalen, brought me over,

in his gig, to the University; and having shown me the lions, and given me my dinner, brought me to Mr. ——, in the evening. As the friend of Mr. H—— and Lady O. S——, he received me most cordially: and at once, sicut est mos of him and his party, began to catechize me, 'What part of Ireland?' 'whether curate or rector?' 'how long in my present situation?' &c. &c. Hearing that I had formerly resided in Cashel, he said, 'The Archbishop of C. is favorable, is he not?' It was clear he took me for an aspirant at least, if not for an adept, and therefore used the cabalistic jargon of the sect. I was literally unable exactly to decipher his meaning, and unwilling to ask it; therefore I looked, probably, with the stupid stare of deafness, or misapprehension. Mr. ——, again identically repeated the question. By this time I was collected enough to take his meaning, and determined to evade a reply, and to show that I had not the watchword: therefore I answered, 'The Archbishop of C. is an excellent man.' Soon after he said, 'You are in a country very much swarming with papists.' 'Yes,' replied I, 'there are a great number of Roman catholics in my parish: it is extensive, and I have but fifteen or sixteen protestant families': this I believe was further drawn out, by a question relative to the comparative numbers. 'Then', said Mr. ——, 'have you made any exertions among the papists, to bring them over?' 'No', I replied: 'the attempt would be altogether in vain; and, indeed, I do not feel myself called on to use exertions of that nature.' 'But, have you consulted with other ministers, as to the line of conduct which you should adopt?' 'I have thought much upon the subject; and my mind is fully made up, that I ought not to interfere; particularly as I know the people to be under the care of a very pious and attentive parish priest.' 'But do you not feel it your duty to attempt the conversion of those poor people, from the damnable errors of popery?' 'I cannot think that they labor under damnable errors; they have erred, and do err, grossly and absurdly, but not, as I conceive, damnably; else how could their church produce so many pious and excellent individuals?' 'That is owing to the goodness of God, who has permitted some individuals to be better than their system.' 'But surely their doctrine of justification, and their abominable doctrine of human merit, are damnable.' 'I cannot think so: some crude things they do say, on the point of merit; but they firmly believe, that we can do no good thing, but by the grace of Christ.' 'Yes; but they give their works a share in their justification, and they should be opposed,' &c. To all this, I said, in order to cut short useless discussion, 'that from birth, education, and providential circumstances, and of deliberate choice, I dissented from the errors

of popery; that divine Providence had made me the superintendent of a church-of-England flock; to that little flock, I endeavored to pay attention. That the same Providence saw fit to leave the population of my parish, under the care of another pastor; that with him, I did not think it, in any degree, my duty to interfere,' &c. &c. And so, after a few words more on both sides, the discussion ended. At parting, Mr. —— spoke kindly to me. I begged he might not account me quite a heretic. He replied, cordially enough, that persons, certainly, were best able to judge of the circumstances under which they were placed; and that, without a knowledge of circumstances, he should be sorry to pass the least unfavorable judgment.

He is an amiable, ardent, and particular sort of character: somewhat, as I take it, vain of his own exertions, and receiving, from those who approach him capite obstipo, this homage as no more than a just tribute. It is assuredly no little trial, to be at the head of a party, with influence widely extending, and a very ample revenue. I fear, I fear, that evangelicism is no barrier against pride; and that the merit of works is practically held, outside of the church of Rome. Still, Mr. —— is a worthy, and sincerely religious man. —— too, prepared me for something peculiar; saying, that he could not be known by a few interviews, but greatly improved upon acquaintance. He had been upon a judaico-financial tour, had preached on the same day, as he said, in the morning to 2000, in the evening to 3000 people; and chuckled at having bled the people of Bristol of their money.

After leaving Mr. ——, we were joined at supper by Professor F——; the best mathematician, and the worst classic in England. The founder, I am told, of the Bible Society. A man of great benevolence, and great simplicity. With him, there was no controversial talk. But from one little trait, you may judge what note he takes of passing events. He actually spoke of the Duke of Bourbon, as son of Louis the 18th, and natural heir to the French throne. This may seem incredible; but I soberly aver it.

And now, to travel back, I must tell you, that I passed a most delightful week under the roof of ——.

* * * * * *

* * * * * *

In your conversation with characters but partially developed, you, above any person I know, should, as I conceive, be guarded: precisely for this reason, that your views, above any that I know, seem to me most nearly to approach the views of our blessed Lord; and, whilst he cautioned his disciples against lavishing their treasure on dogs and swine, he was himself care-

ful not to put new wine into old bottles, not to put new cloth upon an old garment. This, after all, from me to you, is, I fear, impertinent talk. But you will both tolerate and forgive.

—— is very amiable, and, as you well know, a fine creature. But I fear the world for him too. I went with him too M——; passed there a quiet Saturday and Sunday; and had some pleasant talk with him. The Sunday sermons, which, I think I told you, I meant to preach, were opportune. He was impressed, and he told me so: saying, that he endeavored to stick to Sunday, as his sheet anchor; as a rallying point, which might, under God, bring him back, if he should ever decline from the right way. I ought to tell you that, at Mr. H——'s, I met a Mrs. H—n of Yorkshire, with whom and her uncle, many years ago, you passed some time. She speaks of you with great respect and regard, and desired her kindest remembrances.

I am now looking forward somewhat earnestly, to the fulfilment of my engagements, that I may get back to poor popish Ireland. I ought to have said before, that, at B. Park, I received a very warm and affectionate note from Wilberforce; expressing his regret at not having been able to bring me under his roof; pleading hurries, and fullness even to overflowing. I was invited to meet the Wilberforce's for a few days, at Mr. N——'s, but could not go. Next week, I propose going there, and to Mr. Vansittart's.

Many thanks for your *preface:* which was read, by more than myself, with real pleasure. At the same time, objections were made by Mr. I——, which, though of a superficial nature, would have led you, both to guard, and to explain. Should a separate edition be printed, I would recommend enlargement. It is very true that objections are useful; they put us on the alert, and sharpen our powers, both of invention, and of discrimination. On this ground, R. G——'s remarks will be useful. My answer is yet unfinished, and may never be sent; it is far from sufficient; at the same time, there are some tolerable thoughts. You shall see all, especially you shall see R. G.'s letter. I dine with them to-day by the way: and am to meet Lord C——, (whom I like more and more,) at our friend Mrs. Thornton's, on Sunday. And now, have you received the copy of my sermons, which I sent you? They could not send it, except in sheets; but if it reached, all is well. You have probably seen, in the notes of the 4th sermon, that I took a liberty with you. Lest it should be refused, I would not ask leave; and I have, in thus acting meo periculo, added a great ornament to the volume. Many, I am sure, will thank me for it. You see too, in the notes of sermon xi., that I manufactured your MS. note in the Bishop of L.'s charge, which you permit-

ted me to use. But most of all, I hope I have not spoiled the appendix: some touches are added, I am almost ready to flatter myself, a little in your own way; particularly about 'no strange blood flowing through the veins and arteries.' My conscience, however, rather smites me, that I have not, in the little advertisement, acknowledged with sufficient fullness, and explicitness, the extent of my literary obligations to you. I hope the motto from Gregory Nazianzen, opposite the inscription to the Archbishop of C., cannot wound his feelings. The character struck me years ago, as most appropriate; and dwelt upon my mind ever since, associated with that of our excellent friend. I did not think I could use it more aptly. I hope the thing is not done broadly or indelicately. I wish that the words should be exclusively φωνηεντα συνετοισι.

Cadell and Davis say, that, so far, they are well satisfied with the sale; and anticipate, in due time, another edition. From the reviewers I anticipate some hard knocks; and many regrets for doctrinal deficiency. As yet, however, I have had more encouragement than I had expected. Governor M—— writes .. 'permit me to return you my most cordial acknowledgments, for the valuable present you have made me; which I greatly prize, not less for the sake of the donor, than of its own intrinsic and distinguished excellence. I pray that God may make the work useful to the edification of many.' Mrs. Henry Thornton says, 'I have read some of your sermons with great delight. The tendency of them is so constantly to wean the heart from its attachment to earthly vanities, and to induce it to grasp that golden chain, which is to draw us up from earth to heaven, that they may be truly called angels' food. But whether these consolations are not too great, too remote, to be frequently regarded with safety, is a question which I have often and ardently wished to hear argued by you, and some judicious pious men of our English school. In my present depressed state, I firmly believe all such contemplations are, not only safe, but salutary. Torn and wounded as I have been; and still in danger of being wrecked, by anxiety for my numerous children, nothing is more likely to protect me from the incursion of those bad thoughts, which would lead me to distrust the mercy and the love of my gracious heavenly Father, than that subdued and purified state of mind, which you so beautifully describe, and promise to those who really pray for it. Perhaps, in the bright hours of my earthly prosperity, I should have turned from these exhortations, as incompatible with my present enjoyments. Perhaps, had I been a determined violater of the holy laws of God, I might have required a more loud and awful

denunciation of the anger of God, and a more full declaration of the Savior's willingness to purify and pardon me, through his death and intercession; but being as I am, nothing, I think, can be better calculated to pour balm into my sad spirit, and to lead me on in those paths, which shall conduct me, at length, to the peace of God which passeth all understanding.' This extract shows great feeling, and great honesty. In my answer, I hope I was enabled to meet the former; assuredly I deeply sympathized. For the honesty and delicacy of the intimation, both of redundancy in one respect, and deficiency in another, I returned my cordial thanks; stating, however, that my views had been formed upon much thought, with much care, and in full dependence upon that aid, without which we can do nothing; adding, as nearly as I can recollect: 'these views, as they have not been argumentatively imbibed, so, I am apt to think, they cannot be argumentatively dislodged.'

The next testimony is from Mr. Bean (zeal without innovation), whom, before I received it, I very greatly liked; having passed a day in his company at the British Museum, of which he is assistant librarian, and at dinner in this house. He says, 'I am more than usually gratified, by the gift of your volume of sermons. I have already read several of them; and find myself confirmed by them, in the views I had entertained of the doctrines of our holy religion. I trust that a very extensive blessing will attend the publication of them; and I thank God, for putting it into your heart, to employ yourself for the benefit of the church at large. * * * * With my sincere prayers for your comfort and usefulness, I remain, dear Sir, your obliged and affectionate fellow-laborer . . JAMES BEAN.'

I know, that in copying these extracts, I shall please you; but they are for yourself *exclusively*; or at least for those only, yourself being the judge, who can distinguish between the ebullition of vanity, and the allowable, and perhaps salutary feeling of honest satisfaction, when one's labors seem not to be wholly in vain. At the same time, I pray that I may be kept truly humble. Much, indeed, that I have experienced, of kindness and attention, might well have overset me; and doubtless so it would, were I left to myself. But this, I hope and trust, I am not, nor ever shall be.

It is now past one o'clock in the morning of June 28. I have been about an hour away from the G——s, where I passed a quiet, rational, and cheerful day. R. G—— is not yet at all with us, on christian antiquity. He has been looking at my appendix; not, however, as yet, with much care; he speaks with great gentleness and modesty; and I hope to extract from

him some more objections, in writing. I must fortify the second edition, if any be called for. And even now new matter suggests itself; but objections may give me more.

Many many loves to my excellent friends at B——, not forgetting the parsonage.

Ever, my dear Friend,

Most entirely yours,

J. JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER CXLIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Rutland Square, Dublin, July 8. 1815.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

HERE I am; but on grounds, which I think you will not disapprove. This day se'nnight I received such a letter, as induced me, that day, to leave London. I felt that I had no other chance of seeing my poor brother-in-law* alive: and that, under such circumstances, my longer stay in England, could neither afford me satisfaction for the present, nor comfort in the retrospect. And as I imagined it would be, I rejoice that I am come over. On Monday, I propose going to Rosstrevor; and on my return, which will probably not be at a very distant day, I hope to see you, and our invaluable friends at B. Till we meet, I shall keep back all I have to say.

My most affectionate regards to our common friends.

Ever most entirely yours,

JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER 126.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, July 8. 1815.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

* * * * * *

YOUR most interesting letter would furnish me with many a theme, but I will, in this first instance, admit none but your sermons. They reached me as you wished, only with a little delay, from Miss F. supposing that they must be in the book-

* The Rev. Joseph M'Cormick... ED.

binder's hand, before I could use them. She therefore did not send them instantaneously, as it happened she might have done, and I was accordingly a little disappointed. She did not know, that I myself knew a little of the bookbinder's art. And accordingly, I assure you, I have your volume, through my own handiwork, in very readable order. But from all these causes, I have been able to read only five sermons. My observations must be of course limited, and somewhat matter of hazard.

I own to you, then, freely, that I shall be most curious to know, what reviewers will say of them. I almost doubt whether they will not be as much puzzled as they have been for a long time. They will not question, either the talent, or the literature of the writer. The volume contains such ample evidence of both, such manifestations both of eloquence and erudition, as to make these admissions certain. And where there is a spark of goodness, the spirit which animates the discourses throughout, will be felt and recognized. I do not, therefore, apprehend any lack of special approbation. And I think, too, the positive faults alleged, will not be very substantial. It will probably be said, that the discourses have a good deal of that warm effusion, which is a characteristic of the Irish pulpit; and, possibly, after all your care, here and there, what you call mannerism. It may be, they will still more deeply complain, that your meaning is not always sufficiently obvious; and that, notwithstanding a prevalent vein of sound sense, it might not sometimes be doubted, whether you were not verging toward the cloudy region of fanaticism.

If, however, your volume should meet some more discerning mind, it will be perceived and acknowledged, that, under a declamatory appearance, you are laying down principles; that what might appear, at first view, to have been said to impress, is often, from its depth and digestedness, fitted to convince; and that, in reality, you philosophize, when you seem most to neglect the forms of philosophy. But I fear this will not be remarked in the Christian Observer; and it has little chance of being observed by the British Critic, though there is some one who writes for it, that might make these discoveries. I should, however, most reckon upon something of this sort, from the Eclectic Review, notwithstanding all the quarrels it will have, for wants in divinity, and high claims for the hierarchical church. The Quarterly Review will be likeliest to speak approvingly; but it will hardly exercise due discernment.

Let these matters turn out as they may, I am not sorry you have made this commencement. I certainly feel myself less adequate to judge of your writing, than I should be of almost any one's else. Why do I say almost? There is none who

will ever write, capable of so unfitting me for the art of coolly estimating. It is next to reading my own writing. I therefore am suspicious and jealous about results: yet, in spite of suspicion and jealously, I believe you are safe. And I think you will be encouraged to write more; and I also think, nay, am sure, that you will write better and better. I think so, for two reasons. 1st, the superiority of the completely new parts, which to me, who can make the distinction, is striking; and 2dly, the still superior mode of expressing yourself, which is found in your commonest and least studied letters: an ease, this, which will assuredly flow into your compositions, for the pulpit or the press, the more confidence you gain in yourself, and the less anxious you are about the judgment of the world: I mean, from an honest assurance, that you have nothing about which to be fearful.

I this morning read your sermon on Abraham; and all it wanted to interest and please me in a high degree, was, the not sufficiently showing, in the close, the sense in which all are called to tread in the steps of Abraham. You, I think, almost confine your application to those, who are called to make some special sacrifice. 'Are we then, &c.' you say, p. 120. This is all most true, and yet I think I should have liked another topic better. I mean that view of strictly moral relinquishment, which, being every man's duty, would apply to every individual. Still, it is an absolutely engaging discourse. All that is said of Abraham, being most interesting, and practically impressive.

I must add to all this, that many of the notes appear to me to be highly useful; fitted to give valuable information; and excite, I would almost say, still more valuable curiosity. It may be that, here and there, a note might have been omitted. But, in general, I think they will please all readers of taste and good nature.

Certainly, my dear friend, I should have strongly dissuaded you from publishing the letter of March 13. 1804. Now that it is too late, I do not wish you to feel uneasy about it; and, in truth, I feel not a shadow of selfish pain. I merely am sorry, that your volume should have any thing in it, especially of mine, that could, by any chance, lessen its respectability. There is something so odd, and almost so canting, in representing oneself as thus engaged, in the streets, that I am afraid it will excite, not merely dislike, but disgust. And what follows, was doubtless well enough for a private letter, (which I still think also excuses the mention of the streets, because it was a fact) but it is neither clarified, expanded, nor guarded; nor, indeed, in almost any way expressed, as I think it should have been, to fit it for the public eye. But I add, again, its publication does not hurt

me, if it does not hurt you. I certainly wish your useful reputation, as much, at least, as you do yourself.

I intreat you, if you see Mrs. H. More, to explain to her my cessation of correspondence. You know, you, too, who stand in a brother's place in my regard, have long been complaining of me. The simple causes are, decreased strength, and increased avocations. My public calls, (if I can call such things public), . . Association, Academy, charities, cut deeply into my time. Visiters, you know, carry off much of the remainder; and weakened health, now forces me to seek refreshment, when, once, I could have written.

But I must stop, or lose the opportunity. Assure Mrs. H. M. of my immutable regard; and say every thing, for you cannot say too much, to the Stocks. All well here. Adieu,

Ever yours,

A. K.

——oo——

LETTER CXLIV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Rosstrevor, July 13. 1815.

My dear Friend,

This morning, at ten o'clock, my dear friend and relative was released from all human pain and suffering. He expired, without a struggle or a groan. And I have the gratification to think, that his trying and excruciating illness, was made the providential instrument of preparing him for a happier state. He had honestly, conscientiously, and I do believe, with his whole heart, employed the talents and opportunities entrusted to him: and it would seem that, as a reward, he was purified by suffering. He was brought to the innocence, the harmlessness, and purity of a child; and has repeatedly brought to my mind, and to that of others who attended his sick bed, our Savior's declaration, that we must become as little children, to enter the kingdom of heaven. It is a great comfort to me, that I reached this in time. My sister is wonderfully supported.

Ever most entirely yours,

John Jebb.

LETTER 127.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, Aug. 14. 1815.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

MY first thought was to enclose these two letters for you, to the Archbishop, and to write to him myself; but my feelings respecting health are yet so uncertain, as to make it not desirable for me yet to reply to his kind wish. I would fain go to Cashel; therefore am unwilling to speak negatively, till I cannot avoid it: and, on the other hand, I am not in a state, which authorizes me to say I will go. I was determined against it three days ago, from feelings of indisposition. I am now better, and therefore am inclined to reconsider my movements. Yet this I say to you, that, being as I am, nothing on earth could induce me, but an absolute wish to do what would gratify our friend. If, therefore, there be any circumstance, which makes it less an object, at present, with the Archbishop, could I know it, I should certainly avail myself of it, and not undertake the journey. At the same time, nothing can be more my wish, than to do every thing possible to prove the depth of affection, which I have for him, and his children. Write to me, and believe me

Ever most cordially yours,

A. K.

LETTER CXLV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Sept. 29. 1815.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU will be glad to hear, that every thing in this quarter is in a state of apparent, and, I trust, of real tranquillity. On the way, I was somewhat cheered, by meeting a gentleman, who, though not resident, has an estate in this parish. He told me, he had been a few days since speaking to his tenants, who said, they had not only given no obstruction to the valuation of my tithes, but were ready to pay; adding, that my valuation was very moderate. The people have, in the better quality of ground, for the most part, drawn home their corn; the rest are busy doing so; all apprehension, therefore, of resistance, is pretty well at an end. Some days, or I should say, nights ago, the law-makers did come to the house of a respectable farmer near Cappamore, on the borders of my parish, and who has farms in it.

He had already drawn home his crop, and having been apprehensive of such a visit, had also privately requested Mr. S. to send a constable, with an official summons for his arms. For arms the banditti asked him sure enough, and required to see the summons, and receipt of the magistrate. They then proceeded to swear him that he would set apart, and remove from his hay-yard, the clergyman's tithe. He came the next morning, and gave full information to Mr. S.; nor did he obey the injunction of the miscreants. The fact is it does not appear, that an individual resident in this parish has been actually sworn. You know, by this time, that the magistrates have recommended the enforcement of the insurrection act, through the entire county of Limerick.

I found a letter from my brother, given a pleasant account of his excursion: a part of it, which may interest you, I shall transcribe. 'Your letter to Mr. Bean, was of great value; it opened the Museum to us, and obtained us his very polite, and useful attentions. We spent part of two mornings with him. He spoke in warm terms of your sermons; he had read them over once, and was beginning the second reading; your doctrine he considers quite sound, and I cannot repeat all he said of the execution. He thinks it must be a year, before they can be reviewed; it will require that time, for those who differ from you to prepare their arguments. The sermons were deposited in the Museum, the last day we were there; and will form an article, in the appendix to the catalogue now printing. I have got the Reliquiæ Sacræ; (Routh's) and am struck by the coincidence in the preface. My brother adds, that he met N—— at Oxford, who has almost broke himself in Fathers. He looked very ill, and was going to Cheltenham.'

A head-ache obliges me to break off. Do write me a few lines, when you can command leisure. As winter advances, I trust we may be good and frequent correspondents. Even since my return, I have found new matter, in unsuspected sources, for the treatise on catholic consent; it seems inevitable, that between old arguments, and new, the matter must swell into a book, perhaps of 200, or 250 pages. Much will depend on a lucid arrangement and distribution of materials, so as, at once, to make the argument one, and yet to omit no point of moment.

My most cordial and affectionate good wishes, always belong to the Archbishop and his family, whether expressed or not. You will give them greater value in this instance, by your being the conveyer.

Ever, my dear friend,

Most entirely yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER CXLVI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, October 5. 1815.

My dear Friend,

Will you accept from me a few lines, and at present, but a few? This will be carried to Cashel by our friend Whitty. He, his lady, two children, and Mr. Madder*, are now with me; and, in virtue of my new arrangement, whilst, in the morning, they occupy the drawing-room, I have my books, my time, and my fireside to myself. I have taken to two things, in which I find comfort already; and hope, progressively, to find more and more: the daily reading of a portion of the Greek Testatament (meimet in usum); and also the reading of St. Crysostom on St. Matthew. Am I right or wrong in the conjecture, that St. Matthew is the least picturesque of the evangelists? and if so, what is the cause?

Yesterday, I had a letter from our good friend H. B., enclosing one from Hannah More†: the latter I have copied, thinking it would gratify and amuse you; it is awkward and strange to copy the eulogy of oneself, but I should not like to part with the original; and I may play the egotist, at least as safely with you, as with myself. It were hypocritical affectation to say, that I am not pleased with this testimony; but I trust such testimonies, when they come, will rather tend to humble, than exalt me. Henry Butterworth says, 'Mrs. Hannah spoke of the sermons, with undisguised, unqualified approbation'; and then he goes on to repeat, very much the substance of what is said in her letter. He further tells me, 'Cadell informed me some weeks ago, date 28th Sept., that a hundred copies of the sermons did not remain, and I know that number has since been diminished.' This, I own, is beyond my reckoning. H. B. spent a few days at H——, pleasantly enough. 'At our first meeting, Mr. C—— immediately began to talk to me of the deficiencies of our friend's book; he could go along with him as far as he went; but his wants were not met, not sufficiently evangelical. Good soul! he abounds in fine tempers, and openness of disposition. But he is a perfect enthusiast, and how should he be otherwise? His love for goodness simply, I dare venture to think, draws him not unfrequently into the class of men, who may say with truth, decipimur specie recti. With all his faults,

* The Rev. George Madder, Precentor of Emly, one of Bishop Jebb's fellow-laborers, during his residence in Cashel. .. Ed.

† See Appendix, No. II.

however, one cannot but esteem him.' This is a candid estimate: I verily believe it also is a just one.

There is a very kind little P. S. by Mr. S——, which, also, I am tempted to transcribe. With perfect honesty, he clearly overrates. 'I owe you an apology, for so long omitting to acknowledge the receipt of your kind and valuable present: and although I object to the proposition, that evil may be neutralized by a favorable issue, yet it has fallen out, that, through this improper delay, an opportunity has been given me of forming a better estimate of your volume. I leave it to the critical taste of competent judges, to appreciate the just value of the composition: it is sufficient for me to say, that, in point of true simplicity, accurate statement, and, what is of most consequence, practical utility, the work has, with me, no rival among the moderns; and in profound reasoning, and philosophical sentiment, classes with my good friend Butler. I do confess, whilst perusing the pages, I felt some sort of desire, to have occasion to exercise the power of a censor; but, to my mortification, I found your dexterity subjected my poor wit to its dominion.'

After all this, I should have a giddy brain, had I not too many salutary mementos of my own weakness, to let me luxuriate in a fool's paradise. But I take these matters to be kindly ordered; good Providence may see fit thus to cheer and indemnify me, for many painful hours, and days, and nights; and, by cheering, to encourage me in efforts after self-improvement.

You see the whole county of Limerick is proclaimed: no disturbances here as yet: though Mr. S—— declares, that the people assemble nightly round his house; probably to administer unlawful oaths. Major W—— disappointed me; being occupied in a change of lodging, and apprehensive, too, that the General could not consent to his being a night absent from quarters.

Pray read a minute of a conversation, which I send Miss B.; also some gnomic verses extracted from Bishop Ken; as they occur in a very long, and sometimes dull, epic of the good Bishop's, they may have hitherto escaped your notice: to me they seem, not merely the description, but the effluence, of a very matured state of christianity.

Farewell, my dear Friend,

Ever most entirely yours,

JOHN JEBB.

P. S. Since writing the above, I finished a letter to Mrs. Hannah More, which I enclose for your perusal. Thus have I shaken off a weight, which has been oppressing me for years. I shall thank you, when you have read it, to seal it with a black

head seal, and get the Archbishop to frank the envelope. I should leave it to your castigation, and to your suppression if you should see fitting, were it not that I could not encounter the return of that uneasiness, which haunted me on the score of my ingratitude, not to mention the breach of common politeness. I must, therefore, intreat, whatever the imperfections, and doubtless they are many, that you will forthwith dispatch the letter, with those imperfections on its head.

——oo——

LETTER 128.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., Oct. 14. 1815.

My dear Friend,

I know you will like to hear from me, however little I may be able to say. I left Cashel on Thursday morning, the dear Archbishop himself setting me down at Littleton. —— and Whitty had been at the Palace from Monday. The former, certainly not degenerated; the latter, the same amiable creature as ever. But he, poor fellow! is not well. I thought, as he told me his case, that I, on selfish principles, would not give my case for his.

I was greatly gratified by your communication. I despatched your letter for H. M., only with this difference, that, instead of a head, which I had not, I sealed it with what I had, Hope on an anchor. Yours, however, took along with it two companions in another envelope, one from the Archbishop, and one from me; so that H. M. will be indemnified (I rather vainly persuade myself) for your controversy, by our undiluted courtesy. At the same time, you have said, what is as important as it is true. Only I fear your and my friend, some way or other, has not head to comprehend the conclusiveness of your remarks.

I rejoice at your few words about the Greek Testament, because I am more certain than words could express, that you cannot do, on this earth, a wiser, better, or happier thing. If the soil of the law could do all that, which is told us in the first Psalm, for him who, through delight, was planted in it, what must his attainments be, who, by a similar delight, is rooted in the infinitely more fertile Gospel?

That quality or defect, in St. Matthew, did not strike me, till you made the observation. I dare say it is so. I remember nothing which contradicts it. Perhaps it was St. Matthew's

peculiar vocation to record our Lord's discourses; and the power of mind best fitted for this purpose, namely, memory, is seldom I believe associated, with a power of picturesque description. This latter proceeds from a higher talent. Did you never hear the saying, that 'great wits have short memories?'

Poor Mrs. T. Vicars died in the course of last night, to appearance wonderfully prepared for her change. Amid other more brilliant testimonies to your sermons, this may not be the least gratifying, that you were the instructor of this poor lady, in the last weeks of her life, and it may be believed contributed your part towards the happy issue.

I hope not to be wanting in my part of the accomplishment of your kind wish.

Ever yours,
A. K.

——oo——

LETTER CLXVII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Oct. 24. 1815.

My dear Friend,

Had not my ailments continued in some considerable force, I should sooner have answered your most acceptable account, of your prosperous journey, and safe arrival.

By this time, probably, the Archbishop has shown you Dean Magee's letter. His judgment is favorable, far beyond expectation, and even lets down the appendix very gently. I am not without hopes, that the enlarged edition may tend to bring him over to our way of thinking. Yesterday, I received Dr. Routh's Reliquiæ Sacræ. It opens with a very dignified, affecting, and beautiful dedication, to the bishops, and presbyters of the Scotch episcopal church; which bespeaks him to be a man with the deepest veneration and love for hierarchical government itself: a spirit in which it is to be feared modern high churchmen do not greatly participate. The opening will I think please you. 'Aurea hæc primorum sæculorum scripta, misi ad vos, venerandi Patres, qui laude morum antiquorum, disciplinæ apostolicæ, fidei catholicæ, floretis. Sunt hæ quidem reliquiæ, fragmenta tantum flebilis naufragii, et humilis atque depressæ ecclesiæ monumenta: sed eo etiam magis vobis offerendæ, quod et ipsi fortuna minus prospera utimini. De rebus vestris externis non ita valde laboro, seu prædia perdita et dispersa sunt, seu dignitates et pompa sæculi ablatæ; hoc enim parum est: sed no bilissimam gentem, religionis cultricem cæteroquin egregiam, a pristina sua

di visam esse hierarchia, ac scindi a communione vestra, Patres venerandi, nemo est omnium cum christianis quidem antiquis sentientium quin doleat.'

In the preface, he quotes the canon of 1571. Also, Vincentius Lirinensis. He shows that those foreigners, who vilify christian antiquity, not only neglect and deride the fathers, but even attack the Scripture itself; describing its books as of uncertain origin; denying that they contain a rule of faith; and reducing all necessary belief, to the bare and dry limits of moral precepts. 'An isti sint ex animo christiani,' says he, 'haud quæso: ita esse, quamobrem debeant, ex principiis scilicet, quæ ipsi sibi potuerint, idoneam satis causam reperire non possunt.' He states it to be his opinion, 'in numerum dogmatum fundamentalium, sive veritatum præcipuarum ad sancte pieque vivendum efficacium, et, ad salutem eternam pertinentium, (cujus quidem generis capita fidei quin existant, fieri non potest,) nulla omnino placita referenda esse, nisi quæ, cum ex S. Scriptura probari, tum ex antiquæ scholæ Christi monimentis, testibus quidem non originibus vel auctoribus veritatis, firmari queant.' I might quote much more, but those specimens are enough to show, how much Dr. Routh agrees with us. The book seems to be edited in a masterly and scholar-like style; and would appear to give promise of a school in England, that will apply, to the emendation and elucidation of christian antiquity, those principles of just criticism, which have been unfolded by the great scholars of the last century. A school, altogether different from that of Michaelis and Marsh.

And now, to turn to a different subject, I was most agreeably surprised, in reading some of Venn's sermons. Considering whose son, and whose associate he was, he freed himself in a wondrous degree from doctrinal trammels. I grant, he sometimes uses phrases (though but rarely) that we must dislike; and sometimes one part of a discourse, from crude theology intermingling, may rather contradict another part. But, on the whole, in no modern sermon writer have I yet discovered, so many coincidences with my own way of thinking and feeling. I am bound to say, that, in my judgment, the Christian Observer did not choose the best specimens. To judge fairly, we must look through the sermons for ourselves; and read the sermons also, which we select, from beginning to end. I greatly wish you to read over the three discourses, which I shall get the book and refer to: . . . 'The Happiness of Heaven', Vol. ii. p. 47.; 'John the Baptist's Office and Preaching', Vol. ii. p. 66.; and 'On Halting in Religion', Vol. i. 276. These sermons I have been reading, none of them without drawback, but none of them

without very sincere pleasure. What you say of poor Mrs. T. V., affords a more solid satisfaction, than the highest literary or theological eulogium could be. It is a satisfaction, which, we may humbly hope, will increase, and not diminish. I find, that our excellent friend Mrs. H. Thornton, is rapidly, but most peacefully sinking into the grave. . . ——— enclosed me a most affecting letter from Miss —— to Miss ——. It exhibits a truly edifying picture of the triumph of religion, over the most afflictive of all trials, which can happen to the truly good. A MS. sermon of J. D.'s has been poor Mrs. H. T.'s nightly comforter. There was in it (you may recollect our hearing it together) a moonlight scene, and a description of the glorified body. The cast of it is highly imaginative; and, very likely, a body not its own may be supplied to such a discourse, by a mind like that of Mrs. H. T., in the near and unclouded prospect of a happy eternity. The circumstance must be truly gratifying to J. D., and I am very glad of it.

Whether well or ill, I make it a point not to omit some daily lection of the Gr. Test.: it often happens that I read drily, that is, with little enjoyment, and small power of placing myself in the scriptural group. But still I go on. Some one of the fathers has observed, that reading of the Scripture, though sometimes apparently unproductive at the time, if it be honestly pursued, will not fail, sooner or later, to produce its fruits.

Farewell, my dear Friend,

Ever most entirely yours,

JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER 129.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., Oct. 28. 1815.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I PERSUADE myself you will like to hear from me, be the matter communicated more or less. It cannot be much at this present sitting, as I have only one hour, between me, and the closing of the post office.

On Saturday, a third Sunday reading from your sermons appeared in the Farmer's Journal. I have secured them all for you; and, as soon as the publication terminates, I will send them altogether. I do not think, however, that great skill (I should rather say good judgment) is shown in the selection; the last two readings being taken, not from your popular, but from your clerical sermons. It strikes me, however, at the moment,

that there may be design in this, perhaps justified by the great proportion of clergymen, throughout Ireland, who take the Farmer's Journal.

When I called for it to-day, there was one of the proprietors, a Mr. E—— D——, in Porter's shop. He of course did not know my special motive; and began to talk to me, as if I had purchased the paper from general interest. It was not necessary to undeceive him. He spoke of writers on wheel carriages, who, in his opinion, are writing over people's heads. I dare say he is right enough. But when he asked my opinion of the Sunday readings, and I, as in duty bound, praised the last three, he said, 'I am sure Mr. Jebb does not write over people's heads; there is nothing unintelligible in him.' I confess I heard this with pleasure. Whether he spoke from knowledge of the volume, or merely of the readings in the Journal, I do not know, and did not at the moment think of inquiring. The editor is a Mr. L——, a barrister.

Yesterday I met —— at Christ-church; and never before did he speak to me with such warmth, as he showed on the subject of your sermons. It really gratified me to see, that there was probably not one on earth who was more pleased with your sermons, than he who it was desirable should be most pleased.

Poor Mrs. Henry Thornton, whose illness I suppose you know of, has finished her course. I am told she has committed her children to Mr. and Mrs. I——. The latter fact I heard from Miss B——, on Saturday. The account of her death arrived this day.

This day a young friend of mine, just come from India, breakfasted with me. I asked him various questions about christian missionaries. And he clearly explained the necessary unproductiveness of all such measures, until, as he said, a way is opened, through some political revolution. This agrees with all my preconceptions. I conceive we must gain the rulers, by exhibiting a case, which will speak for itself. And we must prepare for the diffusion of the gospel, by purifying and simplifying the matter to be communicated. I must stop, or run the chance of lateness.

Ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

LETTER CXLVIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Oct. 30. 1815.

My dear Friend,

I had a most pleasant letter from my brother. No one can enter more fully or warmly, than he does, into the business of the appendix.

Mr. I—— wrote me a very interesting and affecting account, of the last days, and the last moments, of Mrs. H. Thornton's exemplary life. The family are all well, and at Battersea Rise, where they are to continue their residence. The care of the girls is entirely entrusted to him and Mrs. I——; that of the boys, is committed to Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. J. T——, the two G——s, and Mr. I——. The last-mentioned begs to be kindly remembered to you.

Ever most truly yours,

John Jebb.

——oo——

LETTER CXLIX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Dec. 8. 1815.

My dear Friend,

Since our letters crossed upon the road, I have often wished to thank you, for your just and sound observations on the Observer. But there were obstacles by me insuperable. A most trying season; a long interval since my downright illness, and a consequent accumulation; and last, but not least, an inevitable and total exclusion from all society, and absence of all exhilaration; these, altogether, so weighed me down, that I was unequal to all exertion; and, least of all, equal to letter writing, which, with me at least, demands some elasticity of mind, and some flow of spirits; an elasticity and a flow, which I should be, perhaps, rather less than man, to possess under present circumstances. Were I, indeed, more of the animal, and less of the intellectual being, I might thrive and fatten like multitudes around me. . . So far I had written with the comfort of thinking, that we might hope for a peaceful winter in this district, which had been quite undisturbed. But, within these five min-

utes, I learn, that my neighbor Mr. —— has had his corn last night maliciously burned, although within a stone's cast of a military station in the village. This took place but a little mile from this house, which is far more defenceless in every respect; and it is, but too probably, only the beginning of troubles. The grand consolation is, that we are under the care of Him, who, whether we live, or whether we die, careth for those, who endeavor to serve him faithfully.

You have heard of poor Lady B——'s loss. She bears it like herself. And one cannot help feeling grateful, that it was not one of the elder children. My brother is threatened with a severe affliction: the loss of his only daughter: such a child of her years I never knew. Two letters of his I cannot resist enclosing. They surely bespeak a mind most solidly religious. When you have read, reinclose them, for I wish to preserve such comfortable documents.

There has been a great call for my sermons. The Archbishop writes that London has been searched, and that Hatchard says no time should be lost in preparing the new edition. I am ready, but my booksellers are absolutely careless; not once have I heard from them, nor can —— procure an answer to my inquiries. If they remain much longer thus unsatisfactory, I must break with them, and entrust the work to other hands.

I am ill able to proceed: at present but convalescent from a smart attack, which came, at length, this week. The intelligence of this morning, coupled with the dreadful outrages in the county of Tipperary, has greatly shaken my nerves.

Ever, my dear Friend,
Most entirely yours,
JOHN JEBB.

LETTER CL.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Dec. 12. 1815.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

MY last letter, I fear, may have pained you: if so, indictum volo: not, indeed, that I can pretend my situation to be exempt from sore trials, especially my constitution considered. But still, I can look around and abroad on the severer trials of those, who perhaps have less merited, if not less needed them, than myself: and thus looking, I feel enabled, and thankful that I am enabled, to kiss the rod; convinced, that either the

trial will be removed, when the purpose is effected; or that, if the trial be continued to the end, it may and must be needful to the end. But the end of what? A point in the expanse of eternity.

The burning of which I told you, narrowly threatened Mr. ——'s dwelling-house. There can, I fear, be no doubt it was malicious: I do not, however, fear for myself.

Did you hear that our amiable young friend H—— B—— has been very ill? By my last letter from Mrs. H. B., I rejoiced to find he was recovering. She writes like a truly wise and pious christian. I wish you would write a few lines to him: it would be a great consolation and support. In her last letter, she says, 'None of his friends have, I believe, occupied a greater share of his attention, during his illness, than yourself and Mr. Knox. And the principles and sentiments, which conversation or letters have developed, have recurred to his mind, as a source of pleasure, and a system of truth, according most harmoniously with the soul and destiny of man, and undeniably corroborated by every moment's experience.' This surely is well conceived, and equally well expressed. I trust it may please God to spare this good young man. You have not upon this earth two more cordial pupils, than himself and his wife.

I must now break off. My most grateful thanks, and most affectionate regards, to our invaluable friend, Mrs. P. L. T.

Ever most entirely yours,

JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER 130.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, Dec. 14. 1815.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RETURN with thanks and pleasure the two letters from your brother. They are as good as they can be, and wonderfully fitted to cheer you, under the weaknesses to which it pleases providence to make you liable. I dare say you feel such a communication, at such a time, in the light in which I am putting it. There is some reason in the view of omniscient wisdom, why you should continue under suffering; but it is intended that, in the mean time, you should not be comfortless; and the comfort comes in that solid way, which makes itself be felt, in spite of bodily, or even intellectual depression. It comes home to the mind, and unites with the life which never dies. I sincerely

hope the stroke will be averted, and that the feelings excited in the moment of alarm, may never fall away. Mrs. L. was as much pleased with them as myself.

I must not add another word, but may you grow better, and be kept safe.

Ever yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

LETTER CLI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Jan. 8. 1816.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE appearance of a letter with your seal and superscription, is always cheering to me: but that of last Saturday was particularly cheering, at once giving me to see, that, in defiance to a trying season, your health is gaining ground, and to hope that you will be a better correspondent from Dawson-street, than from the fairy land. Indeed, if you could witness the tenor of my days, and could see what a stimulus and cordial your letters are, you would then write frequently. I do not now speak the language of repining or complaint, but of simple fact.

You are anxious to know about me; I, on the other hand, am anxious to make my way through a dull story, and escape from it. Since I had the happiness to meet you in Cashel, though seldom severely ill, I have never been completely well; for the most part laboring under indiposition, which, perhaps, had it been more severe, would have been less depressing. Add to this, a degree of monastic seclusion from all society, good or bad, which, even in this remote spot, I never, for so long a time, equally experienced; spirits often affected, and weighed down, by the horrors of our troubled country; teazing, embarrassing, and uncomfortable details, daily growing out of my relation to the poor barbarians of this parish; and a necessity, never before equally felt, of practising the most minute economy. These ingredients, put together, may convey some notion of my outward manner of being.

There is, however, on the other side, a brighter prospect; to which the mind turns, when the animal spirits will admit. There are many blessings; many more than I deserve, which it were ingratitude and folly, not to feel, and to enjoy. Among these, doubtless, are the very trials, which, at times, depress, but do not overwhelm. Indeed, I have the most rooted conviction,

that there is not a particle of suffering, uncommissioned for my real benefit. It sometimes occurs to me, that, in my course, there may be special necessity of trying back, in order to deepen principles, which may have been rather superficially traced; perhaps, even, to convert theories into realities. I know not whether I may not make my meaning clearer, by employing one or two familiar, and self-devised analogies. When a boy at college, in the course of preparing for my first mathematical examination, I took considerable pains to investigate for myself, and to learn from others, many theorems, deducible from the propositions of Euclid, but not contained in the book. One mischief was, that, in my eagerness after things not required, I neglected things indispensable: and, while somewhat at home in recondite conclusions, at preparatory lecture I was found lamentably deficient in the plain and simple propositions: but, thus taught my error, I set doggedly to work, during the two or three days in my power; and not only escaped disgrace, but acquired credit, by doing at the last, what I should have done at the first. With this little fact, I would connect a tendency, which I cannot avoid observing in my own nature: namely, that, when a matter trying to my temper, or disposition, is suddenly proposed, or presented, the first movement is, frequently, not what I can deliberately approve; it often requires, and I am thankful it commonly receives, immediate revision and rectification. The application is easy and obvious. At college, I was obliged to try back in mathematics. Through daily life, I am obliged to try back in minor morals. And, perhaps, in the greatest of all concerns, divine Providence may be kindly, though painfully, teaching me to try back also. If there be no royal way in mathematics, much less in christianity. It is an antiquated metaphor, but not, therefore, the less true, that strong principles, like old oaks, are more firmly rooted, by the tempests that assail them. Much that I have heard from you, much that I have read in books, was closely grasped by my understanding, and cordially relished by my affections: it cannot, surely, be questioned, that, to be wrought into habit, and identified with our spontaneous movements, the very best truths need the accompaniment, not only of gracious influence, but of providential discipline. That trials have lately seemed to increase, I do not wish to conceal either from myself or you: but, may there not be a wise, and seasonable adjustment, in their being sent at a time, when, from authorship rather successful than otherwise, and from a reception, on the whole, very flattering, in my late trip to England, I might, perhaps, be in no small degree of moral danger? But however these matters may be, of this I am steadfastly assured, that the fault must be deeply and entirely my own, if

any bitter ingredients, which are mingled in my cup, do not, in the end, produce competent and comfortable healthfulness and enjoyment. You desired that I should speak about myself; and I have spoken with a witness! But I am in safe and tender hands. If I have spoken foolishly, you will bear with my foolishness; if erroneously, you will correct my error. And thus, thoughts and feelings, which, pent up, and brooded over, might be pernicious, when whispered in the ear of friendship, will become salutary, if not delightful.

Many thanks for your kind offer about the Reviews. Mine had been kept back; but I, too, wrote, learned the cause, applied to Mr. Tho. Orde Lees, and am supplied by him. Yet he, too, has made a mistake, which I have put in a course of rectification. Last night brought two Eclectics, and two Christian Observers; but no British Critic. In looking over Articles last night, I could not but feel seriously, that matters seem drawing nearer to a crisis. The Eclectic speaks out in a bolder tone than ever: and it manifestly feels, that, in the establishment itself, dissenterism has allies; for what other construction can we put on the saying, that 'the political advantage which a clergyman possesses, is one of the strongest pleas that attach many excellent men to the church, as a sphere for more commanding influence.' Remove, then, this political advantage: reduce their sphere of commanding influence to narrow bounds: and then, excellent men will account liturgy, and creeds, and episcopacy, and communion with the church of past ages, and all the spiritual blessings of our goodly heritage, very weak and unattractive pleas to attach them to the church. They, too, will then outwardly consort with the motley crew, which they now inwardly approve; and, in truth, the church could well spare them. But do they, i. e. the dissenters, dream of removing this political advantage, and contracting this ample sphere? Let the Eclectic Reviewer answer. 'The question, then, may constitutionally be agitated, . . how far, for the support and maintenance of such an establishment, the great body of the nation ought, in fairness, to be chargeable with so heavy an impost, in addition to their own voluntary contributions for the better promotion of the objects the establishment was designed to answer.' But do they absolutely threaten the agitation of this question? Ecce iterum Crispinus! 'The Bible Society may, from the opposition of so large a majority of the clergy, prove the occasion of danger to the church. We allude to the probable influence of their conduct, on the opinions of the nation; and to the tendency of the will of the nation to become law. In other words, we allude to the possibility of its being, at length, more generally perceived, that the sort of connexion now subsisting, between the state, and the episcopal church of England,

no longer answers the purpose, for which, we may presume, it was originally designed; and that neither the interests of religion, nor the ends of good government, are benefited by a national establishment. To what constitutional modifications of the present order of things in the episcopal church, this conviction in the minds of our representatives and legislators might lead, we presume not to form a conjecture. They would certainly be of a nature to leave the civil rights and possessions (civil possessions! i. e. (see the preceding quotation) their private property as citizens, not their ecclesiastical property as parsons) untouched: they would have no influence on the purity of the episcopal succession (i. e. episcopacy would be graciously tolerated:) they would not affect the moral claims of the church; they would divest it only of civil authority in matters of religion'. . (i. e. they would not persecute; they would only revolutionize.) Is not here a goodly result of Bible Societies, and Parliamentary religionism? (See Eclectic Review, pp. 56. 61. 58.) And then compare Christian Observer, p. 740. 'It is impossible, but that an ill opinion must attend the churchmen's efforts against the Bible Society; and that opinion, widely disseminated through the country, may, doubtless, be productive of very serious consequences.' This is the text given, in the Christian Observer for November. I have already adduced the comment, from the Eclectic Review for January.

The Christian Observer, you see, has acknowledged your paper. I am sure they will print it. But, should my suretyship be fallacious; should it not appear in the next Number, I agree you ought to reclaim it.

My dear little niece is better; but still great apprehension is entertained. As to ———, I have the comfort to think that he is in an excellent state of mind and heart: whatever he once takes up, he commonly takes up soundly, soberly, and permanently. When well enough to read at all, I begin the morning with a chapter of the Greek Testament, in regular order; in other respects, I cannot report much intellectual progress; and, even in this, I often regret that I am cold and spiritless. The very regret, however, is somewhat; and malady makes me cold and spiritless in other matters too. Yet, I do not wish to flatter myself neither: some uneasiness, though it were without just foundation, is surely safer, than much comfort, with any likelihood of self-deception.

Ever, my dear Friend,

Most cordially and affectionately yours,

J. Jebb.

LETTER 131.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., Jan. 12. 13. 1816.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received a letter from the Archbishop, enclosing two small sheets of a letter from —— to him, part of which the Archbishop thinks may be interesting to you. I have been myself acquainted with the schism referred to, and I wonder I did not think of mentioning it to you. I am sure, had I been in Dublin, I should have mentioned it. But I explained, and you will understand, why I should be negligent at B——. I really could not help smiling to find the identical case (both cause and effect) described so literally by ——, who writes from Lord ——'s where, it seems, the same inconvenience is suffered. He says, 'I have intended to write to you every day, for the last four or five days; and I have been continually prevented from so doing, by the uncertainty of the time at which the letters were to be sent off; one day they have been despatched at one hour, and another day at another.' The only thing which abates this uncertainty at B—— is, that they are not sent off at all.

I think it right to give you the entire passage. 'Since I have been here, I have been disposed more than once to regret, that circumstances had rendered it unadvisable for you to visit this place. I do think you would have found —— in all respects more conformed to your views, than your previous acquaintance with him would have led you to suppose. He certainly strikes me as much altered, with regard to his views both of church government and politics. There has been, you know, a great secession from the church. Among those who have dissented, and who amount to about fifteen, are some of the ——s and ——s: those of them who were in orders, have given up their preferments; and those who were laymen, have ceased to attend the church. This event has evidently created a very strong sensation; and led many of ——'s way of thinking, to enter into a closer bond of union with the church. The attention which ministers have paid of late to the appointment of bishops, has also made a very visible impression. A large number of the conscientious evangelical clergy, have been led, by the same circumstance, to enter into a sort of compact, to preach, more than they formerly have done, upon practical subjects.'

I confess, I lay little stress on the wisdom, which shall be thus forced upon the evangelicals. Individuals may receive instruction, but the party will be, what it was before. It may feel something of μεταμέλεια but (I conceive) nothing of μετανοια. This is shown by the milk-and-water remedy, to which they are resorting, 'preaching more than they formerly have done, on practical subjects.' That is, not reviewing their principles, to see whether some worm might not lie concealed at the root; not reconsidering their language, to ascertain whether they might not sometimes be liable, to 'speak unadvisedly with their lips;' but, leaving all of this kind as it was, merely to dash their external wall of enclosure, with a fresh moral compost, of which it will be difficult to say, what are the component parts.

Since I began this, your letter has reached me: I read it with sincere pain, but with solid pleasure. I will not go into particulars; but this, I will say, that I do not think more deeply right views could be taken of a depressive set of circumstances, than you take of yours. I humbly conceive it must be, that rich consolation shall, in God's good time, repay, what is thus submitted to; and thus, in cordial purpose, and honest effort, turned to the best advantage.

I am sorry to agree with you, in all your remarks on the present state of things in England. I hesitated about the import of 'civil possessions;' but, laying the whole together, I was obliged to admit your interpretation. There is great weight in that expression, 'the tendency of the public will to become law.' This refers to the spirit of the House of Commons, for some time back; in which the state of things made it indispensable for public taste to be consulted. But should it please God to preserve peace, the disposition, thus built upon, may baffle sanguine calculators. What Divine Providence may intend, we cannot presume to say; but I should think the claims of turbulent dissenters will be made, long before they are actually listened to. I trust, before that time, they will have awakened the spirit of sober research, and of deep principle; so as that steersmen, adequate to a storm, shall have been trained, before the actual occurrence of the crisis. I do not mean, that a temporary downfall of the church of England will not happen. I, on the contrary, reckon upon nothing else; but I think it is more remote, than the phenomena of the moment would lead to apprehend. I should not wonder if the late interference of the dissenters, respecting the protestants in the south of France, were to awaken the jealousy of Government, by showing what, not servants, but masters of all work, they would be, if they were permitted to acquire organization, or evince possession of power. But how strange was it, that the letter to their secretaries

from Lord Wellington, dated Nov. 28., should be only making its appearance now! To suffer the first impressions, made by their resolutions, to grow, while they had a contradictory document in their pocket, would be like John Knox's device for aid from England, without offence to France. 'Send them off,' said he, 'and then proclaim them as deserters.'

If 'gold be tried in the fire, and acceptable men in the furnace of adversity', a valuable institution, intended to be made still more valuable, is likely to be brought under an analogous discipline. I am sure the church of England, as a public exhibition of the christian religion, is, at this day, matchless, in point of purity, consistency, and substantial vitality. I am certain, that to drink in its full spirit, is to possess such unmixed excellence, as is not, elsewhere, to be found on earth. But the perfection of the christian church is, in my view, comparative, not absolute. I believe it is yet to be, what it now is not, and what now no church could be. I believe our church is now, what it now ought to be; its defects, I deem to be strictly providential. But hereafter, in some way or other, religion must be brought more broadly, impressively, and attractively, into general, and especially into juvenile view. Bishop Butler's desideratum in his charge, must, some how or other, be provided for. The want of this (I speak not in a way of blame, but in point of fact) has left the English population in the dismal alternative, of brute, perhaps scornful, impiety, or indefinite sectarianism.

How this point is to be gained, might be too bold to conjecture; but, I repeat, it must be, or a religious public is out of the question. Man is so much an animal, as to ensure that he will, in general, think of nothing, which does not, as it were, *oblige* him to think about it. Religion does not thus, in its own nature, oblige, as hunger or thirst obliges; and therefore it must be made attractive, as the higher degrees of civilization are made attractive, by adequate exhibition, striking on the sensitive faculty. What a wonderful engine, in this department, is the thing called fashion! But the machinery is vast: public buildings, equipages, substantial comforts, well-dressed persons, all have their share, in raising the tone of civil character. Can RELIGION advance, then, without being similarly, I should say analogously, brought into view? How this may best be done, I confess my own thoughts are so crude, that I do not lament want of room for mentioning them now, in any instance. But I will just transcribe a short passage, from Fleury's Mœurs des Chrétiens, which I think has a good deal in it; though, I must observe, serving but very subordinately to my leading objects. 'Les saints évêques des premiers siècles étoient des Grecs et des Romains, souvent grands philosophes, et toujours bien instruits de

toute sorte de bienséance. Ils sçavoient que l'ordre, la grandeur, et la netteté desobjets extérieurs, excitent naturellement des pensées nobles, pures, et bien réglées; et que les affections suivent les pensées: mais qu'il est difficile que l'âme s'applique aux bonnes choses, tandis que le corps souffre, et que l'imagination est blessée. Ils croyoient la piété assez importante, pour l'aider en toutes manières.'

I confess these last words, suggest to my mind the true key (namely, the opposite of this feeling), to what has been so much cried up, as simplicity in the service of God. They who have been most zealous on this point, would not have liked for themselves, what they allotted to religion.

A. K.

———oo———

LETTER 132.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., Feb. 22. 1816.

My dear Friend,

* * * * * *

I met, a few days since, a new and respectable testimony, to our view of the church of England. Archbishop King, then Chancellor of St. Patrick's, wrote remarks on a paper, published by Peter Manby, Dean of Derry; who, in that season of calculation, like some others, became a Roman Catholic. King was a powerful writer; and had a clearer view of that controversy, than most who engaged in it. He does not therefore, like Chillingworth, plead for the popedom of each private christian, against the popedom of the bishop of Rome; but he distinguishes between the English reformation, and that of all other reformed communions. He accordingly says,

'The third difference, between the dissenters' case with respect to us, and our case in respect of papists, is in the principles on which our first reformers proceeded. They did not pretend, as he (Manby) slanders them in his preface, to justify their separation (for they never made any) by the Scriptures only, as interpreted by themselves, not only without, but against, the authority of the present catholic church. But, on the contrary, except he mean by the catholic church, the particular church of Rome and her adherents, the catholic church was *for* the reformers, as they conceived; and the greater part of visible christians* concurred with them in *their* sense of scripture,

* Of course he means, the greater part of the whole collective and continuous body . . note by Mr. Knox . . Ed.

as to the most material controversies between our church and Rome. But the true principles of the Reformation were such as these, that the catholic faith ought to be the same in all ages, and could not receive additions, or grow by time: that nothing should be an article of faith to-day, that was not yesterday; and therefore nothing was to be reckoned as catholic faith, but what was received semper, ubique, et ab omnibus, according to Vincentius's rule; and that nothing was thus catholic, but what might be proved by Scripture, taken in that sense, which hath not been contradicted by catholic fathers. These were the principles of the reformers' faith.'

King's answer to Manby's considerations. London, 1687. pp. 30, 31.

I hope to hear soon from you, and am ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

——oo——

LETTER CLII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Feb. 27. 1816.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

* * * * *

* * * * *

I FEEL quite easy about my volume of sermons. By the efforts made against it, I don't think its sale will be injured, and, at all events, I rest assured its usefulness will not be impeded; for, so far as I may venture to judge, both from the quarters in which it has hitherto met acceptance, and from the kind of good it has already done, it is fitted, not so much for theologians (so called) of the present day, whether high church, or evangelic, as for persons of fair minds, cultivated taste, and with an honest desire of spiritual improvement, who have little concerned themselves with existing controversy. Among such, I believe, the circulation has been brisk, and will be rather considerable. And to such persons, I cannot doubt, that some good has, even already, been done. Within these few days, I heard two pleasing little facts. Mrs. R——, after having been driven about a long while in the channel by contrary winds, on her way to England, was obliged to re-land in Dublin: the only thing which she remembered to take out of the ship with her, was my volume; which she said, she concluded to be meat, drink, and clothing for her, as she did not recollect any thing more substantial. She has since requested from me, a list of books of a serious nature; and as I knew that, since the general's death,

she had particularly applied to serious reading, I gladly complied, sending a catalogue raisonné, drawn up as briefly, yet comprehensively, as it was in my power. The other circumstance is still more pleasant. A lady died lately, in the county of Tipperary, of a lingering complaint; during the close of which, till the hour of death, she never willingly suffered my volume out of her hands, except when indispensably obliged to do so. This remarkably coincides with the case of poor Mrs. T. V. As to the doctrine of the Appendix, I have not a shadow of uneasiness. Certain that it is sound, I am equally certain, that it must ultimately prevail. The sooner, or the later, is of very minor consequence. Do you know, that the second edition has been published in London more than a fortnight? I hope the Dublin booksellers have made their orders; for many, I believe, are anxious to be supplied. But how could I have so long omitted saying, how much I like the support given us, by Archbishop King! His recognition of Vincentius is greatly to the purpose. In any future treatise, I would set myself particularly to defend this 'doctor of catholic interpretation.' It has been the fashion to treat him with scorn. Lardner has doubtless contributed much, Maclaine somewhat by his curt stigma. See the Index of Mosheim, who is infinitely more fair than his translator.

I am a little looking toward Dublin; but without any fixed time in view. Should it please God to remove my little niece, I have promised my brother to join him forthwith; he said it would be a great comfort to him and Mrs. J. And if the event is likely to take place, I know he would rather wish me not to go, while she lingers. On the other hand, should she be likely to recover, I would go, probably, about the middle of April, after his circuit. All, however, is now uncertain. My health has been still indifferent; spirits, to use Bishop Warburton's illustration, like Sancho's ochre; I have been able to do little in any way. What do you think of my having substituted, last Sunday, for a sermon, a reading-desk exposition of the gospel for the day? I prepared myself; threw down a few short hints; and trusted to the occasion for words, which came fluently enough. The people listened with attention, and apparent interest; and I am disposed to think a continuance of the practice would be useful to them. I am sure it would be useful to myself; and my situation in this retired spot, with a very small flock, may entitle me to take liberties, which would not be expedient elsewhere: I, too, can sometimes look to expediency.

Ever yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER CLIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, March 29. 1816.

My dear Friend,

I write these lines to say that I long to hear from you. For the last three or four weeks, I have been more busily, and more pleasantly occupied, than for years; having finished, perhaps three fifths of my remarks on the Heb. distribution of the New Testament: finished, I mean, so much of the first copy, with a view to publication, more to my mind, and more thoroughly at my ease, than I could have dared to anticipate: the whole will probably run to 300 pages 8vo.

In preaching to my little flock, as I mentioned, it would also seem, that I have not been misemployed. With a little previous meditation on passages of Scripture, before carefully read, and somewhat imprinted, both on mind, I trust, and heart, I am able to talk without hesitation, in language well arranged, and well composed, more racily, I think, and not less solidly than I could write. It seems to come home to people more, and I have no doubt it is more profitable to myself, than the elaborate preparation of written discourses.

I fear I must not, for some months, look towards Dublin or its vicinity. You will wonder at this scrawl. The fact is, much writing has tired my hand; and peculiarly bitter weather has this day affected my nerves. But my general state is comfortable. Write soon, and you will gratify me deeply.

Ever, my dear Friend,

Most cordially yours,

John Jebb.

———oo———

LETTER CLIV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, April 6. 1816.

My dear Friend,

Having just received the Reviews, I cannot help making you pay postage for these lines, to say, that opposition to the appendix, or non-notice of the sermons, matters not. The sermons, I doubt not, will make, whatever way they deserve to make; and the doctrine of the appendix, will, one day, be the acknow-

ledged doctrine of the christian world. Cadell and Davies write me word, 'that they have every reason to expect a favorable sale of the 2d edition; that they have heard no opinion passed upon the appendix, and that the Anti-jacobin stands too low in the public estimation, to deserve that attention should be paid, to any opinion which it may give.' The Heb. poetry of the N. T. draws near its close. I have seldom been so busy; and therefore seldom, on the whole, more cheerful.

Cantabit vacuus: not a shilling is to be had; and while times continue as they are, it is out of the question that I should encounter the expense of moving to Dublin. Mrs. F—— is nervously ill, I fancy at the thoughts of finally leaving Dublin; and wishes for her son immediately after Easter; so of course I let him go. I am grateful to Providence, for being able to struggle, as I have done, against uninterrupted solitude, for at least six months past. Perhaps, indeed, had I had money enough to move, I might have been rambling, instead of writing my book. Thus all is for the best.

Farewell, my dear Friend.

Ever yours,
JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER 133.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

April 8. 1816.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE been long desirous to write to you, I might almost say anxious, and particularly since I received your last most acceptable letter. But I have been strangely occupied. The miscellany of matters, which, during the last week in particular, left me not one hour to dispose of, would be laughable from their incongruity, were it not for the one tragical cause, which had a great share in the disposal of my time, the death of lady ——. This sad event affected our friends at —— so deeply, that I dined there four days successively, to do what I could toward keeping up Mr. ——'s spirits, who, having deeply loved his brother J., and being proportionably attached to R., entered deeply into all the mournful consequences, of his losing one of the best wives, that ever fell to the lot of man.

It was every way an extraordinary event. She was beautiful, interesting, of high rank, the world at her feet; yet, with all these flattering deceits around her, she determinately chose the better part. I spent some days in her company last autumn;

and I thought I had never met a mind and heart more devoted to all that was excellent. There was a solidity and a determinateness about her, which equally astonished and delighted me. She knew nothing about doctrines; religion with her, was a business of the affections, and of the judgment.

She lay in during the week before last, and had, at first, the best possible appearances; but alarming symptoms took place the third or fourth day, and on Tuesday night last, her case became hopeless. Dr. Clarke slept in the house; toward morning she sent for him; and when he had felt her pulse, she said, 'Doctor, tell me, plainly, do you think I am near my end? for I have a great deal to say to Mr. ——, and I must receive the sacrament.' He told her (I had all this from himself) that she was very weak; and that the sooner she said or did any thing she wished, the better. She sent for her husband, and spoke to him for a length of time, earnestly urging the religious education of his children. Then her brother, the Bishop of E——, who also had staid the night, was called; and Clarke told me that so awful and impressive a scene, as that celebration of the Lord's Supper, he never had witnessed in this world. The good-hearted Bishop was raised above himself; all present were as if on the verge of the other world, but she who was actually so, seemed the least agitated of the whole. She expressed the firmest and brightest hope of heaven; and, as the R. C.'s say, died in the odor of sanctity. No death, for a long time gave so universal a pang; and her loving family are as unfeigned mourners, as ever wept for a daughter, or a sister.

R. D—— preached for the orphans yesterday: the best conceived, and best expressed sermon I ever heard from him. He brought in Lady —— very well, and most impressively. He acquitted himself beyond my reckoning. I gave him the text; and he declaimed excellently upon it: 'Come, ye children, and hearken unto me, I will teach you the fear of the Lord.'

I thought to have said a great deal more, but I have been interrupted; and I must either break off, or not send by this post. Having told you something, I prefer the former, and am

Ever yours,

A. K.

——oo——

LETTER CLV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, April 9. 1816.

My dear Friend,

I have had my fears, that, from my silence, your fears may

have been awakened for me; and in truth, considering the nature of our last conversation, I should, however invitâ Minerva, have said somewhat to you. But I know not how it is, I have seldom found it less practicable to write, than since my return home; which I attribute principally to the state of the atmosphere. You will, however, be glad to know, that, whatever may have been either my bodily or mental ailments, I have not had the least symptom of returning morbidness. Should Providence, hereafter, please to call me elsewhere, I hope cheerfully to obey the call: should I be left where I am, it will doubtless be more advantageous for me that I should so be left: this, whether sick or well, whether busily employed, or quite unfit for study, has been my deliberate persuasion, ever since my return home; and so συν Θεῳ, I trust it will continue to be.

My mind has been worked a good deal, since we parted, on the Hebraic subject: new ideas have presented themselves to me; and rather a wide field seems to open; especially in the department of N. T. quotations, from the poetical parts of the Old: I am not without hopes, that some valuable light may be thrown, on the 'modes of quotation' of the sacred writers; and, even already, I have begun to make some indigested collections, in this branch of my subject. Many books, however, must be consulted, before I see my way clearly; enough however appears, to satisfy me, that my projected work, if it ever is to see the light, will come forward to much greater advantage, by my giving an additional year to reading, excogitation, and enlargement of my plan. I have already written to London for some indispensable books; for the most part, philological and critical commentators.

I am just now under such exhaustion, that I cannot write more; but I am really anxious to know how you are, what you are doing, how your paper is proceeding, and especially to have some of that advice and counsel, which never fails to do me good.

Ever, my dear Friend,
Most affectionately yours,
JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER 134.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, May 2. 1816.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

HAD I received your letter of the 26th of April in Dublin,

you should have had an answer by return of post, provided I could use a pen. I could not write from hence, sooner than to-day. —— is here, and occupies a good deal of my time, certainly very pleasantly; for though we do not affect to agree with each other, we so understand one another, as to enjoy the most comfortable communication. J. D. and R. D. are both here, and as they add new varieties to the difference, they contribute powerfully to the coalescence; for having each his own disagreement with ——, she less feels mine: and it happens, that many of the ideas which I throw out, are so approved by them, as to be the more readily listened to by her. On the whole, it is a right pleasant party; and I this day told her, that it was very well I was too old to be spoiled, otherwise I could scarcely escape without injury.

* * * * * * *

I cannot add another word, except that I am ever,

Most cordially and unreservedly yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

——oo——

LETTER 135.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

May 18. 1816.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I FEAR I have not time to say any thing which will compensate for postage; but I feel an inclination to say something to you, were it only to prove that you are present to my mind. The fact is, that, while at B——, I could do nothing but talk; and since I returned, I was busily employed in writing a letter to Lady B——, to whom I was deeply in arrear. I am, I may say with truth, only now, completely at my own disposal; and I accordingly turn to you to have some talk, be the same more or less.

I was pleased with ——. She is exceedingly interesting; and, considering her prepossessions, uncommonly liberal. I went to B—— to meet her, with some prejudice against her. I thought she and I could never agree, and I was accordingly drilling myself into the habit of forbearing. But she overcame, at once, all my predeterminations; and I do not know that I talked more, within the same time, for some years, or with more kind acceptance of what I ventured to express. J. D—— and R. D—— were there; the former the whole, the latter almost the whole of the time, which was eight days. I never saw

D—— in better humor. His opposition was only occasional, and always gentle; but R. D. was my powerful ally. He fought for the semper creditum est, with a zeal which surprised me, and made me hope that his expensive purchases of Benedictine Fathers were not in vain. I know he has both Chrysostom and Augustine. I do not know what others he has; but what he has, have done him good. He does not profess to agree with us in every thing. But such as he is, his alliance is invaluable; and I think he is formed to act a decided part, whatever may be his line. I know I felt more pleasure in his fighting so much as he did on my side, than I can easily express; and I am apt to think that he will approximate yet more nearly.

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I have written the above under sleepiness, and fear it may contain nonsense. If so, forgive him who only adds, that he is

Ever yours,

A. K.

——oo——

LETTER CLVI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

June 1. 1816.

My dear Friend,

You may be well surprized, that, though two letters in your debt, I have maintained a long silence; longer, I believe, than I have been guilty of for months, perhaps for years: certainly, I have not the excuse of too much occupation: unfortunately, however, I have the excuse of too little; and I have ever found, that, when least occupied, I have been least able to converse on paper; the same cause which suspends my studies, suspends, also, all my faculties. The truth is, then, that, though never quite overwhelmed with illness, since my last letter I have been so much indisposed, and so nervous, that I have been good for nothing; yet, though unable to give a good account of myself, I am unwilling any longer to appear ungrateful and unkind.

After having had at least one additional friend, every day, for the last fortnight, —— and I, this day, are left to our own devices; Mr. R. B—— having proceeded hence to Doneraile. I very greatly like him. There is about him a great fund both of good sense, and good feeling: he is manifestly full of the most unaffected and serious desire, to acquit himself as a zealous and useful clergyman; and I have not the least doubt, he will prove both one and the other. In his nature, and in his habit, I can well believe there has been a tendency, and no

slight tendency, to opinionativeness ; but I see, too evidently to be questioned, the religious principle efficiently at work, to remove every such peccancy ; and in matters religious and professional, he has (without losing an atom of his manliness) all the simplicity of an amiable child. He preached for me on Sunday last, a very solid, serious sermon ; it was very well and impressively delivered ; and it is but fair to add, that it edified and delighted high and low among my parishioners. To please me, he is moreover, one of the best readers, both of lessons and communion service, that I ever heard ; grave, and solemn, and affectionate, without the least tincture of the canting, or the lugubrious. I could not part from him to-day without much emotion, and he was also manifestly affected. I cannot but feel deeply interested for him, and most desirous that he should be soon comfortably settled ; convinced that the parish in which he is called to minister, will have reason to rejoice in obtaining such a pastor. H. W—— was here five or six days, and is, in all respects, going on as well as possible. I am very glad that you like my friend ——; and, at your leisure, I should be much obliged for a sketch, however slight, of the chief topics which engaged you.

Whenever I can sufficiently shake off my maladies, I shall be most desirous to resume my essay on the N. T. In autumn, I hope to submit to your inspection and castigation, at least the first draft of my MS.

I know you will excuse the incoherence of this hurried scrawl : were I to wait till I could write as I could wish, I should add to the self-accusation, which, with other causes, has concurred to keep my spirits down.

Farewell, my dear Friend.

Ever, most entirely and unalterably yours,

JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER CLVII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, June 22. 1816.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THOUGH I can, just now, write but few lines, those few must not be postponed.

In these trying times, it has been my lot, in common with multitudes of my brethren, to suffer my share of pecuniary inconveniences : it is gratifying, however, to feel, that I have not

the least reason to complain of my parishioners, and that we are mutually on the best possible terms; nor, on my part, shall any fair and manly efforts be wanting to keep things as they are: it has been my effort to blend firmness with conciliation; to act with the confidence of a man who is not afraid; and to let it be seen, that, in the concessions which humanity, and during the depreciation of agricultural produce, justice itself would demand, not even the suspicion of danger is an ingredient. As to the church at large, my mind is easy: there is one who will protect his own cause; and who, if that cause is to be ultimately served by intermediate adversity, will not fail to give needful strength and patience to those, who endeavor to be faithful. You may be sure that when the business which calls me to Dublin is at an end, I will hasten to B——: my stay there must, however, be short, on grounds which I think you will not disapprove. In my absence from home, (which, business apart, is most desirable on other grounds) I am desirous, as far as possible, to blend two objects; 1. The vigorous prosecution either of my book on the style of the N. T., or of the subject treated in the Appendix, or, perhaps, of both one and the other; 2. The improvement of my health, and restoration of my mind and spirits to a natural tone. Now for uniting these purposes, a facility has just presented itself unsought. Yesterday's post brought me a most affectionate letter from N——, urging me, on the score of health, to change the scene, and pass at his house a month or six weeks. His library, beyond any that I know, would aid my pursuits; and whenever needful, he could take me to the College library in the morning, and bring me back to dinner: thus my book would proceed, better, probably, than it could at home, while the quiet, cheerful, and congenial conversation of himself and Mrs. N., would, I know, do much for my nerves. Be it also added, that I might be laboring in another vocation: my last letter to —— has tended to make him, what he now is, an unqualified approver of the doctrine of the Appendix; and there is some reason to believe, that my talk may be not less serviceable than my letters.

You are doubtless perfectly aware, that I am not even mentally instituting a comparison, least of all an unfavorable comparison with B——. What place on this earth comprizes so much of good and happiness? And where (I speak with gratitude, and I trust with deep humility) could I meet a more cordial reception? But experience tells me that a transition, for any length of time, from total seclusion, to a mixture with many friends, though delightful in many and obvious respects, would, in the long run, be more likely to overset than to restore; it has been, in former instances, and it would too probably again,

be followed by a painful collapse. On the other hand, experience equally tells me, that daily and deep study, mingled with exercise, and relieved by daily and cheerful conversation, is the second best of mental medicines.

You shall see my poor papers, in return. I anticipate much pleasure and instruction, from that in which you have been engaged: I rejoice in your good news of your own health and spirits.

Pray remember me most affectionately to those kind and invaluable friends, whom I hope ere long to see.

Ever most entirely yours,

JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER CLVIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Aug. 9. 1816.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

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IT cannot, indeed, be denied, that abstractedly, a return to banishment is not agreeable in prospect; yet it may, and I trust it will, in the result, prove salutary. Perhaps, could I look into the depth of things, I could see, that the whole discipline of my three stations, at Swanlinbar, Cashel, and Abington, has been indispensable, for the purpose of working away certain mental incrustations: of this fact, I have often entertained surmizes, but just now, those surmizes rise almost into moral certainty; and I register this conviction, that, if need be, which I trust there will not, my present words may hereafter be cited against me: rather, indeed, I should say, cited for me, for J. J. a person of some rationality and common sense, against a certain spurious J. J. who labors under a complicated disorder, of mental morbidness, sturdiness, and weakness. To speak seriously, I am determined, with divine assistance, to wait events, in the assurance that they will be ordered for the best. If you have not suffered by it, I cannot and do not regret the talk of yesterday. It was an attack of malady, in which I thought aloud, what I have often thought silently: but by thinking in the hearing of a wiser than myself, I had the advantage of receiving, in return, sounder considerations, than I could myself have propounded; not one of which, I am hopeful, will lose its weight in the keeping. It is a result of my experience, as a self obser-

ver, that, when alone and morbid, I act, alternately, the part of a nervous repiner, and of a self corrector: on the late occasion, I doubt not that the correction kindly conveyed by you will be more profitable, than any which could have originated with myself; accordingly I adopt it cordially, and I trust that, when needful, I shall be enabled to repeat it faithfully. To-morrow I go to N——'s. My affectionate regards to my invaluable friends at B——.

Ever most entirely yours,
JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER 136.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, Aug. 12. 1816.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I THANK you for your prompt attention to all my little concerns, but I thank you still more for what is contained on the last page of your letter. I certainly anticipated such an acknowledgment; but I scarcely hoped for it so immediately, and, at the same time, so completely up to all my demand. As to future events, I feel, not surely as sensibly, but as sincerely as yourself, the desirableness of another situation; but if your own movement were to effect a change, how painful might it afterward be to feel that (from some cause or other) the main point, greater comfort, was not gained, and yet the business was taken out of the hand of all wise and all gracious Providence. I rejoice therefore, more than I can express, that you feel with me on this subject; and that I am not more sensible than you are, of the providence, as well as the Spirit of God, being a delicate thing. Certainly, to be under it, without reserve, in its inmost circle of action, is the greatest blessing, next to divine grace itself, that can be enjoyed in this lower world; and every thing is to be endured, rather than risk the loss of this sole pledge of safety. Doubtless, when a state cannot be endured, it may in reason be taken as a providential permission, if not call, to escape if one can. But the impossibility of bearing should be clearly made out, lest the sequel should prove the feeling erroneous. I have been formerly led to say of Mr. Wilberforce and his associates, that by their activity they seemed in danger of unconsciously injuring the machinery of Providence, which, however powerful as to final results, wrought, as it were, by silk strings; and that therefore, he who went blindly

in the mysterious workshop, might make wild work before he was aware. I am sure what is true in this, applies no less to individual life. But I must stop. The bell has rung for prayers, and I have got to prepare. Remember me to Dr. and Mrs. N.

Ever yours most cordially,

A. K.

——oo——

LETTER 137.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St, Oct. 11. 1816.

My dear Friend,

I write a line to acknowledge the receipt of yours, and to account for my silence. Business first kept me from all other occupation; though I wished it, I could not write even to you. I was thinking so closely, I could not break the chain. I wished to write too to C. F., to tell him that I very much liked his brother's thoughts on the Lord's Prayer. But my business, and every thing, have been interrupted for a fortnight, by (to me) a new complaint, an inflamed eye. This I hope is now off, but weakness remains; and therefore I must now deny myself the pleasure of saying one word more, except that I will attend to what you put into my hands, am much gratified by hearing from you, and with Miss F.'s kind remembrances, am ever yours,

A. K.

——oo——

LETTER 138.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., Oct. 14. 1816.

My dear Friend,

I have just put up your paper, for transmission to Mr. Taylor; I think it well worth sending forward. I have, however, taken one liberty, which I hope you will forgive. I have cancelled the note and its reference, and ventured to alter "cannot be denied," into "need not be disputed." As you doubted the grounds for your concession, and therefore explained, I thought it best to restrain the concession, and omit the mark in the margin, as appearing to me the only ambiguous passage in the whole; and also that alone which could, by any possibility, ex-

cite a personal feeling. I did it with hesitation, but I did it for the best.

I have not been able to read Albius, and therefore cannot venture to give an opinion; except, in general, that your idea appears to me right. I still think that the liturgy of our church constitutes the strong mark of distinction. To choose the language of antiquity, with which to address God for all spiritual blessings, is to adopt the guidance of antiquity, in the most essential way. The continental churches were very happy to have antiquity for their ally, in combating their opposers. But to take antiquity for the guide into God's nearest presence, is to give the fullest evidence of respect and confidence, that can be shown to any authority, below the supreme.

I wish you to read, attentively, what Pearson says on the article respecting the church. It strikes me that he says more, than any other protestant has ventured to say, but I should think not a tittle more, than the concurrent sense of scripture justifies and requires.

My writing grew upon me, and exists, as yet, in an unfinished, and almost unformed state. I examine the *justification* of the Epistle to the Romans, and the *perfection* of the Epistle to the Hebrews; and all I can yet say, is, that E. P., to whom I read what I have written, declares the reasoning to be close and conclusive. I mean to proceed with it as well as I can. But I fear I must still spare my eye, though should it go on for this week, as it has gone on during the last, my fears, on that account, I trust will be over. Perhaps, even now, they are unfounded; but as I am not sure, I will for the present bid you adieu, hoping that I committed no great error about the paper, and assuring you that I am ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

——oo——

LETTER CLIX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Oct. 18. 1816.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

DEARLY as I love to hear from you, I could almost wish you to be silent oftener and longer, from close application to such subjects as have lately engaged you, . . two of the most important, in the whole range of Scripture; but I own the truth, in this magnanimity, there is a mixture, I will not say of selfishness, but of complacent anticipation of both profit and pleasure, to

be ultimately derived to myself from your labors. At the same time, I would say, spare your eye, till you can work with perfect safety; and I presume your best criterion will be, the absence of painful sensation. This, I trust, you will soon feel.

It gives me pleasure, that you thought my hasty little paper worth sending: it is probably the general effect of literary solitude, to make people either over confident, or over timid; sometimes both, in rotation, as the nerves and spirits may be high, or low. Now, after sending you that paper, I was in a deep fit of timidity: my comfort was, that, if I had been playing the fool, you were the only human μαρτυς, and on your indulgence I could rely. Your approval has unexpectedly cheered me: and I trust that if, at any future time, the confident fit should come upon me, it will receive a salutary check from the same quarter: for, whilst I am in my right mind, such checks, coming from you, will be always acceptable. For your omission and alteration, you have my cordial thanks: had I been on the spot, I might have further modified the conception; but I dare say it will do perfectly well as it is.

I have been much engaged this week, in the Απομνημονευματα of Xenophon; of which I have nearly read through one half, with singular delight; and hope, in ten days, or thereabouts, to accomplish the remainder. One curious fact I have discovered, namely, that this attic writer abounds in sentences, affording the closest resemblance to Hebrew parallelism; sometimes cognate, sometimes antithetic, sometimes direct, and at other times alternate: as I have gone along, I amused myself by extracting the most striking parallelisms; and unless I am greatly mistaken, the collection, to say the least, would amuse you. But I have a further curious fact to mention: some of our ablest modern Grecians assert, and prove, that the Greek language of the most classic authors, abounds in orientalisms, especially hebraisms. And Xenophon himself is cited by one of them, to show, that, of all the dialects, the attic is the most miscellaneous. He says of the Athenians, whose promiscuous intercourse with other nations, growing out of their dominion of the sea, he had noticed a little before, φωνην την πασαν ακουοντες, εξελεξαντο τουτο μεν εκ της, τουτο δε εκ της· και οι μεν Ἑλληνες ιδιᾳ μαλλον, και φωνῃ, και διαιτῃ, και σχηματι χρωνται· Αθηναιοι δε κεκραμενη εξ απαντων, των Ἑλληνων, και βαρβαρων. De Republ. Athen. ii. 8.

This, as a matter of dialect, may perhaps chiefly relate to words and phrases: but may it not, in all probability, have relation, also, to the conformation of periods? Certain it is, that Xenophon, the most attic of prose writers, has more that approaches to the versicular manner of the Old and New Testa-

ments, than my limited studies, and more limited recollection, have enabled me to hit upon, in any or all the classics of my acquaintance. Had I Aristophanes, who is said to be atticissimus atticorum, I would search him: and, indeed, when I next visit Cashel, I propose bringing him home with me for that purpose.

It is now very late: and, considering your eye, it is high time to release you.

Ever my dear Friend, most entirely yours,

JOHN JEBB.

N. B. Need I send my best regards to Miss F.? Whether I write them or no, I always feel and mean them.

——oo——

LETTER 139.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, Dec. 29. 1816.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I DO not delay to answer your letter one unnecessary hour. I must, however, say very little, for though my eye is better, and I trust certain to be well, I am so cautioned against exciting it, lest I should bring on lasting weakness, that I refrain from every use of it that ever so slightly alters its feeling. I am, in short, abstemious, that I may the sooner, and the more freely return to indulgence.

I am slowly reading Dr. Ryland's (of Bristol) Life of Andrew Fuller. He was an interesting man; one of the wisest, and most moral-minded calvinists in his day. But it is strange that, within the narrow sphere of that prejudiced party, the boldest new-modelling of calvinism which the present day has seen, as bold as that of Baxter himself, should have been effected. In this view, and for other reasons, the book is worth your attention. I think of ordering his entire works. He possessed wonderful strength of mind; and is an instance how Providence can draw forth instruments, from the most unlikely quarter.

* * * * * *

Light is failing, and I suppose I have exercised my eye, which the severe cold of the air is affecting, as much as I ought for the present. Adieu. May happier and happier years be your portion, and may you have your own ample share in every blessing, which your kindness leads you to wish to me!

The people of this house would cordially join me in these expressions of my heart, and of their unfeigned feelings.

Believe me ever most cordially yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

——oo——

LETTER CLX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Jan. 2. 1817.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THIS evening I received your most acceptable letter. This post was a productive one, it also brought me the remains of Mr. Bowdler: I had been apprized, by a letter from Mr. I——, that they were on their way; and by one from Mrs. Jebb, that they had actually reached my brother's house. You probably know that they are not published, but are distributed among his friends; and I presume that *we* were placed on that list, through the good offices either of Mr. I——, or Lord C——. (By the bye, Mr. I—— begged to be most kindly remembered to you.) And now, I am about to try your eyes, with what, I think, you will be glad to read, an extract from ——'s letter; he had looked through Mr. Bowdler's volumes, and thus he writes about him: . . 'He was an extraordinary man, in ability, virtue, and attainments; and must have filled a most distinguished place in the world, if he had been restored to health. Perhaps it is a fanciful theory, but I think it not unlikely, that his example may be more striking and influential, than if had lived to the ordinary age of man, and attained the highest honors of his profession: in that case, he would have been confounded with the other great men, who have run the same career; and his success would have been referred to the ordinary cause, . . the diligent cultivation of fine talents, with, perhaps, somewhat of patronage. As it is, we dwell upon his high attainments in knowledge and virtue, with a peculiar interest: we see with what diligence the cultivated both; and what fruits he produced, at so early an age; and our view being thus limited, and not directed to the scenes of ambition wherein he would have been probably engaged, we have an unmixed example before us, meriting an imitation, not so much from its worldly success, as from its intrinsic excellence. Certainly, his early doom has given us one instructive lesson: his natural temper was ardent, and his estimate of his own powers was justly high; yet, with what noble resignation does he submit to the dispensation of Providence, which

clouded all his prospects of advancement! A man worn out with age and business, could not have retired from the world with more complacency, than this energetic young man relinquished all his earthly hopes.'

My reckoning is altogether erroneous, if this extract will not please you: divesting myself, as far as possible, of all partiality, I cannot but account it excellent; there is a vein of thought in it, very far, indeed, from common place; but what I most like, is, the evident turning in upon himself, the readiness, first to discover, and then to apply, perhaps the single point in that interesting young man's history, which is most exemplary and instructive; and, especially, the manifest growth, not merely of religious principle, but of religious taste and relish. All this appears to me to come out, in a manner so easy, so unsophisticated, so unpretending, and yet, withal, so introspective and so practical, that I own myself rejoiced at it. There is, moreover, a curious coincidence with some reflections, which I myself made, about a year ago, in a letter to ——, on the probability that Mr. Bowdler's early removal, whilst a blessing to himself, was rather an advantage, than a loss to the world, in the way of example.

The concluding paragraph of your letter, is, indeed a cordial to me: about eight and twenty years have now passed by, since I had first the happiness to see you: a period fraught with how many blessings, but how imperfectly improved! for the future, wishes such as yours, are an encouragement, beyond what words can express: they are, indeed, much more than mere wishes. You recollect, also, what S. Ambrose said to the mother of S. Augustin.

Adieu, my dear Friend,

Ever most affectionately yours,

J. Jebb.

——oo——

LETTER 140.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., Jan. 21. 1817.

My dear Friend,

You will like to have a few words from me, be they ever so limited. I read with great pleasure your last letter. I appreciate exactly as you do, the excellent remarks of —— on Mr. Bowdler, the last particular of which is admirable.

My eye certainly grows better, but I cannot venture yet to give it much exercise. I write with ease, what does not need

to be written with ocular care. But a letter written in the manner in which I put down thoughts for my own use, would be a queer specimen of penmanship. You may infer from the straggling gait of these my lines, that I am economizing my sight as much as possible.

I was much interested by an account of a Mr. R——, in your parish. One circumstance I should have been as well pleased to have not met. But Providence is not to be prescribed to, and strange things have always been happening. I suppose, however, it was a very lively dream. I shall be curious to know how the R. C.'s take the embracing of our communion, and what they think of *your* part in the transaction. What could you do, but what you did? They, however, seldom resort to the golden rule.

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

Mr. M——, our chaplain at the Orphan House, calls on me; and gives me great pleasure, by his equally anxious, and ingenuous desire to be settled, on what he begins to regard, as the only sure and intermediate stratum, between us and the Apostles and Prophets, the 'quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus creditum est.' R. D. has lately surprised me, by showing himself more impressed than I had reckoned upon, with a long cherished idea of mine (leading to the same great end) that the two witnesses in the Apocalypse, are the hierarchal church, and the succession of sects. If he only pursues this, it will lead him to every thing necessary. I have had also great satisfaction in a young naval officer, a son of M. C., who has maintained piety, through all the difficulties of his station, without ever resorting to society with doctrinal persons, as a support;' which, you may well conceive, he might have had, but which he avoided, rather than sought, in consequence of the obvious defects, which seemed to him to mark their religious character. He has made me talk largely to him; and has been surprised and delighted, to find so many obscure, but forcible instincts of his own, expanded and elucidated in my several conversations.

I must now stop. Adieu!

Ever yours,

A. K.

LETTER CLXI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Feb. 28. 1817.

My dear Friend,

After so long and strange an intermission, I am truly ashamed to think upon the date of your last letter, which ought to have been answered without the delay of a single post. My silence, however, has been anti-voluntary. A more than usually severe winter illness has been upon me; all literary pursuits have been inevitably suspended; and, except in cases of indispensable business, I have shrunk even from the commonest letter. Still, it is a matter of gratitude, that, while my mind has been inactive, it has not been uncomfortable; that bodily indisposition, united to ultra-monastic seclusion, has not pressed upon my spirits; that I have had small symptoms of inward morbidness, and none of inward repining; and that I look forward to better times, more cheerfully, than, perhaps, I could do, after a winter campaign of extraordinary exertion. All this egotism, I know you will tolerate and pardon; and with our last conversations at B—— before my mind's eye, I am willing to believe, that it may afford you some degree of satisfaction.

You were interested by the circumstances connected with the death of my late parishioner Mr. R——; they were certainly very extraordinary; and I cannot affect to say, that they did not gratify me very deeply. In many places, they have made more noise, than could be wished by men, who, like my curate and myself, desire to pass inobtrusively and unostentatiously through life; but when things happen out of the common course, people will talk: and we must only rest satisfied in the consciousness, that we acted with singleness and simplicity. Mrs. R—— has been passing the last two months in the neighborhood of Thurles, the Roman Catholic metropolis of Munster: the history of her husband's last days, I am told, has produced a great sensation in that quarter; especially as the protestants thereabouts, who, it is to be feared, have little feeling of religion, and much feeling of party spirit, regard the matter as a sort of triumph. It is needless to say, that, in this house, we neither ourselves view the occurrence in this light, nor have been the authors to others, that they should so view it: but we can only answer for honestly and prudently endeavoring to do our duty, and must leave consequences in higher hands. More stress may have been laid, by some, than ought to be laid, on Mr. R——'s dream: —— and

I regard it as no more than a very lively dream: perhaps, while he was asleep; perhaps, one of those waking hallucinations, which, in nervous illness, I myself have occasionally experienced; but, whether dream or hallucination, it answered the happiest purpose; and doubtless it did not come, without its providential commission.

During the course of our visits to Mr. R——, the immediate feeling, even amongst the lowest order of Roman Catholics, was any thing but hostile. One day, while I was confined by illness, —— went by himself: on his return, he met two or three peasant farmers; they inquired with anxiety after Mr. R——'s health (he was greatly beloved), and they showed cordiality, and almost a feeling of obligation, to ——, saying, 'God bless you, sir, you have done your duty.' It must be owned, however, that the priests of Newport, in their visits to Mr. R——, discovered much honest bigotry. They told him, that, by marrying a protestant, and by suffering his daughters to be educated as protestants, he had for years been living in mortal sin; and that, as an indispensable atonement, he must cause them to conform to the catholic church: they also spoke, with marked disapprobation and severity, of his reading heretical books, and especially my sermons. You will observe, that our Roman catholic, and church of England parishes, are not exactly conterminous: and hence, though living in the same house, Mr. R—— was a parishioner of Newport, Mrs. R—— of Abington. I did not, therefore, immediately clash, with the priest of my own parish. However, he and his curate attempted to see Mr. R——; whose mind being fully made up, their services were civilly, but firmly declined. Since these occurrences, I have happened, more frequently than usual, to meet him, and to confer with him respecting the relief of our poor: there not only has been no coldness, in his manner toward —— and me; there has been very great, and, I am persuaded, very unaffected cordiality. Yesterday, indeed, something new and unexpected took place, and I am much mistaken if we shall not hear more of it. Mr. C—— requested I would lend him Chillingworth's works. I, of course, complied; and at the same time, expressed very plainly, my opinion of Chillingworth: the subject thus broached, Mr. C—— intimated, that he had read the appendix to my sermons, having gone to Thurles, and procured permission to do so from Archbishop Bray. From the manner in which he spoke, I judged it right to present him with my volume; he received it with evident gratification, and said, that, if ever he should print a volume, he would request my doing him the favor to accept a copy. He is, undoubtedly, a man of no mean talents; devoted to his church and order; and I shrewdly suspect, that he has not only

received permission, but been enjoined by his superiors, to prepare himself controversially. He said, among other things, that, if I would receive them, he would take the liberty to offer a few observations in writing, upon the appendix. I replied, that I would gladly receive any such observations; but that I would by no means promise to engage in controversy, wishing to live with him on friendly terms. It is my belief, that he thinks I have placed myself on ground, which I am not entitled to occupy; and that he will, most probably, endeavor to prove the church of England less catholic, than we would make her. On these points, I am without pain or terror; but I presume you will agree with me, that controversy with a popish priest is to be deprecated and avoided.

One little circumstance I had almost forgot mentioning: that, about the time of our visits to Mr. R——, the ladies of a respectable Roman Catholic family told my neighbor Mrs. S——, that they had heard much of Mr. Jebb's sermons; and, (Mrs. S. having the volume) begged to borrow it. After having read and returned, they borrowed it a second time.

From different quarters I have learned, with great pleasure, that your health has been good: I trust that your eyes also have been gaining strength. How go on your pupils D—— and M——? It is something, in these times, to have any growing friends of real catholicity. You know, probably, that we are to have an ordination at Cashel. I go over about the 10th to examine, and propose devoting next week to preparation.

H. W—— was with me lately. I never had such unmingled satisfaction in his society.

Farewell! Ever most entirely yours,

JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER 141.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., March 10. 1817.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I CHOSE to defer writing, until I could direct to Cashel; as, otherwise, my letter might have missed you. Your letter gratified me exceedingly; and especially that part, which you accused of egotism. Such egotism, will always contribute to my sincerest comfort. I am more than willing to sympathize with you, when you have painful things to communicate; but, when you have pleasant matters to tell of yourself, you would vio-

late kindness, by withholding a single thought which presented itself on a subject, to me amongst the most interesting on this earth. For what have I on earth but my friends? And I have no friend, of whose cordial and simple attachment I can be more assured, than of yours; because I set you down as one of the honestest men in this world; and your expression of kindness to me, has conveyed the language of the heart.

I like exceedingly your mode of conduct to Mr. C——. You will probably soon see Dr. Everard; and I think you might cautiously intimate to him, the notification of your neighbor respecting the appendix, and your determination to live in peace; at the same time, expressing readiness to listen to any remark, however in itself hostile, which was made in a friendly way; being always desirous to have an answer, in your own mind, to every possible objection, however unsuitable you might deem it, to engage in hopeless controversy. I must not name Dr. E., without adding my testimonial, to his unfeigned kindness, and honest candor. I never liked him so well, as in my intercourse with him, when he was last in Dublin; that is, a few weeks ago. In short, I never felt myself so safe in answering him, as since our last conversations. Give him a copy, I pray you, if you have not already. Possibly, however, you will be at Cashel, while he is in the neighborhood.

It is remarkable, indeed I may say curious, that, at this moment, a work is preparing for publication, which says more on your side and mine, than any contemporary writer within my knowledge. It is to be a small volume, or large pamphlet, against the Bible Society. I have got the sheets from a friend in the printing office, who knew it would interest me. The writer is a great antagonist of the Bible Society, but he takes strong and comprehensive ground. Who he is, I cannot even yet venture to guess.* I must give you one or two specimens of his manner.

'The latitudinarianism of the Bible Society, will be found no less injurious to the interests of the church, if we consider the Romanists. The great diversity of sects among protestants, has always been, to those people, one of the greatest stumbling-blocks in the way of reformation; nor can this obstacle be removed, unless churchmen act as a separate body. The united church has renounced the *errors* of popery, but no more. It has steadily observed the mean, between superstition, on the one hand, and fanaticism or philosophism, on the other. And thus it has departed much less from the church of Rome, than any other political communion existing in these countries. We,

* The unknown writer proved to be William Phelan, whose Life and Remains were among the last labors of Bishop Jebb... Ed.

as well as the Romanists, belong to the athanasian episcopal church; we can boast of an uninterrupted apostolical succession; we condemn heresy and schism, as in themselves offences; and recognize the first four councils, as explanatory of the essential articles of belief.'

He gives an interesting quotation from Tillotson's 27th sermon (which look for), the concluding words of which are, 'When the additions which the church of Rome has made to the ancient christian faith, and their innovations in practice, are pared off, that which remains of their religion is ours.'

The writer proceeds, 'Now, it is extremely improbable, that an uneducated peasant will be able, by the mere reading of the Bible, to pare off precisely those additions and innovations, and no more: particularly, when he is encouraged to rely altogether upon his own skill; and entrusted with the uncontrolled use of the pruning knife.'

After remarking on the care of our reformers, to furnish due aids for reading the Scripture with profit, he proceeds.

'I am the more anxious to recall this to the recollection of the reader, because, in our days, the reformation is spoken of in very indiscriminating language; though, perhaps, it would be difficult to find an instance of two occurences, comprehended under one name, which are really more different, or ought more cautiously to be distinguished, than the English, and the continental, reforms of religion.' (What do you think of this, my friend? Do you not wonder?) 'In truth, this latter was little else than a series of popular commotions, raised, undoubtedly, in a very just cause; and headed by men of great talents, and courage, and perseverance. But they were, in general, persons of obscure stations, and warm tempers; exposed to considerable personal difficulties; and precipitated, by their zeal and their circumstances, into situations, too likely to enkindle a dangerous enthusiasm. The consequences are well known. The recoil of enthusiastic reformation was impetuous and extravagant; and there was scarcely one prominent corruption of the Romish times, which may not be contrasted by some opposite error, of the Scotch, and continental reformers. The papists had loaded religion with a multitude of unmeaning ceremonies: their opponents would bereave it of all, even the most significant rites. The one had introduced a tawdry pomp into God's service; the others would strip it of its simplest ornaments. The former had attributed a sort of magical influence to the sacraments; the latter would degrade their dignity, and neutralize that efficacy which the Scriptures ascribe to them. If the papists conceded too little to the people, the reformers conceded too much. The one refused them the reading, the others permitted them the ex-

pounding of the Word of God. The one urged tradition, as a rule of faith equal to the written word; the others were too prone to reject, altogether, the judgment of antiquity. The former exaggerated human imbecility, so as to maintain the necessity of an external infallible guide; the latter either unduly exalted the power of reason, or asserted the immediate illumination of the Holy Spirit, of which they allowed every individual to be the witness and the judge, in his own case. The papists attached extravagant importance to communion with the invisible church: the reformers indulged themselves in a most capricious licentiousness of separation.'

Tell Miss B. I thank her cordially for her letter.

Ever yours,

A. K.

LETTER CLXII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Friday, 6th of June, 1817.

My dear Friend,

You will be glad to hear that I have continued on the mending hand. I entertain no doubt that Mrs. L——'s kind prescription has been attended with that virtue, which one could naturally look for, in whatever comes from that quarter.

I have seen Mr. Phelan: his countenance is a letter of recommendation; open, animated, I may say, illuminated: he has unaffected modesty about him: think of his asking me, with great hesitancy, whether I thought any copies of his pamphlet could be sent to London? it was his own opinion, that it would not be worthy of being so sent. This I consider a very good symptom. His mind, and I believe his affections, are bent on better pursuits; and I am sure you will find in him a pupil, very much to your satisfaction. He is to dine with me on Sunday, at my brother's; and to come two or three hours before dinner, that we may talk.

Ever, my dear Friend,

Most entirely yours,

John Jebb.

LETTER 142.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

July 21. 1817.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THOUGH a return of weakness in my eye greatly unfits me for letter-writing, I cannot defer telling you, however briefly, with what concern I heard of your late illness. I am comforted, at the same time, by being told, that your malady may be subdued, by care, and proper management; and I think with pleasure, that a kind female friend was with you, to administer those attentions, which, I know by experience, females only can fully afford. I am ready to persuade myself, that this late definite illness is a good thing. It explains your case, and indicates the means of effectual relief; which could scarcely have been hit upon, while undefinable symptoms left practice in the dark. I do not wish you to write one line to me, until you can do it with perfect comfort; and confiding that you will not, I shall rejoice unfeignedly, at the first sight of your handwriting. Your friends here will join me in that feeling, for certainly none love and value you more. I must say no more, or lose the opportunity of telling you, how solicitous I am for your complete recovery, and your happiness in every way. Adieu, therefore, for the present, and believe me

Ever most affectionately and deeply yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

——oo——

LETTER CLXIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, July 25. 1817.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I CAN NOW, without inconvenience, and with true pleasure, write you a few lines. The illness, the severest I have ever had, was long, painful, and trying. I was borne through it, however, wonderfully: in every respect, Providence has been very good to me; the presence of Mrs. J. F——, in particular, was inestimable, both from her unwearied and kind attention to myself, and from her keeping up the spirits of my dear friend C——, who has actually thriven and improved in health, under incessant and laborious nurse-tending. The 'definite illness,'

I quite agree with you, is 'a good thing;' and further, I do trust it is the commencement of a change in my constitution. The gall-stones, I am willing to hope, are removed; at all events, within the last four or five days, I have been gaining manifest and rapid ground. To-day I took, according to express medical direction, an airing on a common car, and on the roughest road; and the shaking has not fatigued me. Cheltenham is peremptorily ordered by the physicians; and it is also ordered, that C. F. should accompany me. Mr. Madder undertakes our duty; next week we propose setting off for Dublin, on Thursday the 31st, and hope to sail early the week after.

I am wondrously thin, after a month's use of the strongest medicines, with the least possible nourishment: but every one says I look clearer in countenance, and have more life in my eyes, than I have had, or have looked, for many years.

Pray have the goodness to give my most affectionate regards to my kind and invaluable friends.

Ever most entirely and unalterably yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER CLXIV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Drumcondra, August 10. 1817.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

EVEN two or three lines, previous to my sailing, may not be altogether unacceptable. We reached town on Tuesday, after a most prosperous journey. Every hour on the road, I seemed to gain additional strength and spirits; and since my arrival, it has been quite needless to have recourse to medicine. I am naturally thinner, than I have been for years; in which, you will agree, there is no harm: I also both look and feel better, than I have done for a long while; and, under Providence, I look forward to air, exercise, and variety, to the cheerfulness of an English town, and perhaps the sight of some English friends, rather more hopefully than to the Cheltenham waters, as the probable means of re-establishing my health.

Before my return, I propose visiting London, when I shall consult the first physician to be had: at this deserted season, I fear Dr. Baillie may be out of town. Any commission, I shall have great pleasure in executing; a line will probably find me, any time within this fortnight, directed to the post-office, Chel-

tenham. C. F. is delicate, and I trust that this excursion will be serviceable to him in many respects, but especially in the grand point of health.

I have had two long sittings with Mr. Morrison. C. F. gave many hints, but my altered face gave more; and I hope the medallion, which I beg of him to bring for your acceptance, may present you with a tolerable likeness. That which you kindly promised me of yourself, I have taken the liberty to request Mr. Morrison will bring me to-morrow; I wish to take it with me to England, and on the morrow we are to sail.

I beg my most affectionate regards to our invaluable friends.

Ever most entirely yours,

JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER 143.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Sept. 1. 1817.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE strangely omitted availing myself of the guidance for writing to you, which you gave me, in your kind letter, just before leaving Ireland. I ought not, however, to have used the word *strangely*, for the explanation is easy. I was engaged in a part of my long writing, which I found hard to manage to my satisfaction; and I could not turn to any thing else, until I had cleared my mind of that difficulty. At length I somehow succeeded; though perhaps even this is too much to say. At all events, I am disburthened for the present; and I gladly turn to you, to tell you, that by informing me, from time to time, how you go on, you will gratify me inexpressibly. I am, on every account, interested about you; and few things on earth could give me the same cordial pleasure, as the being assured of your radical and lasting convalescence.

I could find so many things to say to you, that to choose what best fits my purpose, might require some thought. You will like to hear of your friends in this house. Mr. L. felt much more the death of his brother, than people of his age generally do; but he called up both his reason and his religion to his aid. Mrs. L. is well: she went to town on Friday to show the Orphan House to Mr. ——, and returned to dinner.

I do not wonder, I confess, that they who mean well, but do not like to think deeply, should be fascinated with the magnitude and grandeur, into which the Bible Society has grown. I

have just read the 13th report (not the appendix) sent by Mr. —— to Mrs. L.; and I justly acknowledge, that nothing can be more gratifying, externally, to its early advocates, than the high fashion, at which the plan has arrived. I willingly allow, that such progress, and such extension, must be providential; but, in my mind, it is mysteriously providential. It is one of those 'ways of heaven' which are 'dark and intricate;' of which we are certain that they must ultimately lead to good, but what they may intermediately involve, we cannot ascertain, and may even think of with awe. A great, and singularly general effort is made; a proportional result will be looked for: an improvement in those for whose religious instruction, this ponderous, though simple machinery, is set in motion, answerable to the cost and labor. If this comes, all will be well; if it does not come, if men remain not one whit better than before, will not the means relied upon, be in danger of desertion? Will not the Sacred Volume be exposed to depreciation, in one class, from disappointment, in another class, from familiarity? A collapse has hitherto followed every case of religious excitement, with which we are acquainted; such an excitement as that in question, the world never before witnessed; never before beheld such a concurrence of high and low, gay and grave, rigid and relaxed, princes and subjects, in one object, and that a religious object. The crusades, when that fever was highest, made more noise, but were scarcely more variously patronized. The great point is, how will all this end? The growing fervor, makes stealthy subsidence more unlikely than ever. What, therefore, it will become, or how the activity will return to rest, is a question as curious, as it is (at this moment) inexplicable.

Even its friends, if honest, must acknowledge one bad symptom; its inefficacy in improving its fashionable patrons. Busy as they are in giving the Bible, they appear to take to themselves as little of it as ever. They are confessedly drawing the good people, and their children (as the C. O. laments) into contact with them; while *they* are just what they were before. All which threatens, that the meal is more likely to work upon the leaven, than the leaven upon the meal.

A remarkable fact is, the co-operation, here and there, of Roman catholics. This, I presume, will not long be borne by their chief. He has spoken already, to the annoyance, or rather to the joy of political anti-catholics (as it gives a new argument). This will lead to a schism, between him, and part of his flock. In truth, the times are strange. They tempt to calculation; yet who can calculate?

I must stop, or lose the opportunity. All here are cordially

interested about you. Give my love to C. F., and believe me,
Ever more yours than I can express,
ALEX. KNOX.

——oo——

LETTER CLXV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Cheltenham, Sept. 6. 1817.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAD been waiting, chiefly in expectation of a letter from you, and partly in hopes, by delay, of being enabled to speak decisively of my health. Both purposes are now answered: your kind letter of the 1st has reached me; and I can report well of myself. Yesterday, I had my third interview with Dr. Boisragan; who is entirely satisfied that the waters have already been of signal service, nor do my own feelings in the least contradict him. Throughout, he has assured me, that I do not labor under the slightest organic derangement; that my complaints are surmountable, by proper management; that my constitution is excellent, &c. &c. He permits me to leave this on Wednesday next, the 10th; and promises to furnish me with directions how I am to treat myself; adding, that all will nearly be comprized in the prescription of Sydenham: R. carneam dietam, et equitationem. Having plunged, according to epic rules, in medias res, I must retrace a few of my steps hitherward. With the exception, then, of a two days not unuseful confinement at Leominster, my health was good, throughout the entire journey. The weather, as we passed through Wales, was most favorable; the scenery delighted me; and the delight was heightened by showing it, for the first time, to C. F., who entered fully into the spirit of travelling, at once, for health, and pleasure. By a pleasant detour, we enjoyed the classic ground of Ludlow Castle, and Ross; the historical importance of the former, sunk, in my estimate, before the delightful associations of Comus; and the richly diversified scenery of the latter, was heightened by the panegyrical strains of Pope; not, however, without some drawback, on learning that, in a few particulars, the panegyric was indebted, for materials, to poetical amplification. The waters of this place are so salutary, that I cannot help forming the wish, of our making, in some future, and not distant year, a joint excursion hither. I am almost morally certain you would derive great bebefit: the place, indeed, does not afford many attractions; I am already heartily tired of a lounging life, with scarce the sha-

dow of society: but all manner of accommodations are plentiful, excellent, and by no means extravagantly dear; the possible, and not improbable occurrence of a contemporary visit to Cheltenham of two or three congenial individuals, or still better, of one or two such families, would make all the difference in the world; and, at the very worst, for two or three weeks, we could be tolerably independent of external circumstances. We met here my old friend P. M——, who retains all his original good-natured simplicity of character; and, what did not injure him with my fellow-traveller or myself, a cordial veneration for you. We have also met, and taken to, your gallant relation, Colonel T——: a fine, manly, natural character; a most favorable specimen of the able, enterprising soldier, who has cultivated, both by reading, and by observation, strong natural talents; mingled largely with mankind, in the most diversified walks of life; and contracted no blemish from the intermixture. When introduced to me by M——, as your intimate friend, he took to me at once, as he did also to C. F. We brought him last Sunday to the Cathedral of Gloucester; he breakfasting, dining, and tea-drinking, at our small cottage house. The day was, I believe, mutually agreeable; since, we have not seen so much of him, his acquaintance being numerous, and his engagements many; ours, precisely the reverse.

A few days ago, I had a letter from our good friend H. B——, in which he makes the kindest inquiries about you. This letter was written a full month ago; and had travelled to Limerick, Dublin, &c. &c. intermediately. It conveyed the unpleasing tidings, that he had been, and still was seriously ill, though then somewhat convalescent. He had been struck with a coup de soleil, at the opening, on an intensely hot day, of Wellington Bridge. Poor fellow, I trust he is now quite re-established; at the same time, I do not like such repeated attacks. The model of you, which I carried over, I intend giving to H. B.; depending on a supply for myself, to be furnished by Mr. Morrison on my return. There is scarcely any one on this earth, who would more deeply prize the likeness, for the sake of the original, than H. B. At the same time, such are the chances and changes of this mortal life, that I can only give the model with a clause of resumption; Mr. Morrison might die, or lose the use of his hands, in which case, without such a clause, I might lose that which I value as I will not say. I hope Mr. M. has not furnished you with the model of my physiognomy: by a few more touches, it can be probably made, what it is not yet, a good likeness. H. B. inclosed me a note from the President of Magdalen College, to Messrs. Cadell and Davies, requesting them to transmit a copy of his third vol. to me, 'the author of a highly

meriting volume of sermons, published by them.' The note was dated in Feb. 1816: and, I presume, by some negligence of my publishers, remained so long unforwarded. This attention of Dr. R. is surely pleasant: in so wording an open note to my publishers, he expresses an open, unqualified, and almost public approbation of my volume.

It is my purpose to proceed, from hence, to Bath and Bristol: probably to catch a glimpse of Hannah More, and more than a glimpse of the S——s: thence, to see Captain V. at B.; visiting Oxford, Windsor, &c.; thence to London; afterwards home. This migrating variety, I believe, will be more serviceable than medicine or water. I have just had a most kind letter from the Archbishop, setting me at ease as to my parish, and recommending most earnestly such changes of scene, as may most amuse my mind.

With every word you say about Bible Societies, I most entirely coincide: indeed, I have again and again spoken, if not written, the substance of it: the difference is, I did not say it so well. Pray give my most cordial and affectionate regards to our friends at B. C. F. tells me to remember him most kindly to you: so did Col. T——.

Ever, my dear Friend,

Most entirely yours,

J. J.

——oo——

LETTER CLXVI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Henbury, Bristol, Sept. 22. 1817.

My dear Friend,

The first sedentary morning which I have had at my command, I may say, for weeks, I devote to you; would it could be in the way of vivâ-voce conference! But what I can enjoy, I will enjoy; The more cheerfully, because I persuade myself, that, however indisposed to write letters, you will not be sorry to receive one, from your absent friend and pupil. The date of this, is a sufficient indication, that I am happily settled, in the best quarters: this is the twelfth day, since our sojournment commenced with this worthy family; of whom, I must say, that, individually and collectively, they have done every thing that kindness could prompt, and very extended powers of pleasing could execute, to promote our comfort and enjoyment. It is my sober judgment, that intellectually, morally, and spiritually, the two couple with whom we now are, father and mother, son and daughter, are in

that state which your heart could wish. There is not among us a discordant note; and, under Providence, thanks to Cheltenham, to constant exercise, and to a temporary vacation from all thoughtfulness and care, my mind seems in a better tone, than for years past it has been, for the calm and cheering enjoyment of the society, in which I am so happily placed. The other morning, Mr. S. told —— that he could not form on this earth a picture of superior pleasure, to what would arise from our present party, if only, it had the trifling addition of a certain individual, not far from Dawson Street or B——. It is literally true, that the good people here thirst after your society; and Mr. S—— assures us, that, in England, you would find many, who, in past days, were rather jealous of you, and of your ways of thinking, now cordially disposed to listen and improve: one good consequence this, of the strange excesses, but too painfully prevalent, in the religious world: H. B., too, tells me, that Mr. Pearson is delighted with a letter of yours, respecting the subject of justification, which he (H. B.) lent to him (Mr. P.): he does not, indeed, coincide with every shade of sentiment and expression; but he hesitates not to say, that he never before met any thing on the subject, so much to his mind; and that he is astonished at meeting so close a resemblance, to what he had been working out for himself. Of these things, and of much more, which I hope orally to tell you, I trust you will be disposed to think; and thinking, to recollect, that you are not to confine yourself to Ireland, but to scatter, in the prepared soil of this country, some good seed, which, hereafter, if it please God, may produce a harvest of good fruits.

It is time to say, that, on Tuesday last, we (including this family) went over to breakfast at Barley Wood. The S—— party proceeded, after breakfast, on a further excursion, which occupied the remainder of Tuesday and Wednesday; a portion of time that C. F. and I passed most agreeably, with Hannah More and her sister. Feeling, as they do very deeply, the sad breach made in their circle, they are wisely, cheerfully, and piously submissive, to this appointment of Providence; and neither their talents, nor vivacity, are in the least subdued. I am disposed to believe that they will be blessed to the last, with the retention of those faculties, which they have employed so well. With Patty, I had a long and interesting conversation, of the most strictly confidential nature, on the subject of which you are aware, and on which, also, I am hereafter to confer with you. This interesting woman is suffering, with exemplary patience, the most excruciating pain; not a murmur escapes, though, at night especially, groans and cries are inevitably extorted; and, the moment after the paroxysm, she is ready to resume, with full interest and

animation, whatever may have been the subject of conversation. Hannah is still herself: she took C. F. and me, a drive to Brockley Combe; in the course of which, her anecdotes, her wit, her powers of criticism, and her admirable talent of recitation, had ample scope: poor I, was, of course, put in requisition, and strove to acquit myself, not indeed as I wished, but as I could. It remains for me to say, that you hold a high place in the affection of both sisters; and that they desired to be remembered to you, with all possible kindness and cordiality. On the whole, though not unmingled with melancholy, the impression of this visit to Barley Wood is predominantly agreeable, I might, indeed, use a stronger word: differences of opinion, there do, it cannot be denied, exist; but they are differences, on their part, largely the growth of circumstances; differences, too, which will vanish, before the earliest beams of eternity: I parted with them, as noble creatures, whom, in this world, I never might again behold; and while I felt some pangs, which I would not willingly have relinquished, it was with deep comfort, that I looked forward in hope to an hereafter, when we might meet without any of those drawbacks, in some shape or other, inseparable, perhaps, from the intercourse of mortals.

I had forgotten to say, that Hannah More showed the S——s and me with triumph, our joint offering of Nicole, and begged I would tell you that I had seen it. It may be joined as something cognate, that the appearance of the model of your countenance, produced vivid emotion in this house; two copies were instantaneously bespoke, through me; I deposited that which I brought over, with Mr. S., to his great delight; and I trust that no untoward circumstance, affecting the life or health of our ingenious artist, may oblige me to reclaim it. A stipulation for the power of doing which, I could not, in justice, omit to make.

* * * * * *

These invaluable friends, whose house, and whose hearts, are alike hospitably open; whose unaffected piety is congenial to my best feelings, I would deliberately choose as companions utriusque mundi; not the frivolous and half-hearted associates of this life's fleeting hour, but spirits, with whom, I humbly trust, may be enjoyed an everlasting intercommunity. This day se'nnight (Monday 29.), we set out for Captain V——'s at B——. From London we hope to visit Lord and Lady B—— at T——, who have sent us a most friendly invitation. The I——s hope I will make their house at B—— R—— my hotel; and with them I anticipate some comfortable intercourse. Thus, thanks to Him, who careth for us, and raiseth up friends when we most need them, I am, in the pleasantest way, recruiting both health and spirits. There is something refreshing in

this country; and its hospitality is of the most sterling, unadulterated, unoppressive character.

Pray, pray write me a few lines, addressed to me at Captain V——'s. I am shut up alone, and therefore cannot offer those affectionate remembrances from your friends, which, otherwise, I should doubtless be largely commissioned to do.

Ever most unalterably yours,

JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER 144.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson Street, Sept. 24. 1817.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I SHOULD before this have thanked you for your gratifying letter, had not the weakness of my eye impeded me. * *

Your letter was truly pleasant, except what concerned H. B; but your note has comforted me respecting him. I need not say that I am most cordially interested about him. If I were not, I should be blind to merit, and insensible to most particular kindness, which I trust I know how to value.

I began this letter some days ago, but a fit of illness stopped me. Where you may be when this reaches Bristol, I do not know; but it will find its way to you, through the kind care of him, whose name I shall add to yours. I shall be much gratified, by hearing of the friends with whom you have been. Could I transport myself to them by a wish, they should often see me. I am not conscious of a tendency to forget kindness; but my failure of feeling, as well as memory, would be extreme, could I ever cease to remember, with cordial gratitude, the friendship of Mr. and Mrs. S., and Mrs. H. B.

Dr. E. Percival has told me, that he thinks he met you, going to Barley Wood. If so, I should be particularly desirous to hear from you respecting Mrs. H. M. I have had a good account of her health from Dr. P. (whom by the way Mrs. H. M. and his own relations, have persuaded to go off, forthwith, to settle at Bath.) He also told me, that she wished to have an opportunity of scolding me, for having prejudiced so many against the Bible Society, such as the Archbishop of Cashel, Mr. H——, and Sir T—— A——. If you have been with her, you have of course exhausted a portion of her resentment. The remainder, I am little likely to call into exercise; at all events, it is a subject on which I have no wish to talk with Mrs.

H. M. I am sure I could not ever make myself intelligible to her. We both value and wish for the same religious affections, the same, I mean, in substance; but we have quite different ideas of the best method of exciting them. And not only our views, but our habits of mind, put (at least circumstantial) agreement, wholly out of the question.

The longer I live and reflect, the more I am convinced, that christianity must be impressively exhibited,* as well as clearly notified, in order to either deep, or general effect. Had notification been deemed sufficient, had *it* been regarded as the main point, the two tables, written by the Divine hand, would have been set up on high, in some conspicuous place, where the legible traces of the Almighty, might have been read of all men. But, instead of being exposed, they were shut up in unapproachable secrecy. Their contents were made known, by the appointed agents, to all; but the sacred pledge itself, was within the ark of the testimony; that, within the holy of holies; that, within a veil, which the high priest, alone, was permitted to enter. These appointments, no doubt, were typical of better things; but they were, also, accommodations to human nature; to that animality, which is still the same; and which now, as really as then, must be consulted, in order to the engagement of the whole man. The mysterious sanctity of the temple effected that, which no simple notification could have effected. Miracles were forgotten, by the adults who witnessed them. The temple, and its significant services, laid hold of the young mind, and produced the glowing sentiment, 'I was glad when they said unto me, we will go up unto the house of the Lord.' What this habit, occasionally, implied, even in the most degenerate times, we see in the devotedness of Anna, and in the sweet song of Simeon. How few, in the modern religious world, appear to approach these Jewish saints, in spirituality of heart and life.

The truth is, human nature, in each individual, has received a world of impressions, before it becomes susceptible of verbal notification. God has so ordered it; and this state of man must remain, until we be as the angels of God in heaven. If provision, therefore, be not made, for introducing religion with the first impressions; and if, on the contrary, reliance be placed on notification solely; individuals may no doubt be drawn to religion, sometimes scantily, sometimes numerously, but still it will not be by mere notification, but also by a sympathetic energy, an influence of confraternity, without which, mere notification has ever proved fruitless. This fact was exemplified,

* See Butler's Charge.

in puritanism, pietism, and methodism. And now, in proportion as the social feeling is becoming less intense, the effect on individual character, also, becomes more and more equivocal. Yet what now takes place, is but the repetition of that collapse, which has always followed such excitements.

In the mean time, what are the professing friends of religion doing? Regardless of experience, ancient and modern, stated and occasional, as well as of all the laws of human nature, they, in a degree which transcends all precedent, trust to notification, in the simplest and most abstract form. They expect, that the unsustained, unenforced knowledge of the mere text of Scripture, will accomplish on human nature, what establishments and sects have failed in.

Is it possible to behold these movements, and not to adopt St. Paul's words, 'I bear them witness, that they have a zeal, but not according to knowledge?' Let them show, if they can, that they have either experience, or reason, with them. But I deeply fear the reaction of this unexampled impulse; I fear an epidemic contempt of the sacred volume, thus (I cannot but suspect) rashly vulgarized, which a century may not be sufficient to work off.

The L——'s are all well. You cannot say too much for me, to my valuable friends at Henbury, nor to Mrs. H. M., notwithstanding her resentment. Adieu. Tell me about yourself. Believe me this is a subject, on which I am susceptible of pain and pleasure, not to be expressed in common language.

Ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

P. S. My cordial love to C. F.

——oo——

LETTER CLXVII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Oct. 28. 1817.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

MANY circumstances, which need not now detain me from the purpose of writing, if possible, to the purpose, prevented me from executing my frequent wish of replying to your last letter. Of our movements, since leaving the excellent S——s, you have probably heard somewhat through Lady B——. Just now, I have completed within a day of a fortnight in this house, since leaving Tunbridge. The whole of that time has been a period of indisposition: every day but about two, I have been

confined, chiefly to my bed, entirely to my room; and though now, I trust, beginning to be convalescent, I am still very weak, and cannot look for a rapid recovery of sufficient strength, and stamina, for a homeward journey: this, I shall be obliged by your mentioning to the good Archbishop; as, especially after the carte blanche which he so kindly gave me, I should be pained to appear a voluntary prolonger of my absence from the post of duty. I know he will both permit and advise Mr. M——, how to procure the necessary aid, from a stated assistant, during the remainder of my needful stay. These things I should mention directly to his Grace, but I feel myself deeply in arrear to you, and my strength is unequal, just now, to more than one letter.

You are not to feel discouraged, by this partial return of the complaint which occasioned my migration. Mr. Pearson, and the family apothecary of this house, a man of particular experience in this very complaint, both like my general organic state, and agree, that, though occasional returns of the malady may be expected, they will be weaker and weaker; and that by due care, regimen, and exercise, I may reckon upon a thorough restoration to health. Nor have I the least doubt, especially when I regard the mitigated form of my present attack, that this English expedition has been greatly serviceable to me. Had it not been undertaken, I can hardly guess in what state, I might now be lying at Abington; or whether, indeed, I should be in the land of the living at all. The kindness and tenderness of this admirable family cannot be excelled: at my own house, at the Archbishop's, at my brother's, at B——, I could not be more at home: they feel delight in anticipating every want and wish; and how cheering it is, on a sick bed, to see at one's pillow, the excellent of the earth! such men as Wilberforce and ——! The former you know too well, that I should speak of him; the latter is as purely amiable a being, as I ever saw: goodness is his element; his great object is, to pursue, more and more intensely, every thing spiritual and practical; and in him, and in this house, the taste for the dogmatic and controversial seems to have no place: we do not, indeed, affect to disguise, that there are points, both of opinion, and of external pursuits, on which we decidedly differ; but, on neither side, is there any tendency or disposition to urge those points; and there happily is so much more, concerning which we cordially agree, that our tacit compact to be uncontroversial, implies not a whit of reserve, sterility, or dryness. Mrs. —— you never saw, but she is just such a person as you would delight in: quiet, cheerful, always happy, devoted seemingly, first, to the keeping of her own heart, and then to the maternal office which she has under-

taken, towards the young people of this house. Are they all out of the room, said Mr. Wilberforce, the other day, to C. F.? is no one here? When he had satisfied himself that they were alone, he broke out: 'God is in this house! I cannot but trace the divine hand, in the guardianship of this family. It is, I think, happier for them, than even if their own admirable parents had been spared. For the care of such people as Mr. and Mrs. ——, added to the recollection how solemnly they were placed under that care, by a dying parent, and with what injunctions to regard their wishes as so many laws, will do more for them, than the actual superintendence of parents could have done.'

As to the present movements and posture of the English religious world, my state of health, and confinement, have disabled me from learning much; as my weakness of head, body, and hand, would prevent me, did I know ever so much, from being able to communicate it. This, only, I can say, that, as individuals, C. F. and myself have met nothing like coldness, among the good people with whom we are: great regret, indeed, is felt, at the pretermission of their favorite objects, Bible Societies, &c. in our Irish school: they lament over it as more fatal, than all the opposition of the high church party; and they are quite at a loss to account for it. I will not say that there has not been some jealousy of you, as the grand promovent: but, assuredly, that jealousy is as nothing, compared to the respect, and love, and veneration in which you are held. Hannah More loves you; so does Wilberforce: the greatest jealousy felt by the latter is this, that, two years since, he heard of your having a commenced letter to him of 80 pages; and that the said letter has neither been finished, nor sent him. He prizes what you write, more than, perhaps, you imagine; and his disappointment is proportional. He charged me with his warmest regards: but not satisfied with this, he added what you have seen on the frank.

Mr. Pearson himself told me, that he read, with great delight, some of your letters, communicated to him by H. Butterworth; and, also, that he showed them to Miss V—— (sister to ——) who was also greatly interested and pleased. Not agreeing in every point, he says he has nowhere met so much to accord with his own views. He told me some sensible observations of Lord W——, made to him on certain cant phrases in Buchanan's Memoirs, such as 'keeping always close to the cross' &c.: now, said he, had Mr. Knox's letters fallen into his hands, no such objections could be made; yet every thing substantially and vitally important, is said in them. He, too, is full of regret, that you have not been able to follow up your promise

of writing to him, on the subject of justification. He told me a curious little fact: his son, one morning, had been reading my sermon on 'Be not conformed', &c. In the evening, he went to the chapel of ease of St. James's parish, and heard the same sermon delivered from the pulpit. A lady, too, of Henbury, heard one of my sermons, exceedingly well delivered, in one of the principal churches of Bristol.

I enclose you some minutes, which I hastily took, yesterday evening, from a communication of Lord C——'s to Mr. Wilberforce: keep them: they contain matter for us both, wonderfully corroborative of the appendix. A work will be made about this apostasy, in the English prints, Chris. Obs., &c. &c. but, alas, Leviathan is not so tamed. The evil in the Genevan church, was aboriginal: and I fear, continental protestantism can never become orthodox, till it have been first given to feel, the mischiefs, and horrors of infidelity.

I have just seen a MS. translation of an ordinance of the King of Prussia, recommending to the adoption of all his subjects, an union of the reformed and lutheran churches in his dominions, which is to be sanctioned by his own example; communicating, on the approaching secular festival of the Reformation, with both united bodies, at Potsdam. He does not enjoin, he only recommends; but most earnestly, and with every hope, and apparent prospect of success. This document bears date Sept. 28. 1817. It is accompanied by another, from some constituted authority, dated October 8., stating the junction to have commenced at Berlin, and hoping it will extend through the Prussian dominions, &c. The King leaves the regulations of forms, articles, &c. &c. to the synods, consistories, &c.: first, there is to be an external unison: but how an internal union is to be produced, we may be left to conjecture: and the tone of modern German divinity considered, we can little doubt, it will be an union cemented by indifferentism, at the best; and having illimitable scepticism, for its no very distant consequence.

You know H. B. and his wife are now permanently resident on Clapham road: they and family quite well: he dined here one day;-and, though I could not dine in the room, I was that day able to meet them in the drawing-room. This is Tuesday: since Thursday last I have kept my bed: but to-day I am about to emerge, and sit in the drawing-room, on the sofa. Mr. —— has been running in and out of my room, with the agility of a monkey, and with the sweetness of an angel. Tell my dear friend Mrs. M—— that no one feels more interested in her happiness than I do; and that nothing but my illness should have prevented my telling her so myself. Poor Miss Fergusson! but why should I say poor? She has that to rest upon, which,

whosoever hath, is rich indeed: give her my best love: the same also to our excellent friends at B——.

Ever most entirely yours,
JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER 145.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., Feb. 25. 1818.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

SINCE receiving your acceptable letter of the 8th, I have not, till now, had it in my power to sit down quietly for the purpose of telling you, that your letting me hear from you, was an actual relief. I wished to have said, at least thus much, immediately, but an uncommon pressure of occupancy made it not possible.

I have, to the best of my power, considered your doubt of my being sufficiently distinct. What opinion you would form, on an attentive reading of my paper, I cannot pronounce. But as your objection is now made, I hope it does not lie. You will observe I do not compare their entire system, with my entire system, either as to cause or effect. But I object to certain parts in their system, as unduly and unfoundedly relied upon for themselves, or required from others. I do not deny, I in part admit, that their notions, on certain points, have a matter-of-fact foundation in the Divine economy. I do not, therefore, in every instance, dispute the importance of those matters, as facts. I only resist the necessity of them, as notions. The points in question relate, to what was in the councils of Heaven, and the incarnate Word, during his humiliation for man's redemption. I maintain, and show by Holy Scripture, that these preparatory movements of infinite mercy, were general blessings, accomplished for all. Whatever, therefore, was thus done, was done perfectly, and at once. It was consequently, in itself, as complete as it was necessary. But still, it was only general, and therefore conditional. And the condition evinced, by the declared object, to be, not thinking with theoretical distinctness, but practically employing the providing aids and means, so as to fulfil the purpose, and thus infinitely benefit ourselves.

The spiritual blessings, therefore, which votaries of forensic theology attain, I attribute, not to their system, as distinct from that for which I plead; but to the truths which they hold, in common with sounder theologists. I attribute the lowness of their attainments, to their system. The truths which they admit, are, in my mind, counteracted, by the doctrinal notions

with which they are blended. I must not honor those notions, by ascribing to them, taken separately, any moral effect, however limited. Their maintainers suppose them to produce such effects, only as exciting gratitude. And, with great consistency, to make this efficacy feasible, the blessing supposed to be conferred, to which those notions relate, is regarded, not as general and conditional, but as distinctive and infallible. Redemption is resolved into an arbitrarious electing decree, which supersedes conditions, and supposes the event inevitable.

This is the only rationale of the system of doctrinal faith. In all, therefore, who do not hold irreversible decrees (such as Mr. G., and your friend Mr. B.), it involves absurdity; for, absolute election apart, doctrinal faith can contemplate only that salvability (in itself, and its supposed grounds) which is common to all men; the equal privilege, of the penitent, and the profligate; and which, therefore, can no more, of itself, or on its own account, inspire effective gratitude, than parallel solar rays could produce ignition. And, even where doctrinal faith, in its consistent form (made consistent, I mean, by the persuasion of personal election) becomes a source of gratitude, it is more than questionable, how far such gratitude can be itself esteemed a moral virtue; much less can it be justly deemed the parent of all others. 'When once', says Edwards, 'they are firm in this apprehension, it is easy to own God and Christ to be lovely and glorious, and to admire and extol them. It is easy for them to own Christ to be a lovely person, and the best in the world, . . when they are fixed firm in it, that He, though Lord of the universe, is captivated with love to them, and has his heart swallowed up in them, and prizes them far beyond most of their neighbors, and loved them from eternity, and died for them, and will make them reign in eternal glory with him in heaven. When this is the case with carnal men, their very lusts will make him seem lovely: pride, itself, will prejudice them in favor of that, which they call Christ. A selfish, proud man, naturally calls that lovely, that greatly contributes to his interest, and gratifies his ambition.'

When a prophet of their own has thus stated the case where, exclusively, on principles of common sense, doctrinal faith can be the parent of feeling, am I not warranted in concluding, that δικαιοσυνη, in its sound scriptural sense, is not attributable to their system? I fully allow that they may derive this heavenly blessing, notwithstanding these errors, from its only true source, through the right disposition of their minds. Misled as they may be in their speculations, they may be upright in their affections; and however dark in their understandings, they may have the substance of divine love in their hearts.

I have done what I could to trace the meaning of the word δικαιοσυνη, through the various passages where it is used; and I rest confident, that, in every instance, it expresses the inward principle, and vital habit of moral rectitude, in its trinal aspect, to God, our neighbors, and ourselves. In its implantation and essence, it is δικαιοσυνη: in its maturity and perfection, it is ἁγιασμος. I do not, therefore, recognize, two causes, and two effects. What was done, in the first instance, *for* man, could, in the nature of things, operate only preparatively, to what was afterwards to be done *in* him. By this internal process, alone, could a morally diseased intelligence be made whole. Here therefore, alone, do I see, what can properly be called cause; inasmuch as here, alone, do I discover, what can be truly termed effect. The cause is, the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ; the effect is inward and spiritual renovation, initial, and complete: justification, which implies a vital insertion of the root of righteousness; and sanctification, which implies an actual production of the fruit of the Spirit, in all its blessed variety.

If I am asked, do I understand justification, exclusively, in the sense of making morally, or spiritually righteous? I answer, no. I wish to understand this term, exactly as St. Paul uses it; and he certainly applies it to the reckoning which God makes of us, as well as to the work which he effects in us. 'I know nothing by myself', he says, 'yet am I not hereby justified, for he that judgeth me is the Lord'? But I am deeply confident, that the word is never used in the reputative meaning of it, as recognizing, by divine approbation, that which has been produced by divine power. How connected these two acts of the Supreme Being are, may be seen in those words of the 1st ch. of Genesis . . 'And God said, Let there be light, . . and there was light; and God saw that it was good.'

Understanding the subject in this view, I confess to you I am unconscious of indistinctness of conception, however I may have failed in clearness of language. You say, that I seem to you often to oppose the forensic system, not to the antagonist system, but to the beautifying effects of this latter system. I am not sure that I catch your idea, or perhaps I have already explained this seeming confusion. In the objective part of the forensic system (strictly considered) I see no tangible effect provided, except, as I said, on the supposition of predeterminate election. In the system which I contend for, (and which, however incongruously, the doctrinal men mingle with theirs,) I am limited to observation of effects, by the impenetrable obscurity of the cause. 'The wind bloweth', &c. The means provided in the gospel, for the Holy Spirit's application to the mind and

heart, may, I think, be understood; and the more they are penetrated, will be found the more admirable. I mean, especially, the display of the incarnate Word, in all the relations in which he appears throughout the New Testament, and by the instrumentality of which we obtain that knowledge of him, in which standeth our eternal life. Here, in my mind, consists the machinery of the gospel. This is its philosophy, which I think we are invited to examine; and if we study in the school of experience, the result, if I do not mistake, will be alike satisfactory and delightful. With this apparatus of vital christianity, I do not know any thing in the forensic system, that I could put antithetically. I acknowledge with pleasure, that the honest votaries of that system, may participate in the benefits of the higher system, from the moral instinct of a really renewed heart, without understanding the means from which they draw advantage. Still, however, clearer light, by which they would intelligently be led to gold, silver, and costly stones, and saved from losing time and labor, on wood, hay, and stubble, would, I conceive, be an invaluable advantage.

Whether I have made my sentiments more intelligible, you will judge; and perhaps will tell me, when perfectly convenient to you to do so. Adieu.

Believe me ever faithfully yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

P. S. I ought, perhaps, to mention, that I admit doctrinal faith, as insisted on by modern theologists, to be in one other instance, besides that stated within, the legitimate parent of feeling. I mean, where, through error or ignorance, there is a despair of the Divine mercy. For this malady, the truths included in the forensic system, are perhaps the specific.

LETTER CLXVIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, April 10. 1818.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

SOME trains of thought, called out, and brought into play, by an unexpected requisition, (about which I hope, ere long, to converse fully with you, and to show you the result, such as it is,) prevented me from replying to your last letter: an answer, for reasons well known to you, is now out of my power; and, indeed, it is by no means needful; for all may be said in these

words; that, on the subject of that letter, I am cordially and completely agreed with you.

My present work goes on; from some unforeseen interruptions, however, and from the depressing influence of returned wet weather, less rapidly than I had hoped: still, I am making a little way; and, on reaching town, which I reckon upon doing (if it please God) on Tuesday the 21st, I have some prospect of being able to place my discourse in your hands; which, putting all personal considerations aside, will, from the subject and the occasion, as connected with two establishments that you love, our church, and the orphan house, have no small claim on whatever thought you can spare, to point out defects, and to suggest improvements. It cannot, as I told Mrs. L. T., contain a large portion of personal address: but I never yet more deeply wished to leave a practical impression; and however, in that or in any other respect, I may fail, from want of power, I may safely say, that, in that particular at least, there is no lack of inclination. Will you have the goodness to tell Mrs. L. T., with my love, that I am now right glad of the postponement.

I have a particular reason for wishing, that you should procure, read, and mark with care, the last Bampton Lectures, by Mr. M. Intrinsically, they are worth being studied; but I have another object in calling your attention to them, of which when we meet. I must have done.

Ever most affectionately yours,
J. J.

——oo——

LETTER CLXIX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, October 24. 1818.

My dear Friend,

My long silence has proceeded from uncomfortable health: I am, however, beginning to look up; and hope and trust to resume, ere long, my studies, and my pen. The volume of sermons, I am informed, has been three months out of print, in Dublin, and London. Should a new edition be demanded, I think but of small alteration. And I am disposed to think you will agree with me, that the appendix had better remain as it is. What is there put forward, is important truth, and must tell, sooner or later: meantime, I do not think any solid argument has been brought against any part of it; and silence as to attacks, would to me appear the most dignified part. On this,

however, I would gladly have your opinion. In publishing another volume of sermons, I would not be hasty: for, in a publication of that nature, I should be sorry to fall short of what may have already been done; and I am persuaded, that there would be a woful failure, both in comprehensiveness of matter and impressiveness of manner, if I were to put forward any thing, which had not long rolled in my mind. The application of Lowth's system in the New Testament, is what I am more desirous of pursuing, at present. And it now strikes me, that I should not confine myself to the mere technicalities of hebraic distribution, of parallelisms, &c. &c., but enter on an explanation of the style of the New Testament more at large, as a matter of taste. This, I conceive, might be most readily done, in the form of Lectures. Some heads of which, I will throw down as they occur, in a very brief, and very rude way.

I. Short sketch of the controversy, which began in the sixteenth century, about the classical purity of Greek Test.; and of that which succeeded, respecting the hellenistic dialect: conclusions in which the learned world now acquiesces on those points: a priori reasons, why the New Testament should, in manner, resemble the Old.

II. Announcement of design of these lectures: to establish that the same features which characterize the poetry of the Old Testament, largely appear in the New Testament. A view of Bishop Lowth's technical system of Hebrew parallelism.

III. Bishop Lowth's technical system admits both of corrections and additions: an attempt to offer certain corrections and additions accordingly.

IV. Application of the principles, contained in the two former Lectures, to the N. T. Proof from examples, that parallelisms of every class exist in N. T.

V. Figurative Language of N. T., especially as compared with figurative language of O. T.: difference between the figurative language of one and other: causes of that difference.

VI. Parables of N. T. compared with those of Old.

VII. Didactic style of N. T. compared with that of Old: use of the parallelism in it.

VIII. Sublime of the N. T., especially in the prophetic parts: 24 Matt. &c. Apocalypse: comparison with prophetic poetry of O. T.

IX. Lyric poetry of the N. T. The hymns in St. Luke.

To these subjects, more, doubtless, might be added; perhaps some might be retrenched: but before I could proceed with my

present materials, I would read, with great care, Lowth's Prælections three or four times over.

From the Lectures themselves, I would keep away all thorny intricacies, which might alarm people; and any nicer critical discussions, I would reserve for notes, to be annexed to each Lecture.

I should be much obliged for your thoughts on this rough and hasty sketch, so far as I have been able to make it intelligible. You have probably heard, that my brother is to be the new judge. I am sure you will be glad of this.

My head grows somewhat confused, as I am still weak, from confinement and starvation: Therefore I must conclude; not, however, till I have requested you will give my most affectionate regards to Mrs. L——, and that you will say every thing kind and grateful for me to her, and our other excellent friends at B——.

Ever, my dear Friend,
Most entirely yours,
JOHN JEBB.

P. S. Have you had the Mr. G——s at B——? How have your communications been proceeding with our English friends? What news of our friends near home? Any tidings of J. D., or his plans? I do not throw out these queries, expecting answers to all of them. But in this retirement, I have been so cut off from the living world, that I could gladly know whatever you may be able, without inconvenience, to communicate.

——oo——

LETTER 146.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, January 5. 1819.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I FEEL an inclination to say something to you, if it were only to express the good wishes usually exchanged at this season; and I believe I may say with safety, that no one had ever a better title to do so, on ground of sincerity and cordiality, than I have, with respect to you. I am sure there is need of a great deal being yet done in me, to fit my immortal spirit for a better world. Yet I really hope my mind has already attained the habit of feeling toward my friends, almost as if I were out of the body: I mean, with a pure solicitude for their happiness, here and hereafter; and for their reaching every point marked

out for them in the councils of heaven, without any tendency to put an unkind or rigid construction on the little things

'Quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut parum cavit hominum natura.'

I think you give me credit for this; and I am sure you are disposed to exercise a similarly kind indulgence toward me. In some way or other, I am satisfied I shall always need it; therefore in some little measure, damus petimusque vicissim, must occasionally recur, in our, and indeed, I presume, in every human friendship.

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

It just occurs to me to direct your attention, if it has not already struck you, to a passage in Doddridge's essay on inspiration, in his Expositor; where he liberally allows the probability of the great heathen luminaries being divinely inspired; and also considers it most likely, that inspiration, in some degree, may have existed, in every age of the christian church. This just opinion, (as I entirely conceive it to be) at once admits the solid value of pagan philosophy, and strengthens the subordinate authority, which we, and those who have thought with us, ascribe to catholic tradition.

I do not know whether I have ever called your attention, to the twofold evidence afforded by St. Paul's expressions, respecting the Eucharist, . . that the consecrated symbols are not merely (as Dr. Waterland maintains) the signs or pledges of a concomitant blessing, but (as the old church taught, and as Dr. Butt urges against Waterland) the actual vehicles, through which that blessing is conveyed. I conceive this latter idea is expressly recognized, by the cup which is blessed, being distinctly represented, as the communion of Christ's blood, and the bread which is broken, as the communion of Christ's body. This deliberate, and, as it were, studied designation, of each consecrated element by itself, has an import, which no mind, I conceive, at once intelligent and unprejudiced, can resist. But it seems as if St. Paul meant to fit his discourse, for dispelling the false conceptions of distant times; and therefore, when he gives warning of the malediction, which awaited the profaners of this holy ordinance, he makes the symbols the vehicles of the curse, as expressively as before of the blessing; in order, as it were, that in the mouth of two witnesses, the truth intended to be taught, should unanswerably be established. 'He,' says he, 'who eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh κριμα to himself.' He does not merely incur judgment, but he eats and drinks it. The sacred things which he desecrates, are,

mysteriously, their own avengers. The divine virtue combined, by omnipotence, with the blessed and broken elements, for the purpose of transfusing life and health to the soul of the qualified receiver, in the case of profane reception, still no less manifests itself to be divine, but in a contrary way, secundum modum recipientis.

In the light of this twofold instrumentality, marked, we might almost say, with premeditated accuracy of expression, can we question the analogical equivalence, of the christian Eucharist, to the Israelitish ark? The instances in which this latter pledge, and medium of benediction, became the occasion of Divine infliction, come at once before our mind, in reading St. Paul's denouncement against unworthy communicants. It is remarkable only, that, in the latter case, the maledictory influence is more immediately connected with the thing profaned, than in the case of the ark. Doubtless, in both, we are to recognize the same agency. Yet in the statements respecting the ark, we perceive *that* agency more simply noted. The Lord smote the 'Men of Ashdod.' 'The Lord smote the men of Bethshemesh, the Lord smote Uzzah.' Whereas, in the Eucharist, the offender eats and drinks his own malediction. I make this remark, however, only to illustrate more strongly, the equal, and similar sanctity of the christian Eucharist; because obvious propriety required a difference of expression. The ark could not, even by a figure of speech, be made the inflicter of punishment; but nothing was more natural than to make aliments, which had received a divine property through the supernatural blessing of heaven, to become of themselves, as it were, the vehicle of curse to him, who so ate or drank, as to blend sanctity with pollution.

I have just room for a remark, which rises out of this subject. You know that, in a work preceding that to which I have just referred, where some of the same expressions occur, our translators have thought proper to translate the disjunctive particle, as if it were a copulative. You know better than I, whether this apparent liberty can be justified grammatically. But I suppose the translators were anxious to give no countenance to communion in one kind, which the possibility of a distinct desecration of the bread, or of the cup, might, perhaps they thought, be construed to imply. But they appear, in their antipapal zeal, to have overlooked the exactness of reference intended by St. Paul. In the former chapter, he had said, 'Ye cannot partake of the table of the Lord, and the table of devils; ye cannot drink the cup of the Lord, and the cup of devils.' He had therefore in his mind, the actual idea of distinct profanation; because it was possible, that a person might be

guilty of either profanation, without being guilty of both. But obviously, in such a case, as the polluting act had happened to be, the profane communicant ate or drank unworthily. Adieu. With every cordial wish of Christmas and the new year,

Ever yours,

A. K.

——oo——

LETTER CLXX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Jan. 12. 1819.

My dear Friend,

Your kindest letter, with its best of all wishes, was a cordial to me; and, had my power kept pace with my inclination, the good wishes formed and felt on my part, should, ere this, have been with you. For a few days, however, I have been so ailing, as to make letter-writing difficult; and indeed, since my return home, I have been at no time well, and for several days positively the reverse. Well or ill, it is a blessing to be so in your thoughts and heart; and whatever points may be 'marked out for me in the counsels of Heaven', it is my prayer, that no wilfulness of mine may be permitted to frustrate such designs, so far as they can be deemed contingent. Hitherto, through the whole of my course, I can trace distinctly, and I trust not ungratefully, the Divine hand; in nothing more than in my connection with you; and were the latter to be interrupted, by any thing short of removal to a better world, it would seem to me, that I had lost a principal pledge and security, for the continued favorable guidance and protection of the former. Something, I am ready to admit, there must be of the 'damus petimusque vicissim': but I well know on which side the balance is; and I can have no reasonable hope, that that balance will be diminished: but it is much to know that I have, and to feel assured that I shall continue to have, a merciful creditor.

I have been brought into a sort of difficulty, from which I had almost ventured to promise myself future exemption. I stand engaged to preach a charity sermon in St. George's church, for the Whitworth Fever Hospital. The fact happened thus: my brother was solicited, in a note from his friend Mr. V——; this note he inclosed to me, and seconded it by so strong a wish of his own upon the subject, that I did not feel myself at liberty to decline. It was the first request of this nature, made by my brother: and made on grounds that had unquestionable weight. My compliance, however, in this in-

stance, cannot be drawn into precedent against me: it is impossible that my brother can, a second time, make a first request of the same nature. You are aware of my disrelish for the trade of charity sermon preaching. It is a sickly and a common-place business: nor do I well know how to set about it, in the present case. There are, you know, three manners of charity sermons. 1. The general subject of charity, with a reference, somewhat in detail, to the special charity, for which one pleads. 2. A cognate subject, so managed as to take in some range, and naturally to lead up to, and terminate in the special charity. 3. A subject of a general nature, quite unconnected with the charity; and at the close, an appeal in favor of the charity, equally unconnected with all that went before. Of these three modes, the first is so exhausted, that whoever adopts it, can scarce escape the dullest common-place: the third is, in my judgment, a very clumsy, and scarcely fair expedient, to escape the above difficulty: and the second is the plan, of which I am inclined entirely to approve; but then, it is difficult of execution; and the grand difficulty with me, to start a proper subject. Could you supply me, simply, with a text, that I could manage in this way, it would be a very substantial service. A thought has this morning suggested itself to me. The sermon is to be preached on the third Sunday in February: that is, Quinquagesima Sunday, the Sunday next before Lent. Now, might not the subject of almsgiving, be, on that day, blended with the subject of the season? Taking a text somewhere from Isaiah lviii., especially when we consider, that, by the Collect, Epistle, and Gospel of that day, our church decidedly recognizes active charity, to be the fit preparation for, and concomitant of, religious humiliation? I should be very much obliged for your thoughts on this matter: would the plan that has occurred to me, be feasible? Or if ineligible, would you have the kindness to suggest to me a text, with the smallest possible hint, how you judge it ought to be managed? The sooner you could favor me with your opinion, the more I should feel obliged; as I am solicitous to have my subject fixed in my mind for some time, before I sit down to write: it is my way, to premeditate my whole plan, and turn the subject in various directions, before I put pen to paper; and the whole time for premeditation, and writing, and travelling, is not long.

The charity sermon, I am desirous to regard as a trifle *ex παρεργου*: my mind having lately been occupied with Hebrew poetry. New matter has presented itself: my field seems much enlarged; and the way of moving through it, seems to grow more and more open and unentangled. I am not, therefore, without hopes, if it please God, of completing a work on the subject in

the course of this year, embracing much original, and, as I trust, some important criticism. That nothing has been lost by delay, I am fully satisfied: but, after twelve years' deliberation, I own myself not sorry to feel a stimulus toward renewed exertion; and I shall be thankful if it be brought, by this time twelvemonth, to any favorable issue. The Liturgy could, I think, be taken up with more effect, after my mind shall have been delivered of the conceptions, with which it is now rather laboring, respecting various particulars in the style of both Testaments.

Your argument from the two-fold efficacy of the eucharistic elements, as implying, on the one hand, 'a taste of life,' (if one may transfer St. Paul's metaphor from one of the senses to another) and, on the other hand, 'a taste of death', to me is quite new, and very convincing; nor do I think it should by any means be omitted, in any treatise, you may prepare on the subject. I am ignorant of any principle, which could justify our translaters in reading the particle η, as though it were the particle $\kappa\alpha\iota$; but, on looking into Griesbach, on 1 Cor. xi. 27. you will observe, that some MSS. read $\kappa\alpha\iota$ instead of η: and, I presume from the very theological bias which you conjecture, K. James's translators may have been induced to catch at this various reading, and translate accordingly.*

I must now go and take my ride. C. F. desires me to give you his best love. I beg my kindest remembrances to the whole circle of B.

Ever, my dear Friend,
Most affectionately yours,
JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER CLXXI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, May 8. 1819.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IT is more than time that I should write a few lines to you, especially as I wish to entitle myself to ever so few in return: the truth is, that not having left you in possession of confirmed health, I have been anxious to hear about you; and the shortest bulletin, if decently favorable, would be a great comfort to me.

Since my return home, the weather has not been such as, in

* I have since satisfied myself, by referring to Hoogeveen, the most elaborate and exact writer on the Greek particles, that η cannot with propriety be translated as if it were a copulative.

itself, could bring round a nervous invalid; while its harshness, and lately its wetness, have prevented my taking proper exercise. Still, with all these drawbacks, I am clearly gaining ground; and as my body gets on, I trust the power will also come, of employing my mind. In this last respect, indeed, I have been greatly at a stand; not, however, without occasional hopeful gleams of anticipation.

Your MSS. have hitherto been my almost exclusive study; other things I have looked into, but three of your letters to Mr. Butterworth I have been reading with attention. They are, in my judgment, very important; and by no means less interesting, than important. Some things, as I went along, struck me as affording room for one or two slight remarks; but I do not at present feel equal to determine, whether the impression on my mind was just. In some time, however, it is possible that I may trouble you with whatever observations may present themselves. I still feel very desirous to prepare about half a dozen sermons. Is there any general line of subject, which you would recommend? I do not mean a subject to be pursued seriatim, but any class of topics, which you would think it desirable for me to handle, and which there might be reasonable hope of my treating with some practical advantage. Your judgment as to a class of topics, might set me at work: do not, however, tax yourself to say a syllable on the subject, if it be attended with the slightest inconvenience or discomfort.

C. F. is still delicate, and has lately caught cold; he is, however, decidedly on the mending hand. I beg my best regards to Miss Fergusson, and to the circle at B——. Ever, my dear Friend,

Most affectionately yours,
JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER 147.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, May 12. 1819.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I THANK you cordially for your kind and most acceptable letter; and earnestly hope that you will be able to give a still better account of yourself, and that your every expectation may be realized.

I am sorry to tell you that I cannot yet pronounce myself better. I grow better for a day, but I relapse; and this day, for

instance, after some pleasanter feelings yesterday, I am very uncomfortable. How I am to be, I know not. My paroxysms of illness have become irregular, and less definite, and my recoveries proportionally less complete; so that, at this time, I seem to be in a bad medium, between the one and the other; so ill, as to be joyless (as to the animal economy) and good for nothing; and yet not ill enough, to hope for any speedy amendment. I need your prayers to God Almighty for me, that I may be supported, and that, 'as my day is, so my strength may be.' I hope I am anxious only, that the influences of divine grace may increase with my exigencies; and then, I trust I would say, let the outer man perish, provided the 'inward man' be 'renewed day by day.'

I dare say you will find many things to remark upon in my manuscript. My mind has moved onward, and has seen things, as I have proceeded, in something of a different light. Perhaps, therefore, what you would demur to, I, too, might now except against. If it please God that I amend, I shall be most happy to have your observations; and to do every thing for you within my power, in the other matter which you mention.

I had a short time since a most excellent letter, from our friend Mr. I——, in which he speaks of you, as affording them all delight by your visit to them.

The Archbishop is here, and is more than usually well. Remember me affectionately and gratefully to C. F. All the people here would desire remembrance to you, if they knew I was writing.

Adieu. Ever yours, my dear Friend,

ALEX. KNOX.

——oo——

LETTER 148.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, Delganny, July 4. 1819.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR kind note, received yesterday, ought not to remain one day unacknowledged, when a post-office is at hand, and when I can, I hope, venture to give you a somewhat more comfortable account of myself, than that which has reached you, and which occasioned your kind endeavor to cheer me. The fact is, that my general health is not worse, but I trust a good deal better. I certainly feel it so for the present, and am still dubious, only because disagreeable symptoms have not wholly gone off. At

all events, the will of Providence must be right; therefore, whether I continue an invalid, as I have been now for a length of time, more or less, or have a more comfortable afternoon (rather evening) of life, than I have been looking forward to, I hope God will bless the one state, or enable me to make some good use of the other. I should be unreasonable and ungrateful in the extreme, if I were inclined to distrust that Providence, which has so mercifully guarded, guided, and sustained me, through the part of life already passed; I am anxious only that my all wise and all gracious Benefactor may keep me pliant as wax to his moulding; and enable me to retain every impression, which he is pleased to give me. Then, all will be well, let the course be that of continued restraint, or of increased liberty and corporal comfort. I know, from experience, that it is easier to bear the one, than to improve the other; but the strength which was made perfect in St. Paul's weakness, continually taught him to be full, as well as to be hungry, . . to abound, as effectually, as to suffer need.

I certainly have had trying moments, during the last three months; not really from my actual state, but from my false reckoning of the symptoms which occurred. I have thought my uneasiness implied a fatal organic derangement. I have feared that what I felt in my head, would destroy my power of thinking. This was all pure misconception; but, for the time, it required inward support; and of this, I thank God, I never remained wholly in want. I know little, except in a very few now remote instances, . . I might say, nothing at all, of illapsive communication; and I hope I am not in error, when I say, that I have no desire for this. I prize incomparably more, an intelligible power (such, however, as Divine animation and attraction could alone give) of fixing the mind and heart upon Him, who is, at once, the parent of spirits, and the fountain of comfort. To be able, not only to aim at this, but so to do it, as to find rest and satisfaction in doing it, and to feel all the faculties of the soul rectified and tranquillized, by this central action of the inner man, this vital union of the human spirit with its God and Father, as, on the most rational principles, it is, at happier moments of the kind to which I refer, consciously felt to be, . . this, I confess, is the species of consolation, in bodily distress, which I should be most anxious to obtain; and a dawning I trust of which, was my only relief, when I thought I had nothing else to fly to.

What, however, I am presuming not to desire for myself, I am far from regarding as spurious, in the case of minds, cast in a different mould. I believe God is infinitely condescending, and therefore minutely discriminating. His ways, I conceive to be as various, as the subjects on which he acts. I consequently

can read the substance of what I find, in the accounts of puritans, methodists, roman catholic spiritualists, without ceasing to think that there is a 'more excellent way'; a way differing from what those various classes experienced, in some measure as the spiritual intercourse with our Lord, through the Comforter, differed from the sensible intercourse during his abode on earth.

The adverting to God's discriminating conduct, leads me to mention, what probably you have already considered, the beautiful illustration, in Isaiah xxviii. 23. &c., of the minute attention to time and circumstance, observed by divine Providence in its corrective dispensations. The argument evidently is, has God *so* instructed the husbandman, and will he himself be less exquisite, in his own special operations? The full close in the 29th verse, brings us to this delightful conclusion. I need not point out to you, the consummate fitness of the twofold expression, 'wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working.' I dare say you have observed the resemblance, to the former part of this passage, in the beginning of Aratus's poem, '*Ο δ' ηπιος ανθρωποισι δεξια σημαινει*, &c.

The expression 'wonderful in counsel,' leads me to observe, that I was not aware, till very lately, of there having been another seemingly providential movement, analogous to, and concomitant with that of jansenism, in the gallican church, in as close connection with the popish part of the inner system, as jansenism was with the catholic part. Have you ever read the Life of St. Vincent de Paul, by Collet? This has been my entertainment of late; and I think I here find a secondary system, corresponding to jansenism, in some measure as one of the two methodisms, corresponded to the other. It would, perhaps, have been singular, if the usual duality had not existed here also.

Vincent was unquestionably a most pious man; but his piety was so mixed with popery, as to be at times offensive, and almost disgusting. Yet what he did, it would seem, could not have been done, had not God assisted him. Accordingly, Dr. Francke celebrates him, in his preface to Pietas Hallensis, as the Romish counterpart to himself. It is remarkable that, as an abortive effort at union was made between Messrs. Wesley and Whitfield, so a like abortive effort at union was made, between Vincent, and the famous Abbé de St. Cyran. It seems that, while catholic theology was to be revivified, even superstitious devotion was still to be kept in exercise; vulgar piety might not have existed without the one, while the advancing interests of truth were to be served by the other.

Remember me most kindly to C. F., and to Mrs. F., if still with you. I speak for all in this house as if they commissioned me. They all love you.

Believe me ever yours,

A. K.

LETTER 149.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, Delganny, Aug. 4. 1819.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I NEED not tell you how grieved I am, at the account you give me of Mrs. M'Cormick, in the letter I received yesterday morning. It is indeed one of those cases, in which consolation can be found only in the persuasion, that whatever God does, is infinitely right; that he will support in the trial, and compensate in eternity. It is an inexpressibly comfortable fact, established by infinite evidence, that the religious mind is borne through those apparently overwhelming conjunctions, with a patient, and often cheerful self-possession, which, before-hand, could not be thought within the nature of things; . . and it would seem that, by a law of the great moral system, a power of drawing down this mysterious anodyne were lodged (as it were) in the prayer of the heart; in addition to those still diviner and more direct consolations, which we are authorized to expect, from the actual influences of the Holy Spirit; and also, no doubt, in various instances, from the ministry of angels. The kindness of your brother must be as great a comfort to the poor lady, as any thing earthly can afford; and I dare say it makes him feel additional thankfulness to divine Providence, for being placed in a situation, which will fit him for being a more efficient friend to the orphans, than he could have been in an humbler sphere.

I agree with you, that all you can do is, to hand ——'s letter to the Archbishop.

* * * * *

I do not know whether you remember, what first disposed the Archbishop to think kindly of Mr. S. I mention it, because I think it is not unworthy of recollection. Soon after Mrs. B——'s death, when the sense of his loss was lively in the Archbishop's mind, he was passing through S——; and resting there on the Sunday, he went to St. C——'s church, where the little monument of the first Mrs. S—— naturally arrested his attention. On examining it, he observed a feature, which at once so bespoke tender esteem, and delicate modesty, that he could not but be struck with it. It was, that, after stating simply who the deceased was, and when she died, there was just added underneath, 'Proverbs xxxi. 30.'

I have lately been reading an interesting R. C. book, the Life of St. Vincent de Paul. You have a short account of him in But-

ler; but this which I have been reading, is a duodecimo volume of 472 pages, closely printed. He was, beyond a doubt, profoundly pious, and almost, if not altogether, miraculously beneficent. The number and magnitude of his good deeds were so wonderful, that professor Francke, in the preface to his Pietas Hallensis, thought it due to christian liberality, to acknowledge Vincent's indefatigable, and extraordinarily successful efforts, as an evidence, that neither active piety, nor God's co-operative blessing, was to be confined, to a single portion of the mystical kingdom; but that, on the contrary, a Vincent might be, in unreformed christianity, what Francke himself was, in reformed christianity; and that a like blessing from heaven might accompany the endeavors, of the protestant, and the Roman catholic.

But what particularly struck me was, that in Vincent I saw, what before I had not suspected, a second agency, simultaneous with jansenism; tending to give tone, in a pious way, to the papal character of the R. C. church, as much as jansenism tended to give tone to its catholic character. A two-fold agency had so often been conspicuous, as to make it natural to look for it in any analogous case. It did not strike me, however, till I read the life of St. Francis, that the apparent rule held good, in the movement to which Jansenius was instrumental, as really as in any former, or subsequent instance.

In short, I conceive that, mutatis mutandis, the Abbé de St. Cyran and Vincent were, in the church of Rome, what Geo. Whitfield and John Wesley were, at a later period, and for somewhat different purposes, in the Church of England. I compare merely the different two-fold agencies, without pretending to mark a distinct correspondence between the agents; . . the exigencies in the two cases were of a different nature, and the points allotted to the individuals differed accordingly. There is therefore, I conceive, no room for exact comparison; but in the cases of Vincent and the Jansenists, it is certain, that the former labored to uphold the papal despotism, as much as the jansenists labored to shake it; and I should think, that a slight attention to subsequent events may serve to convince us, that the grosser properties of the entire concrete needed to be retained, as well as its better properties to be re-invigorated.

My dear friend, I am ready to reproach myself, for thus obtruding common talk upon you, at a time, when your mind and heart are occupied, by such a near and painful concern. But I know you do not willingly suffer yourself to be overwhelmed. You still, as you can, exercise your thoughts, on what is in itself important, even when you have most to depress you. Adieu.

Ever cordially yours,

A. K.

LETTER CLXXII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Sept. 18. 1819.

My dear Friend,

I rejoice to find by a letter from C. F., that he saw you last Monday, 'in excellent health and spirits:' the same letter brought a good account of my brother; and these two pieces of happy intelligence, have contributed not a little to cheer me; what better now, indeed, could I have, respecting any thing, or person on this earth? Though for the last two days I have felt but middlingly, you will be glad to know, that, for ten days preceding, in mind and body, I felt myself more comfortable, than I had done for many weeks, or perhaps months before; at such a time, I cannot help viewing this, I hope with thankfulness, as a providential blessing. The late event in our family, indeed, has been softened to us as much as possible; and I feel a deep conviction, that it is all well.

I have resumed my work on the style of the N. T.: it seems to open on me, in something of a more full and finished shape than heretofore; and I am thankful that I was not permitted sooner to take it up: of the importance of the subject, I am more entirely satisfied than ever; and under this impression, I am well pleased, that it was not hastily, nor indeliberately put forward. It is now approaching to twelve years, since we first talked of a few passages at Cashel, and since I ventured to extend the system to the Sermon on the Mount; and I would hope that, in that time, enough has been thought, and committed to paper by me on the subject, to secure, that, however imperfect my attempt may be, it will not be disgracefully slight or superficial. If health be vouchsafed me, I look forward to publication in spring. You would much oblige me by suggesting any New Testament parallelism, which you would have me analyze: I should also be thankful for your mentioning the passages from the O. T., which you think illustrative of the Song of Simeon: several of these I am sure I recollect, but some I may have forgotten.

* * * * * * *

Since C. F.'s departure (a fortnight and three days) I have been quite alone: but I thank God, my spirits have not flagged. On Monday I expect the N——s for two days: Henry Woodward for three or four; and little Phelan, for at least a fortnight. I hope this dissipation, will not materially retard my

work. My affectionate regards to the excellent friends with whom you are. Farewell, my dear friend.

Ever most entirely yours,

JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER 150.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, Delganny, Sept. 23. 1819.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I CANNOT express the pleasure which I had, in reading your letter yesterday morning. Your cheering account of yourself, and cordial expressions towards me, were as gratifying to me as you wished them to be. Believe me, I value your affection as one of my greatest earthly treasures, and as much more than an earthly treasure; . . for I am sure I cannot, and I believe neither can you, look back on the entire retrospect of our connection, without feeling, that Divine providence, and not ourselves, brought us, and kept us together.

I thank God I am much better than I was some months ago; but C. F.'s account was too brilliant, though fully warranted by appearances. I have in fact amended so much, that I show no sign of indisposition to those around me; nor are my spirits at all depressed though my nerves still annoy me; and perhaps the more, at this precise time, because a month and some days have passed, without a fit of illness. On the whole, however, I am pretty nearly as well as I have been, at any time these two years; and I have infinitely less cause for complaint, than for thankfulness. * * * *

What you say of your design and prospect as to next spring, rejoices me. I dare say you have rich store of matter, and may throw your thoughts into a deeply interesting, and instructive form. It is not, therefore, to repress your purpose in any respect, that I express doubt, whether there are not still other, not different, but additional aspects of the subject. Indeed I rather speak at random, for I cannot know all you have been doing, and do not remember even all you have communicated. One particular which strongly impresses me, is, that the adoption of that style of composition by the Old Testament writers seems unconsciously to have led them into an admirable scheme of moral philosophy. The antithetic and climactic distinctions required by their poetry, induced a development of moral oppositions and gradations, which are not more beautiful, than they

are just and useful. The Hebrew sages, consequently, anticipated much of St. Augustin's dialectic sagacity, and of the schoolmen's analytic acuteness; without the severity of the one, or the show of the other. In the path thus prepared, our Lord himself was pleased to proceed; and hence, profoundness and simplicity meet, with unexampled union, in all his divine discourses. From this very cause, as I conceive, never was so much said, in so few words; and never so much beauty came, as if without being called for. Whatever instances may happen to strike me, which I think you have not already, I hope to have pleasure in communicating. They abound in our Lord; and they occur as much in St. Paul as could have been expected, after so much Greek reading. The applying the principles of hebraic composition, therefore, to obscure passages in St. Paul, you need not be told, may often afford elucidation.

With one instance of this kind, which may have escaped you, I will fill what remains of my paper; though perhaps I have already pointed it out to you. If so, you will forgive a bad memory. The passage to which I refer is, Col. ii. 10, &c. Observe, in the first place, the Epanodos in the 18th verse, *ά μη ἑωρακεν εμβατευων*, obviously corresponding to *θρησκειᾳ των αγγελων*, and *εικη φυσιουμενος ὑπο του νοος της σαρκος αὐτου*, as clearly agreeing with *ταπεινοφροσυνη*. Now look onward to the 23d verse; and, with some diversity of phrase, you will find the same ideas;—*εθελοθρησκειᾳ* is another word for *θρησκειᾳ των αγγελων*, and marks so charitable a distinction, between this practice and idolatry, as to have been worth noticing in the debate on Lord Grey's motion against the test oaths; while *ταπεινοφροσυνη και αφειδιᾳ σωματος* speaks for itself. Is not then the clause which follows, at least with probabilty to be considered, as written in the same style with the second clause of the 18th verse? . . that is, as giving a twofold elucidation of a twofold subject (only I should think not in the shape of an Epanodos); I would not therefore, with our translators, unite the two expressions; but, following the guidance afforded by the 18th verse, I would divide them into two abrupt, but significant assertions, *ουκ εν τιμη τινι· προς πλησμονην σαρκος*. You see there is a similar abruptness (itself a most usual hebraic feature) in the latter clause of the 18th verse, though there, more words were requisite; and this corresponding clause of the 23d verse, similarly understood, gives, I conceive, a fair and apposite sense: stating the worship of angels to have nothing valuable in it; and the voluntary humility and abnegation, to be, in reality, the opposite to what it seems, not a correction, but a gratification of the flesh.

* * * * * * *

If Mr. Woodward or Mr. Phelan be with you when this letter arrives, remember me to them. Mr. N. I know will be gone. Pray have you seen Hawkins's Dissertation on tradition? It is a good tract. Adieu, my dear friend, and believe me your most attached and ever affec.

ALEX. KNOX.

LETTER CLXXIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Sept. 27. 1815.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

* * * * *

MANY thanks for your hints about hebrew poetry. I am, and have long been, pretty well aware, of the importance which attaches to the hebrew poetry, in many, perhaps all its varieties, as bearing on moral philosophy and theology; respecting the latter branch, you have given me a good, and, in my judgment, a very satisfactory specimen, from Colossians. But I imagine that, on full reflection, you will not disapprove of my confining myself strictly to the department of exhibiting phænomena with clearness, and leaving it to others to apply the facts thus exhibited, to the purposes of scripture interpretation, and the evolvement of profounder depths, in the philosophy of revealed religion. The truth is, in my apprehension, the two departments should, at first, be kept distinct: justice must, in the first instance, be done to the phænomena themselves; a sufficient number of clear, indisputable, and interesting exemplifications of all sorts of parallelism, must be produced from both Testaments, to excite attention to the subject, and if possible gain acceptance to the system: that once effected, after-workmen, better skilled than I am, may, and I trust will be raised, to apply the doctrines, which I am not without hopes of being able to establish. In order to do this without embarrassment, I must confine myself to points of taste and criticism; and make this a work purely literary: not that I shall refuse discussion, when it may be needful for me to controvert any comments, which would go either to destroy, or to obscure the parallelism; nor, a fortiori, will I omit giving such specimens, as may lay a sure foundation for them, who may, hereafter, travel into the theological department. This distinctness of aim, was the very soul of Lord Bacon's philosophy; his great object was, to put forth what he calls experimenta lucifera, as contradistinguished from experimenta fructifera; the

former being indispensable prerequisites to the latter: insomuch that, even the mingling of the latter with the former, to any extent, would hazard the success of the plan altogether. I know not whether I make myself clear: I wish to be *luciferous*, by exhibiting all the forms of parallelism in the New Testament: I leave it to others (perhaps hereafter even to myself) to be *fructiferous*, by reducing to these forms, difficult passages; and by that means, possibly, putting readers in possession, of what they never dreamt was in the Scripture: hastening on to this latter department, till the experiments in the former shall be received and approved, might, I fear, mar the matter altogether. In my own department, I have matter in abundance: not that I should not feel happy to compress, or to reject, some of my proposed specimens, in order to make room for better; which, I dare say, you can furnish: I mean clear, unembarrassed, self-evident specimens of hebrew parallelism, in the New Testament.

That 'bringing together' and 'keeping together', which you refer to as providential, and which, especially so viewed, constitutes a chief happiness of my life, seems, in many particulars, to be remarkably ordered: perhaps, the very subject we are upon, may be a specimen. You first put Lowth into my hands, about the year 1806. About 1806–7 you pointed out to me three or four passages in the New Testament, to which you gave a less obvious, but assuredly their true meaning, by reducing them within the laws of the hebrew parallelism: to which laws, you added that important one of climax. Without you, I never might have read Lowth: without you, I never should have dreamt of seeking for parallelisms in the New Testament. But here, perhaps, my aid, such as it is, might be useful: I have a turn for arrangement, and some, also, for the investigation of phænomena: I followed up your hints; was enabled to discover, and critically to examine, a great variety of specimens; and these I seem, just now, prepared to exhibit, with tolerable clearness and precision: if this can be done satisfactorily, your theological, philosophical, and interpretative application, of the principles thus experimentally established, may be conducted with greater probability of acceptance; and thus, in the end, the pair of us may be enabled to do, what neither of us, separately, could have effected. Is this all a dream? Even though it be, let me have it out; the results of it I hope to put on paper; and, if your soberer judgment then disenchant me, I can keep my fooleries to myself, while, at the worst, the mental exercise, or mental somnambulism, if it is to be so termed, will have been rather healthful, than the reverse.

Mr. Phelan is here: much improved in health; very grateful for your kind remembrance of him; and desirous that I

should, in my best manner, express that gratitude for him, together with his kindest respects. The 'best manner' is, to repeat, as nearly as I can, his own words, which I know *not* to be words of course, but of feeling.

With sincerest regards to all at B——, I am,

My dear friend,

Ever most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER CLXXIV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Sept. 30. 1819.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I CANNOT better discharge the melancholy office assigned me, than by inclosing Mr. Ogilvie's* letter: pray reinclose it to me: I continue, thank God, tolerably well: this news† has affected me much, but it is the good pleasure of God.

Ever most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER 151.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, Delganny, Oct. 6. 1819.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I FEAR I have not been expeditious enough, in returning the inclosed distressing, yet interesting letter. I wished to have written to you a little at large, otherwise you should have had it by return of post. I find, however, I cannot do as I wish, and therefore, lest I should put you to inconvenience, by your not having Mr. Ogilvie's letter at hand, I determine to send it to you without further delay. Poor Mrs. H. More! it is impossible to think of her without heartfelt pain. To Martha, it was deliverance; but the most regretful thought is, that Martha's removal looks like a providential intimation, that Hannah is soon to follow. Human beings, however, often find themselves very short-sighted, in such prognostications.

* The Rev. Charles Atmore Ogilvie, M. A. domestic Chaplain to His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury: for many years, among the most attached and most valued of Bishop Jebb's friends. . . ED.

† The death of Mrs. Martha More. . . ED.

This change of weather is making my head uneasy. I hope it will afford you, on the contrary, fresh proof, that your health is improving. I mean to go to Dublin on Monday next.

Ever yours,

ALEXANDER KNOX.

——oo——

LETTER CLXXV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Oct. 10. 1819.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE felt apprehensive that, in my last letter but one, written hastily on the spur of occasion, and of which, as so written, I have but an imperfect recollection, there may have been a very faint and inadequate expression of the value which I attached, and do attach, to your last weighty and important observations on Hebrew poetry. All that you say respecting the moral philosophy, of necessity, enclosed in that style of composition, appears to me no less just, than it is striking; and, on turning to my papers, I am glad to find, that, by anticipation, I had in a good measure coincided with you: I will transcribe the two concluding paragraphs, of what I mean to be a correction of Bishop Lowth, respecting what he calls the 'synonymous parallelism.'

'On the whole, therefore, it will appear, that Bishop Lowth's definition of this species of parallelism, ought to be corrected; and that the name, also, should, at least, not be at variance with the thing. The term, progressive parallelism, would apply, in all cases where there is a climax in the sense; but it may be preferable to use a term that will include other varieties: the anti-climax occasionally occurs, and with powerful effect; sometimes there is an ascent from species to genus, for the purpose of generalization; sometimes a descent from genus to species, for the purpose of particularization: with these, and other varieties in view, if I might suggest a name, it should be, the cognate parallelism; in all such cases, there is close relationship, though by no means absolute identity.

'This is no mere disquisition about words: if things were not intimately concerned, it should assuredly be spared. But it is no trifling object, to rescue the language of Scripture, from the imputation of gross tautology; an imputation which could not be repelled, if the sacred volume were admitted to abound in consecutive pairs of lines, altogether synonymous. Ano-

ther, and not less important consideration, however, yet remains. It is my firm persuasion, that one great object of this prevalent duality of members, accompanied by a distinction, and commonly either a progress or antithesis, in the sense of terms, clauses, and periods, is to make inexhaustible provision for marking, with the nicest philosophical precision, the moral differences and relations of things. The antithetic parallelism, seems to mark the broad, and palpable distinctions, between truth and falsehood, between good and evil: the cognate parallelism, discharges the more difficult, and more critical function, of discriminating between different degrees and shades, of truth and good, on the one hand, of falsehood and of evil, on the other. And it is probable, that full justice will not be done to the language, either of the Old Testament, or of the New, till interpreters qualified in all respects, and gifted, alike, with sagaciousness, and sobriety of mind, shall accurately investigate these nice distinctions.'

These passages, strengthened and elucidated by a few suitable examples, may, I trust, in some degree, serve to prepare the way for important practical results; the examples however, though moral in their bearings, must be, in the first instance, neither theological, nor controversial: the principle once developed and approved, its more polemical application will afterwards follow as a matter of course: and I conceive it is the part of wisdom, at the onset, not to embarrass oneself with a double task; but especially not to give an alarm to adversaries, which might retard indefinitely the acceptance of the system. It is on this ground, above all others, that I wish to be luciferous, before I attempt being fructiferous. In matters purely critical, however, and particularly in such matters as appear of consequence towards the proper development of the hebraic parallelism, I do not shun the occasional sprinkling of a little controversy: a specimen or two, I wish to submit for your castigation. For example, it comes in my way to establish, if I can, the strong probability, to say the least, that the Hebrew poets never used metre. This I think of doing in a note; the earlier part of which exhibits, and briefly animadverts upon the timidity, the hesitancy, and perhaps even the self-contradiction, of Bishop Lowth, on this branch of his subject, in his 3d, 18th, and 19th prælections. The note then proceeds as follows:

'So far the hesitancy of Bishop Lowth seems to be abundantly made out: it remains to examine his only argument for the existence, in hebrew poetry, of metre, properly so called. After describing the alphabetical poems, his Lordship thus proceeds: 'In the first place, we may safely conclude, that the poems perfectly alphabetical consist of verses, properly so called; of

verses regulated by some observation of cadence or measure, numbers or rhythm. For it is not at all probable, in the nature of the thing, or from examples of the like kind, in other languages, that a portion of mere prose, in which numbers and harmony are totally disregarded, should be laid out according to a scale of division, which carries with it such evident marks of study and labor, of art in the contrivance, and exactness in the execution.' Prelim. Diss. to Isaiah, p. vii. The Bishop's argument is then analogically extended, to the poems imperfectly alphabetical; and further, in like manner, to those compositions, which, though not alphabetical, have, in all other respects, the same characteristic features, with those that are alphabetical. The fairness of the analogical reasoning, employed in this case, cannot properly be questioned; that is, if the argument be cogent, respecting the alphabetical poems, we must needs admit its cogency respecting the non-alphabetical: but what I mainly doubt is, its validity in the first instance: and if it fail there, it must fail altogether. Let us then consider whether there be not in the terms employed, a kind of Ignoratio Elenchi. The Bishop says, 'it is not at all probable, that a portion of mere prose, in which numbers and harmony are totally disregarded, should be laid out according to a scale of division, which carries with it such evident marks of study and labor, of art in the contrivance, and exactness in the execution.' Now is this quite fair? And do the opposers of a strictly metrical system, assert that the psalms, for example, are mere prose? And while they reject poetical numbers, do they also maintain, that harmony is totally disregarded? If they do not thus assert, and thus maintain, his Lordship's argument must fall to the ground; and that they do not so assert, and so maintain, is probable on a two-fold account: first, because that very scale of division, and that studious, elaborate, artificial contrivance and execution, to which his Lordship refers, and which on all hands are admitted, are, in themselves, sufficient to take the composition out of the sphere of prose, and place it in the sphere of poetry; and secondly, because the rejection of poetical numbers, properly so called, by no means implies the assertion, that 'harmony is totally disregarded.' But I am willing to meet the Bishop's argument on broader ground: I am ready to enquire whether the phænomena do not only authorize, but naturally suggest, a course of reasoning, diametrically the reverse of that employed by his Lordship; whether a highly artificial, and in all books except the Scripture, unparalleled species of regular, pointed, sententious, and elaborate construction, does not furnish a strong argument, against the probable co-existence of metre? It is certain, that, throughout the works and word of God, we do not commonly observe a

redundancy of means: and we are assured that the peculiar and unquestionable artifices, of what is called Hebrew poetry, abundantly distinguish it from mere prose; while we may learn, both from our own feelings, and from the testimony of all competent judges, that these artifices, in combination with the excellence of the subject-matter, have the effect of giving to the composition, all that commanding and delightful interest, which attaches to poetry of the noblest kind. This is all undeniable fact: why, then, have recourse to the hypothesis (for it can be no more; proof is out of possibility) of an additional artifice? This would seem in contradiction to all known analogy; a gratuitous waste of means; and till some unequivocal, and as matters stand at present, inconceivable necessity be produced for its adoption, the inference must lie, decidedly against it. But I will go further: such additional artifice not only seems to have been needless; it may be reasonably argued, that it would have been positively injurious; that its tendency must have been to counteract the peculiar and distinguishing excellence of Hebrew poetry; namely, its transfusibility, by mere literal translation, into all languages; an excellence, not only unattained in classical poetry, but prevented by classical metre. Classical poetry, is the poetry of one language, and of one people; the words are, I will not say chosen (though this be sometimes the case) but arranged, with a view, not primarily to the sense, but to the sound; in literal translation therefore, especially, if the order of the words be preserved, not only the melody is lost, but the sense is irreparably injured. Hebrew poetry, on the contrary, is universal poetry; the poetry of all languages and of all peoples; the collocation of the words (whatever may have been the sound, for of that we are quite ignorant) is, primarily directed, to secure the best possible announcement and discrimination of the sense; let, therefore, a translation, only be literal, and so far as the genius of his language will admit, let him preserve the original order of the words, and he will infallibly put the reader of his version, in possession of all, or nearly all, that the Hebrew text can give, to the best Hebrew scholar of the present day. Now had there been originally metre in this poetry, the case, it is presumed, could hardly have been such; somewhat must have been sacrificed to the importunities of metrical necessity; the sense could not have invariably predominated over the sound; and the poetry could not have been, as it unquestionably and emphatically is, a poetry, not of words or of sounds, but of things. Let not this last assertion, however, be misinterpreted: I would be understood merely to assert, that sounds, and words, in subordination to sound, do not, in Hebrew, as in classical poetry, enter into the essence of the thing; but it is happily undeniable, that the

words of Scripture are exquisitely fitted to convey the sense; and it is highly probable that, in the life-time of the language, the sounds were sufficiently harmonious; when I say sufficiently harmonious, I mean, so harmonious, as to render the poetry grateful to the ear in recitation, and suitable to musical accompaniment; for which purposes, the cadence of well modulated prose, would fully answer: a fact which will not be controverted by any person, with a moderately good ear, that has ever heard a chapter of Isaiah skilfully read from our authorized translation; that has ever listened to one of Kent's anthems well performed, or to a song from the Messiah of Handel.'

As another slight controversial specimen, I will copy what I think of saying, in reply to a very learned, but very tasteless critic; and in defence of the climax in the first verse of the first Psalm:

'The learned Gataker (Adv. Misc. ap. oper. Crit. Tom. II. p. 170, 171.) vehemently denies the existence of this triple climax; and would work up this beautiful series of well-discriminated moral pictures, into one colorless and undistinguishable mass. His argument is, that if there be a climax in the scale of wickedness, there must of necessity be an anti-climax, in the scale of goodness; it certainly implying much less virtue, to be exempt from the highest, than from the lowest degree of vice. 'If,' says he, 'we understand the Psalmist to say, Beatus is est, qui nec cum improbe affectis consilium inierit, nec prave viventium artibus malis se immiscuerit, nec cum obfirmatis in maleficio obstinate perstiterit, the sense will not rise, but sink; the first exemption, being greater than the second; and the second, in like manner, greater than the third: an absurdity, with which it would be monstrous to charge the Psalmist.' Now, admitting for a moment this reasoning to be dialectically and forensically just, it might perhaps be sufficient to reply, that the first Psalm is neither a logical disputation, nor a judicial pleading, but an affecting poem; and, after citing an observation of Professor Michaelis, that aliter poetas vates tractabit, aliter merus grammaticus, to add from Bishop Lowth, himself not less a reasoner than a poet, that, in dialectica flagitium, in poetica interdum est virtus; quia nimirum illic ratio hic affectus dominatur: that in poetry, the object is not so much ratiocinative conviction, as a powerful impression on the moral man, through the medium of the imagination and the affections; and that in a poem, that order is the most judicious, which reserves for the last, the strongest and most impressive matter; in the present instance, for example, the picture of obstinate pertinacity in evil. But it would seem that the learned author of the Adversaria, may be resisted on other, and on stronger ground. It

may, as I conceive, be justly argued, that he did not accurately conceive the meaning of those, who find a climax in this disputed verse; and indeed that he did not sufficiently keep in view the Psalmist's own avowed object: the alleged climax, is an ascending series, not in the scale of moral goodness, but in the scale of conscious happiness, flowing out of an exemption from certain stages of moral evil; and the consciousness of happiness in each of the ascending terms, must be measured by the magnitude of the evil, from which the good man is exempted: a mode of understanding the passage, in strict accordance with the main object of the Psalmist, who exclaims, O the happiness! not O the goodness of the man! &c. Now conscious and reflective happiness must, as we have said, be measured by the magnitude of the evil avoided or escaped: the man who has been saved from shipwreck, will feel more happy in the sense of his deliverance, than the man who has escaped a shower of rain; though, at the same time, the latter has received less positive injury, and retains more positive comforts than the former: and transferring this mode of reasoning to the case of a single individual, he who, at one period of his life, has been delivered from a greater, and, at another period of his life, from a less evil, whether of mind, body, or estate, will enjoy the most reflective happiness, when his thoughts revert to the more considerable evil. On the supposition, then, of a climax in the contested verse, the Psalmist surely did well in reserving for the last, not an exemption from the lowest stage of moral evil, but an exemption from that awful, and perhaps irreversible state, where wickedness becomes the settled habit of the soul: this last exemption, may indeed be justly accounted a low stage of moral deliverance: but what good man will not, at the very mention of it, be powerfully affected (as we read of the great Boerhaave) by the thought, that such, but for the Providence and grace of God, might have been his own state? The sense of present happiness, is thus unspeakably heightened by the force of contrast: nor is this the whole: a salutary dread is thus infused, of the first and fatal step, which might ultimately issue in such hopeless consequences: while, where the climax is thus alarming, the mind is admirably prepared by the painful ascent, to repose in the delightful and refreshing imagery of the next verses:

'But his delight', &c. &c.

If you have not Gataker, and should wish to see more of his argument, you will find it abridged and adopted, in Poole's Synopsis in locum. Shall I run the risk of exhausting your patience, by an extract of another kind, partly text, and partly note? Pass it by, or let it keep cold, if indisposed to read it:

'Hearken unto me, ye that follow after righteousness;
Ye that seek Jehovah:
Hearken unto me, my people;
And my nation give ear unto me:
Hearken unto me, ye that know righteousness;
The people in whose heart is my law.'—*Isa.* li. 1. 4. 7.

'The ascent in this three-fold classification, is very manifest: the faithful Jews are addressed, first, as in pursuit of righteousness, as seeking Jehovah (a clause, it may be observed, harmonizing with St. Matt. vi. 33.); secondly, as in consequence of that pursuit, accepted and acknowledged as God's people and nation; and thirdly, as knowing *that* righteousness, which before they had only pursued, and as having so found Jehovah, that his law is written in their heart. Each distich has an ascent within itself, the second line rising above the first; each distich, also, is the commencement of an appropriate address; 1. to aspirants after religion; 2. to persons admitted within its sphere; and 3. to those who have made good proficiency, in the ways of holiness and virtue. A further nicety is observable: to the first class, the invitation is simply, 'Hearken unto me': it is not again repeated; probably because such repetition was needless; this people are described as seeking Jehovah; and when Jehovah himself was pleased to invite them to hear, their earnest expectation would, at the very first call, abundantly secure, on their part, a promptness of attention: to the third class, in like manner, but one invitation is given; for God's law is in their heart; and the religious affection of this class, would ensure attention yet more infallibly, than the religious excitement of the former: but to the middle class, the invitation is earnestly repeated; Hearken unto me; give ear unto me: for their very advance in religion, might render them comparatively inattentive: they had proceeded so far, as to lose the perturbed anxiety of the first class; they had not proceeded far enough, to attain the matured affection of the last; and precisely in such a state, it would be most necessary to stimulate attention, and keep it alert by a reiterated call, accompanied with a two-fold memento of their relation to Him who called them: Hearken unto me; give ear unto me: my people; my nation!'

'Note.] Bishop Lowth reads the 4th verse otherwise; following the Bodley MS. and a few others of inferior value; his translation is:

'Attend unto me, O ye peoples;
And give ear unto me, O ye nations.'

'The difference', his Lordship observes, 'is very considerable; for in this case, the address is made, not to the Jews, but

to the Gentiles; as in all reason it ought to be; for this and the two following verses express the call of the Gentiles, the islands, or the distant lands on the coasts of the Mediterranean and other seas.' The change, however, seems to be, at once needless and injurious: injurious, because it would make an ungraceful and violent transition, destructive of the unity of the passage; and needless, because in several other instances, the calling of the Gentiles is announced to the Jews, as a future blessing, in which they themselves are deeply interested: how deeply, we learn from St. Paul; Rom. xi. 24—26. As the received text stands, there appears a beautiful gradation: 1. Incipients in religion, are encouraged by the comforts of the Gospel: 2. to the more advanced in religion, and consequently better able to look beyond their own individual well-being, the calling of the Gentiles is foretold: 3. to those who are rooted and grounded in love, the final conflict and victory of the Messiah, with the consequent happiness and glory of his universal church, are described in the most glowing terms.

It is to be noted, that neither Dathe, nor Rosenmüller, has adopted Bishop Lowth's alteration of the text.

Since transcribing the above passages, I have, after the interval of some years, turned to the 29th chapter of the Hints for a Princess, and feel much gratified by some coincidences: indeed, that chapter pleases me now, even more than it did with all the freshness of a first perusal: decies repetitum potius placebit. I must quote one passage of yourself, to yourself, in order to match it, from a modern Dutch writer, who probably cannot have fallen into your hands. You say, 'were the researches of Sir Wm. Jones, and those who have followed him in the same track, valuable on no other account, they would be inestimable in this respect; that, through what they have discovered and translated, we are enabled to compare other eastern composition, with the sacred books of the Hebrews; the result of which comparison, supposing only taste and judgment to decide, must ever be, this; that, in many instances, nothing can recede further from the simplicity of truth and nature, than the one, nor more constantly exhibit both, than the other. This attention may be applied with peculiar justness, to the poetical parts of the Old Testament. The character of the eastern poetry in general, would seem to be that of floridness and exuberance, with little of the true sublime, and a constant endeavor to outdo, rather than to imitate nature. The Jewish poetry seems to have been cast in the most perfect mould. The expressions are strictly subordinate to the sense; and while nothing is more energetic, nothing is more simple and natural. If the language be strong, it is the strength of sentiment, allied

with the strength of genius, which alone produces it." Hints, vol. ii. p. 214. Now for my co-incidental transcript. Arabica poësis instar est fœminæ fuco illitæ et monilibus onustæ, in cujus cultu plurima quidem splendent adeo ut formæ naturali noceant; sed non omnia æque sunt pretiosa, imo, ubi diligentius exploraveris, pleraque vel adulterina, vel ab aliis mutuuntur, quod in ipsa luxuria paupertatem quandam signat. Hebræa vero, tanquam cœlestis quædam musa in veste gemmis stellata incedit. Hinc explicandum est, quod non dubito quia omnes observaveritis, quotquot unquam poëma aliquod Arabicum latine redditum legistis, quodque Hebræorum vatum præstantium demonstrat, videlicit, Arabum Carmina in alium sermonem conversâ nunquam posse placere, nisi forte versio sit metrica, vel talis, in quâ, quidquid in ipso carmine obscuri vel inepti insit, prætereatur aut emendetur. Hebræorum vero poësis ita pulcra est, ut ne in languidissimis quidem versionibus omnis ejus majestas et venustas evanescat, et tamen optimæ versiones, etiam metricæ ad germanam ejus pulcritudinem non nisi ex intervallo accedant.' Ravius: Orat. de poëseos Hebraicæ præ Arabum præstantia. Lug. Bat. 1800.

I said wrong, when I talked of matching this with the passage from the Hints: for the Dutchman is far inferior; still, however, the coincidence is not unpleasing. What is not always the case, Ravius would have been more correct, had he been more antithetical: he might have said, that translated Arabic poetry, never pleases, unless disguised by omissions, additions, and a metrical garb: while translated Hebrew poetry, pleases most, when exhibited in her native simplicity, undisguised by a single omission or addition; and, above all, unfettered by the chains of metre: he seems to have imagined, that metre might increase the beauty of translations from the Hebrew bards; so thought Buchanan, Johnston, Duport, Dr. Watts, and even Bishop Lowth: but they were all mistaken.

I am sorry to find that the change of weather has affected you: at the same time, what affects all of a certain temperament, is no ground of individual uneasiness; it is thus that I have been consoling myself, about myself, for I too have been a sufferer, and my work has been, of necessity, suspended for the last fortnight; now, thank God, I am getting up again, and am hopeful that this letter, the first fruits of my partial recovery, may place me back in working order. Hitherto, I have been engaged with preliminary matter, respecting the nature of Hebrew poetry, as exhibited in the Old Testament; I have given an abridged view of Bishop Lowth's scheme; offered some corrections of it; and proposed some additions to it. The Epanodos, with the rationale

of it, I have tried to explain and exemplify. I divide the book into moderately sized sections; after each section, adding illustrative notes, in which I am now and then able to prpduce curious, and I hope not altogether uninteresting similarities of manner, from classical authors. Just now, I am on the notes to the fifth section, which is the turning point with me, between the parallelism of the O. T., and that of the N. T. My last performed task has been, two notes; one giving examples of parallelism from the apocryphal, the other from the rabbinical writers: the next note or two will contain extracts from Michaelis, and some writers both of earlier and later date than him, as to the Hebraic style and structure of the N. T., together with notices of the detection of parallelism in the N. T. by Mr. Gilbert Wakefield; and by Mr. Farrer, in his Bampton Lectures. These notes once written, I shall be fairly embarked in my main subject. The 6th section will be upon quotations in the N. T. from poetical parts of the O. T.; and I shall contrive to bring forward examples, in which the parallelism is better preserved, by the New Testament writers, than it has been by the Alexandrine translators.

If you have observed any striking examples of parallelism, I shall be very much obliged by your just mentioning the book, chapter, and verse: I should also consider any references to similar passages of the Old Testament, that may elucidate parallelisms of the New, as particularly valuable; the bare reference will be sufficient: in like manner, a passage from the epistles, may sometimes illustrate the structure, no less than the meaning, of a passage in the gospels: for any such, if they occur, I shall be thankful; no matter how briefly given. One of my works, last winter, was to note all the examples of parallelism I could find in the whole N. T., beginning regularly with St. Matthew, and proceeding to the end of Revelation: from these I propose selecting such, as may best answer the purpose of exhibition, and as may afford room for useful or interesting remark. But valuable passages may very probably have struck your more experienced eye, that have escaped mine. The hymns of St. Luke, I reserve for a very advanced section; any remarks therefore, with which you could indulge me upon any of them, especially that of Simeon, would be in time a month or two hence.

Since commencing this letter, I have learned the death of our poor friend Dr. Percival! To him it was a happy release, and I am sure he was fit to die: but his poor wife and family! Deus vero providebit: I have a special faith in the protection afforded to the children of good men. It is a source of melancholy gratification to me, that I secured from Morrison, one of his models of our poor friend: You must have seen them: the likeness is excellent.

Farewell, my dear Friend: let me soon hear from you, if it be conveniently practicable.

Ever yours most affectionately,

JOHN JEBB.

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LETTER 152.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, Oct. 10. 1819.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I QUITE agree with you that your philological investigations are not to be embarrassed with theological ideas. If therefore you find the latter mingled, in any instance, with my suggestions, you will be aware that they are by no means intended for your adoption, but solely for your fuller view of what strikes me on the subject. I think, however, that without intimating any specific learning on theology, it will be expedient to state, either in the introduction, or conclusion, the theological, moral, and evidential purposes, to which the system, which you develope, may be usefully applied. Quære, is *evidential* a legitimate word? you will catch the sense in which I use it; but it is not in Johnson.

I dare say you have observed the beautiful Epanodos in our Lord's admonition, 'Behold I send you forth, &c.' 'Be ye therefore wise as serpents, because ye are among wolves', but still, 'harmless as doves, because ye yourselves are as sheep.'

Did I ever direct your attention to a structure, somewhat of this nature, in Rom. viii. 6. 17? Or may be you have observed it yourself. 'To be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life', says St. Paul: just so much, then, is strictly equiponderant; but he adds, 'and peace.' This, however, by itself would destroy the poise, and of course injure, both the philological and philosophical symmetry of the sentence. But mark how he restores both the poise and symmetry forthwith, by immediately adding an antipode to 'peace', of exactly the same nature with that which already made the contrast to 'life', namely, 'Because the carnal mind is enmity against God': the direct opposite to that 'grace of God, which passes all understanding.'

This again leads me to observe, though it is not quite to your purpose, that we have here, with perfect exactness, the distinction of the schoolmen, expressed by the term, subjective and objective, in both instances of misery and happiness; the subjective misery and happiness, being, death and life, the objective happiness and misery, being peace and enmity to God; which passage,

by the way, I cannot help considering as the most strictly elementary position, comprehending both the evil and the good, in the New Testament. On the side of good, that beatitude of our Redeemer, 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God', is still more profound and consummate.

The distinction of misery, in this passage of St. Paul, has also, its most awful counterpart, I conceive, in that thrice pronounced saying, 'where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.' Their worm, and the fire, seem to be significally marked; the first, as respecting appropriate to the individuals; the second, as common to all. It is their worm, because the subjective misery of each, depending on his own capacities and habitudes, must be infinitely varied. It is the fire, because the objective misery of all, will be one and the same, namely εχθρα εις Θεον: which disposition in man, without supposing any punitive act on the part of God, will render God, to the unhappy victims, πυρ καταναλισον. In the like manner, may we not venture to say, as the same material sun, without the slightest alteration of the beams; but merely, juxta modum recipientis, exhilarates the living animal, and putrefies the dead.

Adieu, ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

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LETTER 153.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., Oct. 21. 1819.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IF I did not happen to mention why I was going to Dublin, you may well think it strange, that I should so long possess, without acknowledgment, your last two letters. The truth is, that I have been immersed in orphan-house business; which at this moment I turn from, merely to account for my silence. Mr. Grant has required a detailed account of every thing in the orphan-house history, as he has also done from every other charitable institution, receiving parliamentary aid. I came to town to prepare the explanatory part of the return. I am now transcribing it: I hope to have it done before the end of the week (for I am helplessly interrupted by visitants), and I mean to avail myself of a paragraph in your postscript as my conclusion. I mean, that which begins 'That the beneficial results, &c.' I am not, at this moment, sure, but I shall introduce the entire remainder.

And now as to your letters, the long one I read with delight. You make out your own positions, you confute Gataker, you correct Lowth, in my judgment, in a masterly way. I am ready to persuade myself, that, when you complete your own ideas, you will produce one of the most interesting pieces of Biblical philology, which has yet appeared in the modern world.

I could say much to you, if there were time; but I must merely say, that the penmanship of your long letter, excited the admiration of those who cast their eye on it, as much as its contents called forth my concurrence and satisfaction.

Adieu. Most truly ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

LETTER 154.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, Delganny, Jan. 3. 1820.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

LET me say little or much, I cannot longer delay inquiring about you; nor can I suffer a new year to commence, without renewing the expression of those feelings towards you, which are part of the very deepest habits of my mind and heart.

I have not written to you, simply because I have been a little busy, and because I have hoped that you too, were usefully and comfortably occupied. To know that I reckoned rightly, will give me cordial gratification; and I tell you, that if there be any portion of what you are, I trust, engaged in, which you would like to show me if I were beside you, any such thing might come to me, and return to you, most safely, through Mr. Mangin of the castle; who has requested me to use him in any intercourse between us, where his aid could be a convenience. For single letters, I think it needless to trouble him: but I tell you his proposal, hoping myself to reap some pleasurable results.

I have talked about being busy. The truth is, after all, I do very little; and I fear what I have done, would hardly bear a very impartial scrutiny. The subject costs me a good deal of thought; but the quantity of writing is small. I attempt briefly to prove the doctrine of baptismal regeneration (in the case of infants,) to be that of the Church of England. I show from our formularies, what this doctrine implies; and I then point out practical consequences, which flow necessarily, or at least, naturally, from the established premises. In point of

composition, it will be but middling; in point of conclusiveness, I trust it will be unanswerable, on any fair principle. I state unpalatable truths, which both sides will, on different grounds, equally disrelish; but I speak as a member of the Church of England: they may attack her; but I fight behind a better shield than that of Ajax. I mean to enrich my little tract, should I be able to complete it, with such notes as will evince, that they who are with me, are greater than they who are against me.

I have been able to think scarcely of a single passage in the N. T., which I was not morally certain you had anticipated. One has arrested my thoughts, in consequence of being preached upon, one Sunday, by Mr. C——, St. Matt. xi. 28. &c. I cannot say his observations aided me much, though all he said from the mere teaching of his own heart, was so excellent, and had in it so much simple originality of pulpit exposition, that it made me deeply sorry for a too obvious misdirection in doctrine. But to the text. I need not bid you remark, that the expression of 'labor and are heavy laden,' in the first verse, answer exactly to 'yoke,' and 'burthen,' in the last verse; and that the two ideas, comprehend all the modes, in which working animals can be employed. They either draw or carry; in the former case, they wear a yoke, in the latter, they bear a burthen. There is, then, a beautiful contrast, between the ideas in the first verse, and those in the last: the bondage of the world and the flesh, are lamented over in the one; the happy enfranchisement, implied in the service of Christ, is luminously and almost gaily opposed in the other. But I conceive, to discover the entire strength and justness of the passage, the intermediate verse must be particularly considered. I think it should be divided thus: 'Take my yoke upon you: and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart!' for, with this pointing, not only the sense becomes strictly consistent, but an explanatory train of thought is awakened, which places the whole in a much brighter light. 'Take my yoke upon thee,' is prima facie intelligible; but why, in this obviously measured and equiponderated speech, does he add an apparently incongruous clause, 'learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart?' I think, because, in fact, it is not incongruous, but the fittest which could be employed; and throws light upon the whole. To labor, in the first verse, is to pursue the work of sin and the world; it comprehends all the activities of evil; to be heavy laden, is to endure all the chagrins, and heart-goadings, and lacerations, which sin and the world impose upon their votaries; to bear, in short, the endless varieties of passive evil. Now the yoke of Christ, is not more clearly the blessed opposite to the former source of moral misery, than the imbibing of Christ's meek and low-

ly spirit, is the specific for the latter. He had before said, 'Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth'; and he here completes that divine philosophy, by showing the well of life, from whence the sovereign sweetener of life is to be derived. Thus, then, 'labor', and 'yoke', correspond to all the movements of the concupiscible passions, and 'heavy laden', and 'burthen', are alike related to the irascible passions; and accordingly, 'they that are Christ's, have crucified the flesh, with its παθηματα and its επιθυμιαι', for thus it is that he gives them rest; and thus, too, they are fitted to feel Christ's yoke to be easy, and his burden to be light; to find his service, even in its exactest requisitions, to be perfect freedom, and sufferings, really endured for his sake, to be what St. Chrysostom has said, 'A Christian has his sorrows; but his sorrows are better than joys.' How truly happy shall I be to hear from you! and how delighted to receive a good account of you, and to know that your work is in progress. By the by, I could not help giving you all my thoughts on that passage, though I am aware, even if you approve of them, and the same thoughts have not occurred to yourself, how small a part will suit your purpose. You will be glad to know that my health, for two months past, has been better than for two, or perhaps three years.

Adieu, my dear Friend, and believe me ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

P. S. I beg my kindest and most cordial remembrances to ——, in whom I take an interest, which, if you could measure it, would satisfy even your demands in his behalf.

——oo——

LETTER CLXXVI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Jan. 9. 1820.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR kindest letter reached me but last night; and, determined to lose no time in hastening to reply, I am at my desk this morning by candlelight. Your letter is more than comfortable; it delights me: what more, indeed, could I wish to learn of you, than that you are consciously in a better state of health than for the last three years; that your mind is pleasantly, and I need not say usefully employed; and that you think and feel towards me, with your accustomed depth and fulness of mind and heart? These are blessings, for which I pray to be sufficiently thankful.

I have often been a self-accuser for not writing to you; the simple fact is, I have been more uninterruptedly busy for the last two months, than during any former period of my life: your last letter but one, could not have arrived more seasonably, or more beneficially, than it did: I had been flagging, from a return of indisposition. Your approbation of my labors, so cheered, revived, and stimulated me, that I was enabled to resume my work with vigor; and ever since, with the exception of two or three days (not unserviceable) of relapse and intermission, I have been in full tide of employment. Matter has grown upon me; and I have already filled more than sixty pages of my smallest, closest writing; very considerably, perhaps in a three-fold proportion smaller and closer than this, the sheets being of a quarto size. It has been my effort to condense to the utmost; yet what is already written, will fill a moderate octavo volume; and I have matter enough to fill another. That it will attain any thing that can be called popularity, I do not expect; but I am hopeful that it will approve itself to some; and foremost in the number, that it will not be unsatisfactory to you. The interest seems to increase as I proceed; and I rather think that I proceed in a way, at least equal in execution, as well as weight of matter, to any thing in the specimens which afforded you some gratification.

I should rejoice, were it in my power to avail myself of Mr. Mangin's proposal: and I need not say how gratified I feel, at your wish to see a little of my progress; but I will tell you precisely how I am circumstanced: I am pledged to appear with my work (Deo volente) in April, at Messrs. Cadell and Davies's counter; they have liberally freed me from all risk, and promised to make all necessary previous arrangements with a very intelligent printer, that the work may be brought out with the greatest accuracy, and in the best manner. To keep my engagement, as far as in me lies, I feel to be my bounden duty: and in order to keep it, I am working, I may say, day and night. I rise before six o'clock: before seven am at my desk: a brisk walk or ride, either precedes or follows breakfast; and, except at meals, and for two or three hours in the evening, my brain, my eyes, and hands, are incessantly employed. At this rate I must proceed, health and strength permitting, for three months to come; and so situated, I cannot find any time for transcription. Some of my completed fasciculi might be sent; but as there is but one copy of them, I could not justifiably run the risk of any transmission by post, however safe the channel. Besides, I have frequent occasion to recur to my back papers; and to be for any time, without any one of them, might materially impede my progress: to transcribe the whole for the press, before I begin

to print, is more than I can promise myself; but if, before going to England, I can complete the transcription of any reasonable part, I will most gladly send you the present copy; and shall be gratified, if its perusal can afford you pleasure; and obliged, if you will supply me with any cautionary hint: C. F. did not fail to convey your gentle remonstrance, as to gentle treatment of Bishop Lowth; it shall be strictly and cheerfully complied with: such a man cannot be used, especially by one who treads so largely in his steps, with too much respect and tenderness. The more fully, indeed, I am acquainted with his work, the more clearly I discern its general thinness: were it not for the uncommon graces and beauties of his latinity, much of his matter would be discovered to be meagre in the extreme. With such a system to work upon (however he might have failed, as he has failed, in its complete development) I am absolutely astonished, at the small additional light that he has directly shed, upon the orderly connection, and even the grammatical meaning of sacred Scripture. Still, he has been a great providential instrument: the indirect and consequential results of his labors, will be continually increasing; and, all things considered, I have no doubt it was better that he should have given rather a thin book, with exquisite and fascinating finish, than a fuller treatise, in a coarser way: the talents for large invention, and nice finish, rarely meet in one person: and the subject considered, it was indispensable, that the poetry of the Hebrews should, at the outset, be so placed before readers, as to attract, to engage, and to enkindle the imagination. All this, Bishop Lowth has done: and a more dogged, and more investigating workman, would probably have failed to do it.

The passage S. Matt. xi. 28. &c. is one of my specimens: and from your comment I shall be enabled to enrich my own; which, in my final copy, I will re-write for that purpose. Your distinction between the κοπιωντες and πεφορτισμενοι, the activities and passivities of evil, is, I think, most just, and most beautiful: it had not occurred to me; and in adopting it, I shall do myself credit, but what is better, I shall do service to my work, and to my readers: my distribution may, perhaps, slightly differ from yours: I have considered it much, and think it is the true one. You will judge for yourself:

δευτε προς με παντες οι κοπιωντες και πεφορτισμενοι,
κἀγω αναπαυσω ὑμας.
αρατε τον ζυγον μου εφ' ὑμας,
και μαθετε απ' εμου,
ὁτι πραος ειμι, και ταπεινος τη καρδια·
και εὑρησετε αναπαυσιν ταις ψυχαις ὑμων.

ὁ γαρ ζυγος μου χρηστος, και το φορτιον μου ελαφρον εστι.

I am very glad you are treating of baptismal regeneration. It is a subject, on which both parties are, with few exceptions, lamentably in the dark; and to place on its proper ground the true doctrine of our church respecting it, will be to perform an essential service. As to composition, it is a thing of very minor moment, in such a case; and I dare say, others will not be so fastidious on that score, as you yourself may feel disposed to be. C. F. has been reading closely several of S. Augustin's Anti-Pelagian tracts; and intends to-day extracting some passages for you, which bear strongly on your subject: he thinks it likely they cannot be new to you; but transmits them as a token of his regard, and of his interest in your present pursuit.

As to my health, I am thankful to say it is better than I recollect it to have been, at any period during the last fifteen years.

I must now have done: and with every good wish for you, and the friends with whom you are, I am ever, my dear Friend,

Most entirely yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER CLXXVII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Jan. 30. 1820.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

* * * * * * *

MY work is drawing towards its conclusion: in ten days, I hope to begin my final transcript. I am just now engaged in writing on the three hymns, or songs in St. Luke i. and ii. If you could conveniently let me have a bare reference, to the texts which you have noted as bearing on the Song of Simeon, I should be much obliged. Any further hints, I need not say, would be most acceptable; but, at all events, the texts I wish for, as of great consequence. I myself have marked some: but I wish to have the best, both in the Old and New Testament, which relate to the light of the Gentiles, and the glory of Israel.

I write to Dublin, thinking you have now probably come into winter quarters.

Farewell, my dear Friend,

Ever most entirely yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER 155.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., Feb. 1. 1820.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THOUGH I have but a few minutes at my disposal, I cannot defer a post to say something on the subject of your letter.

Your bulletin of health delights me, and I congratulate you on seeing the boundary of your labor. As speedily as possible, perhaps by to-morrow's post, I will write again, respecting the texts alluded to in the Nunc dimittis; I will only add now, that I have considered attentively your distribution, and I am disposed to prefer it to my own, for a reason which may also influence you, though you have not mentioned it; namely, that contrarily to my first apprehension, πραος and ταπεινος, instead of being joint ground for our learning of him, have each, respectively, reference to ζυγος; and the μαθετε απ' εμου, as much as these, respectively refer to κοπιωντες and πεφορτισμενοι: as if he had said, put yourselves under me as a master, and engage in my service, for I am πραος, and follow my example as to all you have to endure, for I am ταπεινος.

Adieu. Colonel Thornton, who breakfasted with me this morning, desires his kind remembrances to you, and let my friend C. F. know that he spoke with interest of him also.

Ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

——oo——

LETTER 156.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson Street.
Begun Feb. 3., ended Feb. 4. 1820.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE passage to which I conceive Simeon chiefly refers, is the commencement of the 60th chapter of Isaiah. The first two words, 'Arise, shine', seem respectively to refer to the light and glory; q. d. arise, for thy light is come, . . shine, for the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. As to the second verse, you will yourself consult the Hebrew, and see whether 'the people' can be specially referred to the Jews (the people κατ' εξοχην); if so, it would make a fine sense: but Lowth's ren-

dering 'the nations', and that of the LXX. *επ' εθνη*, precludes, I fear, any such interpretation. I therefore lay chief stress on the third verse: 'And the Gentiles shall come to thy light; and kings to the brightness of thy rising': as I think it is evident, that 'brightness of thy rising', is an elegant periphrasis for the word 'glory.'

Of the allusion in the Song of Simeon, to the first part of the third verse, there can be no question; a light to lighten the Gentiles, . . and the Gentiles shall come to thy light, . . contain the same idea. It cannot, therefore, be disputed, that Simeon's words refer ultimately to the event, which Isaiah contemplated; inasmuch as Christ would then be eminently the light of the Gentiles when the Gentiles should come to the light reflected by the church.

But how does 'the glory of thy people Israel,' correspond to the latter words? In a way, which perhaps may be too circuitous for your special purpose, but which I confess I think satisfactory. The coming of the Gentiles, is evidently a popular movement; and to be looked for, therefore, from such motives and influences, as, according to the law of human nature, are found to work upon the multitude. Doubtless the impression will be more sound and deep, than any ever made before; but still it will be of the kind, which is incident to human nature in its simpler, and less refined state. But the coming of kings, is a higher effect, because these are the least impressible portions of society: these, therefore, will not be drawn, until the apparatus be complete; and, consequently, its effectiveness on these, evinces its perfection.

Now St. Paul clearly ascribes the consummation of the scheme, to the fulness of the Jews (Rom. xi. 12. and 15.); and reason teaches us, that, when such an event is intended, the divine process will not attain its maturity, until that intention be accomplished. The retention of the Jews in their separate state, is a wonderful prognostic, of what is ultimately designed; and we can easily suppose, that when, after a remarkable improvement and increase of gentile christianity, the great body of the Jews shall be signally and collectively incorporated, such a light will be thrown upon prophecy, and such a substantiation of its truth will be apparent to every eye, as, if one might dare to say it, completely to turn the laugh against the scoffers, who, in all ages, had been asking, 'Where is the promise of his coming?'

Comparing, then, the assertion of Simeon, with this passage of Isaiah, we see, that, in both, there is the idea of a reflected light, and a reflected glory: the first image taken probably from the common effect of the dawn; the second, from that of the

actual rising of the sun. Isaiah's words seem to justify this distinction, Thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. The light may be thought to correspond to our Savior's prayer, 'that they all may be one'; . . the glory, to his farther petition, 'that they may be perfected in one'; and what supports this is, that our Savior actually combines the idea of glory, with this latter blessing. Of these profound expressions in our Savior's prayer, I mean of their marked distinctiveness, what better elucidation can we find, than the two πληρωματα, spoken of by St. Paul in Rom. xi.? But if this correspondence be founded, we have the complete amount of Simeon's light and glory; our Redeemer becoming the one, in the πληρωμα των εθνων, and the other, in the πληρωμα των Ιουδαιων.

How far you can extract, from these remarks, any thing suitable to your special purpose, you will best know. I could not explain myself at less expense of words; yet I have felt, at every step, that I was not suggesting what you could use, but merely assisting you to turn the subject in your thoughts.

There are many other cognate dualities, which, in a consideration of this matter for its own sake, would be worthy of deepest attention. For instance, the two-fold unity of the 4th of Ephesians, της πιστεως, and της επιγνωσεως, so remarkably corresponding to our Redeemer's two objects, 'that the world may believe', and 'that the world may know.' But, in truth, dualities, in Holy Scripture, are endless; and a mysterious relationship appears to link them all together; nor must we leave out the Hebraic couplet (especially the climactic couplet) itself, which seems to have been cast in the same mystical mould, in order to subserve the same mystical purpose.

Adieu, my dear Friend,

and believe me ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

——oo——

LETTER CLXXVIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Feb. 6. 1820.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I WRITE a couple of lines, to thank you for your last two most acceptable letters; and, at the same time, to report progress. I am now in the very last stage of my first copy; expecting to finish it to-day: three or four days ago I finished, what I could

then say about the 'Nunc dimittis.' Your hints supply valuable matter of thought for my final draft: meantime, I will say a few words, about what has been already done. I could not hope to make my plan of Simeon's Song properly intelligible, without transcribing all that I have written, not only upon it, but upon the Hymns of the Virgin and Zacharias: for I have treated, and I trust not fancifully, the whole three, as a connected series. But I may mention, that I have considered Isaiah lx. 1. 3. as both communicating light to, and receiving light from, the 'Nunc dimittis,' and the subsequent address of Simeon, to the Virgin and Joseph.

I differ in a small degree from you, in distributing the first couplet of Isaiah:

> Arise; be thou enlightened; for thy light is come,
> And the glory of Jehovah is risen upon thee:

this I take to be an Epanodos: Arise: for the glory is risen: be enlightened, for thy light is come! What relates to the Jews, being put first and last. Arise from thy fallen prostrate condition: how applicable to Judea, captive and dispersed! The next couplet, I think, relates to Gentiles and Jews, but not as you would have it made out:

> For behold, darkness shall cover the land (of Judea often so called)
> And a thick vapor the nations.

Other passages of Isaiah help to illustrate: viz. xlii. 6.; xlvi. 13.; xlix. 6. 9.

To me it is astonishing, that Simeon should have been enabled to condense, so vast a range of prophecy, into so few words.

Time permits me not to dwell on this subject.

Ever, my dear Friend,

Most truly yours,

JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER CLXXIX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Feb. 23. 1820.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

ACCORDING to promise, I send you the first draft of the first fasciculi of my book. Those I have now transcribed; and, in

the transcript, have made several improvements, by addition, omission, and alteration: these variations I have not had time to mark; and indeed I have been unwilling to blot the first copy, as it is not now my own: I gave it to Mrs. J. F.; who fairly earned it, by her intelligent application to the study of Hebrew poetry: she furnished me with some fine specimens of epanodos, of her own discovery; and also with two or three capital observations of a critical kind. The papers therefore, she has, as I said, fairly made her own. You will, I know, preserve them for her with care. Any objections with which you may favor me, I will maturely consider: you are, however, to take with you, that what you now see is but the first draft.

C. F. came home with a heavy cold, which he has not yet shaken off. He sends you his best love, and bids me say he has not forgotten your commissions.

Farewell, my dear Friend.

Ever most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER 157.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Feb. 28. 1820.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR most acceptable packet found me, on Saturday, in my bed. I had real pleasure yesterday, in going through the first, and part of the second fasciculus. Your research is great, your positions are well made out, your arrangement is simple and clear, and the animadversions which you feel necessary, are made respectfully, and temperately. It will be a valuable work; and even those who will not have tact enough to appreciate its importance, will, notwithstanding, be obliged to give great credit to its industry, its ingenuity, and it slearning. I tell you simply, in as few words as I can (for I am straightened in time) the prima facie impression, which your work has made upon me; I will take special care of your manuscript, and am very much pleased to hear, that Mrs. J. F. has so fairly entitled herself to its possession.

I dare say your remarks on Isaiah lx. 1. &c. are well founded. But do you know that you have written, not 'land', but 'earth', in your copy; I dare say you have corrected this oversight in your transcript. I wish you to examine 1 Tim. iii. 15., and judge whether St. Paul intended any thing of an epanodos.

I am not sure what cognation there may be between *εκκλησια* and *στυλος*, though it strikes me that some such thing might be made out; but I almost think, *οικος* and *εδραιωμα* have reference to each other. —— and I, were, this day, talking over this very passage; and considering whether the anticatholic reading which makes *στυλος* and *εδραιωμα* predicates, not of the *οικος Θεου*, but of *το της ευσεβειας μυστηριον*, was tenable, and he quite agreed with me that it was not; but we, at first, did not see, why it should be only *οικος Θεου*, and *εκκλησια Θεου ζωντος*. I suggested, that the idea given by *οικος*, implied stability, therefore there was no need of any additional intimation; but *εκκλησια* might, and naturally would, be transient, if it did not deserve continuity, from some power beyond its own; therefore *Θεου ζωντος* 'because the Lord liveth,' is that which perpetuates the church.

I could say much on the strange times! But I have it in my power to catch the post, only by bribing the Post-office.

Ever yours,

A. K.

——oo——

LETTER CLXXX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

April 11. 1820.

My dear Friend,

However strange it may seem, I seize the first hour, in which I could comfortably reply to your kind letter of the 28th February. A spring fit of illness, very mitigated indeed in its form, but still disabling me from work, held for between a fortnight and three weeks: the rest of my time has been almost unintermittingly devoted to the transcript of my sections, which I have now completed; and feel most thankful for the health and strength, granted me during the last seven months: in which time, I have twice written, what will probably fill from 600 to 700 printed octavo pages. My health is better than when I began my labors: the only drawback is, that I feel melancholy at having parted with a subject, which, for the last twelve years, has been, from time to time, whenever I could apply to any thing, my favorite mental companion. Some successor will, I suppose, be found: but whether of such agreeable qualities, I much doubt.

Your opinion of what you had read is a great encouragement. I humbly trust the remainder will not altogether displease or disappoint you; in the second draft, I have thrown in frequently,

brief, but not unimportant improvements. Isaiah lx. 1. &c. I discarded from among my specimens, under the early head of climax, that it might be employed with freshness, in the illustration of Simeon's Song. In the first copy, writing, not 'land,' but 'earth,' was not oversight, but want of knowledge: it was not till I came to Simeon's Song, that the thought occurred to me.

I have considered, as well as I could, 1 Tim. iii. 15., but I am unable to discover an epanodos: were I to resolve it into any thing of the Hebrew poetical manner, I should think alternation more probable, στυλος referring to οικος, and ἑδραιωμα to εκκλησια: but I feel unable to speak with any approach to certainty.

Mrs. Jebb and my niece have been here, during the entire of my brother's circuit; of him we have had occasional glimpses, between towns; and expect him here from Cork, after the conclusion of his labors.

Within these two or three days, I took the liberty of showing Mrs. J. some of your invaluable MSS. I never saw her take to any thing with more interest; and perhaps few have taken to them with more intelligence: she was studying them intently yesterday; and her remark to me was, 'Mr. Knox must be a happy man.'

Unless I hear to the contrary before I leave this, I will not take the three vols. to town, as C. F. wishes to study them.

I propose leaving this, on this day se'nnight; and hope to sail the Monday following.

Farewell, my dear Friend.

Ever yours,

JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER 158.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

April 15. 1820.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED your acceptable letter yesterday morning; but had it not in my power to aknowledge it sooner than to-day. I am truly glad that you have brought your work to a conclusion. I can very well understand the drawback on this pleasure, which you mention, having myself felt something of the same kind, in a more limited way, again and again. But I think I have always found it, not only a transient, but a groundless uneasiness: because, always something shortly presented itself, which was suf-

ficient to interest the mind, and of course dispel the sensation of comparative vacuity.

I am glad you have so little to state in the way of malady. I am but just emerging from an attack of influenza. I took a short walk this day, for the first time since Thursday fortnight. That day I injured myself through exposure to cold, from curiosity to see Col. Talbot's triumphant chairing. If I live to see another election, I hope I shall be more wise.

I am prepared by my own anticipations, for all you tell me of ——. Ever since I read his anti-union pamphlet, I set him down as a superior man. But it was not as a pleading barrister, that his highest qualifications were likely to show themselves. There was a modesty, and a delicacy about his mind, which required a somewhat sheltered situation, in order to the unrestrained exercise of his powers. The competition and conflict of the profession, on its lower level, afforded nothing of this kind: but the almost magic fence, which the judicial character throws around itself (except when it wantonly forfeits its advantage), exactly furnishes that unagitated, and unassailable sphere, in which modesty is transformed into dignity, and true delicacy is not liable to annoyance. I think, in short, that —— is uncommonly fitted to do justice to such a situation.

I am very sincerely gratified, by Mrs. Jebb's being pleased with my papers. I was thinking of asking for them. But as C. F. wishes to study them, when he is not to have *you*, I cannot think of depriving him of any little consolation, which they may yield him in his solitude.

I must not add another word, but that I shall be happy to see you, though en passant, and that I am ever,

Inexpressibly yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

——oo——

LETTER CLXXXI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Holyhead, Tuesday evening, April 26. 1820.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I PROMISED to write you a few lines, as soon as I should have any thing to tell, which you could like to know: and I honestly feel, that, in order to keep my promise, I must write from hence; for I know you will be glad to hear of my safe and pleasant progress, so far on my way. Nothing can be more agreeable, in the way of passage across the Channel, than the

passage in the steam-packet: wind and tide against us, we made this in eight hours: not the least boisterousness of motion; less, indeed, than in a canal boat: at about a third of the way across, we passed the Government packet, which sailed from Howth yesterday evening, and probably she will not arrive here, before a late hour to-morrow.

I proceed leisurely by a coach, to-morrow, at 9 o'clock. I shall now probably not write to you, till I have reached Oxford, or perhaps London.

Ever, my dear Friend,
most unalterably and affectionately yours,
JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER CLXXXII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Oxford, May 2. 1820.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

So far, I may thankfully say, I am enabled to report very comfortable progress. Through Wales, and to this place, my journey has been as favorable, as fine weather, good roads, and companions much above par in the coaches, could make it. To Llangollen, where I paused for the first night, I was accompanied by two gentlemanlike, and well conditioned Hibernico-Oxonians. One a gentleman commoner of Exeter College; the other a commoner of Christ Church: also a greater personage, the high sheriff of the county of ——, who had in his custody a magnificently emblazoned, but middlingly composed address to his majesty, which he submitted to my criticism. He did not seem quite without hopes of being created a baronet, on the occasion of his presentation before royalty, of himself, and his address. But the expectations of his servant were much higher. During one stage, I went on the outside of the coach to see the prospect; and sat beside the aforesaid servant, who opened a conversation with characteristic simplicity: 'Sir,' said he, 'my master is high sheriff of the county of ——, and is carrying our address to the king: it is a great thing for him; don't you think, sir, he will be made a lord?'

At Oswestry I stopped for the greater part of a day; and had my two little nephews, —— and ——, to dine with me; a happy groupe of school-boys. At Worcester I passed a quiet and pleasant day with my cousins the Miss J——s, two well educated, and well informed young women. This place I

reached late on Saturday night; and have been ever since partaking the hospitality of Mr. Ogilvie, and the master of Baliol. From the highest to the lowest, that college is in delight at the success of W. B., who, last week, passed a most credible examination: they have no doubt of his being in the first class of honors; and say, that, as yet, he has been the best answerer among the candidates. 'But what is better,' said Dr. Jenkyns, the master of Baliol, 'his conduct while amongst us, has been most exemplary and irreproachable; I could not wish any one act of his, that has come within my knowledge, to be different from what it has been; and we have always found him a most valuable assistant, in giving the best direction to the minds and habits, of other young men in the college.' How gratifying this, to all that love our unequalled Archbishop! I wish, when you write, you would communicate those particulars. W. B. went to London, the morning before my arrival; but there I hope to find him. —— is junior tutor, and catechist of the college. And, on Sunday evening, I heard him deliver a catechetical lecture in the chapel: of this lecture, I this morning have had the perusal, and it is a very good one, both in matter and manner; the style of thought and composition being far more matured than I could have expected; and not a sentiment, from beginning to end, of which you would be likely to disapprove. His attention to his college duties is most unremitting; in the mornings, I do not see him at all. His respect, regard, and I might say veneration for you, are unabated; and he charged me to give you his most cordial remembrances.

Mr. M—— has published a little volume, which I send: bating some crude expressions, I like it much, and shall be glad if you like it also.

Thursday I leave this: and on Saturday I am to be with the I——s' and T——s. In a letter just received, Mr. I. says, 'By arriving on Saturday, you will meet many of your old friends; Sir T. A——, the G——s, Mr. M——, and Mr. D——, and one whom you will be glad to know, if you do not already know him, S——.' You see, therefore, I am to enter at once 'in medias res.' Is not Providence very good to me?

I shall long to hear from you: a letter will not fail to find me, directed either to Mr. Butterworth's, or to Mr. I's.

Farewell, my dear Friend.

Ever most entirely yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER CLXXXIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Battersea Rise, May 29. 1820.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

SIR T. A—— said to me, 'You must enclose this card to Mr. Knox, and I will give you a frank:' the card speaks for itself: in the present day, people have a strange propensity to mingle the grotesque, with all their efforts to do good: one desirable effect, however, has been produced by this floating chapel; in our great naval ports, the sailors were left without any religious observances on Sunday; and the Admiralty have determined to set apart certain ships not in commission, to be converted into church-of-England chapels, for the weekly performance of divine service.

I have already seen many of your friends: beside the people of this house, Lady B——; the Butterworths; Mr. and Mrs. S.; the two Mr. G——s; Z. M——; Sir T. A——, and Mr. S——; it is needless to say that all inquired after you, with most cordial interest; and this morning Mr. S—— and Mr. I——, finding that I was about to write to you, requested that I would find a corner to offer you their best remembrances; the former is full of gratitude, for your kindness to him while in Ireland.

My expectations were much more than answered in S——: he is, in countenance and appearance, most strikingly the poet; and in conversation, the man of almost universal information; of strong mind; and on most subjects, of sound and thoughtful judgment: some say that his face resembles that of a hare; others that of an eagle; both are in a certain degree right, but the eagle vastly predominates; he has both the beak and the eye. When I was introduced to him, he met me, not only courteously, but kindly; 'Is this the Mr. Jebb, from whom I had the pleasure of receiving two letters?' He then shook hands with me, and we were speedily acquainted, and at home in familiar conversation. I mentioned the difference between the first, and succeeding editions, of Whitehead's Life of Wesley; of this he had not been aware, and he expressed himself as glad of the information. When he has finished some literary plans, now in progress, he intends writing a history of the monastic orders, for which he has collected ample materials: I should much like to see such a work from his hands: 'Popery,' said he, 'is the greatest work of human ability, and human wickedness.'

I believe he would not be unwilling to admit into the partnership, a more than human agency; and you and I would not, in that case, materially dissent from him. As we walked together to church, on Sunday, he invited me to visit him at K——; and if I can possibly find time, I will contrive to go so far north, that I may enjoy his society for a day or two.

About the state of affairs in England, opinions are divided: a few, perhaps, under-rate the danger; but more, I am willing to hope, over-rate it. Mr. S—— says, that nine tenths of a revolution has already been effected in the public mind; and Sir T. A——, and two or three more, who got into a groupe on Saturday evening, are full of the most gloomy, and, I would almost say, desponding anticipations or prognostics.

Yesterday we had at dinner the American ambassador, Mr. R——. The company was so large, and I was at such a distance, that I did not hear him speak; but his countenance is most intelligent, and full of benevolence; his appearance and manner, those of a finished gentleman; and he is, altogether, the finest specimen that I have seen of our Transatlantic brethren.

Mr. D—— wanted me to preach for him last Sunday: this I declined; and am right well pleased that I did so, for I heard from him a most excellent sermon, on 'The kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.' In the afternoon, he lectured on Romans vii., and strongly explained it in the anti-calvinistic way.

You will be sorry to hear, that there have been very bad accounts of poor Hannah More: little hope had been entertained of her recovery: but a letter of this day week from Miss R—— was quite cheering; she has been coming round, and her physicians entertain good hopes of her.

On coming to town, I found that one of my booksellers, Mr. Davies, was lying unburied, in their house in the Strand. He was carried off by an apoplexy; of which fate he had had repeated premonitions. I hope the intermediate time was made a right use of. This death a little postpones my business; but I hope, by the beginning of next week, to get fairly to press. For the purpose of being always at hand to correct the sheets, and indeed, that I may be independent, I intend moving into a lodging next Monday: and till I have a fixed address, I should be glad if you write (as I hope and intreat you may) that you would direct to me at Mr. Butterworth's, Fleet Street.

Pray have you seen Milman's 'Fall of Jerusalem?' It makes a great noise: several think it the first poetical production of the day: Sir Walter Scott wants words to express his admiration. Crabbe is unbounded in his applause. I have read the poem,

and think it a very fine one: but I must also think these praises excessive. Have you your paper ready for the Christian Observer? If you have, and would let it pass through my hands, after gratifying myself by its perusal, I should carefully transmit it to the publisher. Farewell, my dear Friend.

Ever most entirely yours,

J. JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER 159.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

May 9. 1820.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I MUST write, were it but a line, to thank you for two communications from Holyhead and Oxford. But alas, my eye has been hurt by an imprudent use of it; and I am, as I was for so long a time before, incapable of using it. You see yourself how badly I am performing, but I wish to account to you for my failure in correspondence. It will be delightful to me to hear from you, but you must give me credit for my gratitude.

Your account of Mr. O. is gratifying to me, and I am obliged to him for remembering me.

As you say, if your prospect was realized, you certainly went at once in medias res. I shall be curious to know how —— comes into that society, and what you thought of him.

The life of J. W. is a valuable record of many things, which must otherwise have passed away. But he is not happy in his remarks, on the emotions of early methodism; and I think he has brought them needlessly, and somewhat disgustingly forward. Why need he have copied what John Wesley has told, about Mr. Beveridge, at Everton? I think Mr. S.'s not believing the existence of the devil, is greatly against him. J. W. was in one extreme about the devil; Mr. S. is in another. J. W.'s extreme was the less antichristian. The devil is so prominent a personage in the Bible, that to take him out, is to derange the tableau of revelation; it is to take the shade out of the picture, by way of improving it.

I thank you for M——'s little book. But, though I respect the design, I doubt the success.

But I must stop.

Ever most truly yours,

A. K.

P.S. Remember me cordially to my friends.

M—— does not begin by explaining the inward kingdom of God. He calls it religion; love of God and man; but this does not convey a clear idea; it fixes no radical principles. Nothing will answer, until the experimentality of methodism, is extracted from the animality of methodism, and addressed as strongly to sound feeling, as the methodists have addressed it to the passions. There is a charm in experimental analysis, which nothing can supply; and which, by being wisely and cordially done, may be made alike interesting, to the philosopher, and the rustic. I have written this page better, by being less anxious; but I must be abstemious.

——oo——

LETTER CLXXXIV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

28 Norfolk St., Strand, June 19. 1820.

My dear Friend,

I have been a sad defaulter; and your kindness is in part the cause of it. You sent me a pamphlet on the Bible Society, and asked my opinion of it. I was unwilling to write, till I could give that opinion; and circumstances beyond my control, have as yet prevented me from getting half through the book. So far as I have gone, there is much talent; considerable thought; and no small originality of mind. For so young a person, it is a remarkable performance. But it has the faults of a youthful writer: there is a want of guardedness throughout; and in some of the positions (as broadly laid down), matter amounting to what I would call dangerous: I hope the writer will give himself to something better then controversy: who may he be?

I was very sorry to find the complaint in your eyes returning; and, though delighted to hear from you, I felt compunction while reading your letter, as being the involuntary cause or occasion, of your doing what might be imprudent. I hope you have since been husbanding your eye-sight; and that all uneasiness has, ere this, subsided.

The main business which brought, and which keeps me here, is proceeding as I could wish: they send me a sheet per day; and this morning I corrected the 368th page. The whole work will probably occupy 480 pages; the character being somewhat smaller, and the lines a little longer, than in my volume of Sermons. How far it may approve itself, I feel doubtful; but as

the sheets pass before me in review, I can at least acquit myself of want of industry and research: one of my chief apprehensions, indeed, is, that the complexion of the work may be too learned for the public taste. Yet I trust it is not pedantic. The danger would seem to be, that, by the dry scholar, it may be thought too airy; while, to general readers, the appearance of so much Greek in the pages, may be forbidding. If, however, it shall be thought, even by a few, to throw any valuable light on Scripture, my object will be gained. As to reputation, I do not affect, what I do not feel, indifference: but it has been my earnest, and I humbly trust, not unsuccessful effort, to shut out all anxiety on that point. I hope my publisher may not suffer: he takes the entire risk; and prints 1000 copies.

The Archbishop most kindly, and of his own mere motion, sent me letters to the Bishops of L—— and D——. I was graciously, and even cordially received; a pre-engagement to Lord C—— prevented me from dining with the Bishop of L——. At Winchester, I passed a day very agreeably with the Bishop of H——; and I have had one or two conversations with the Bishop of L——. To all these prelates, I may, without forwardness, present my book; and their countenance, if afforded to it, may be serviceable. With Mr. N—— I passed a day; and there met the editor of the British Critic, and some other high-churchmen. Their minds are too controversially bent on one class of subjects: but some of them are amiable and estimable men. Mr. N——, I particularly like. He is a very munificent dispenser of a large private fortune; and has a disposition full of friendliness.

You will not of course suspect me of relinquishing my old friends; but circumstances have thrown me at a greater distance, than I believe we could mutually wish. The serious illness of Sir H. Inglis; the illness and death of old Mrs. Butterworth; and the removal of the B——s to Ivor, have led to many a solitary day and evening, which I might otherwise have passed in cheering society; and some returns of indisposition, have, in those solitary days and nights, rather acted upon my spirits in a depressing way. You can well imagine, that solitude in London, is worse than solitude at Abington. If I recollect right, one of the few good things in Lord Byron, is, the felicitous expression of a sentiment not unlike this. But, though occasionally low, I thank goodness, I am not morbidly so. I feel reason to be thankful, for the many, and great blessings vouchsafed me: and I am thankful.

It is inconvenient to me, just now, that I have lost, by M——s' bank, 200*l.*; the more so, as all payments from my parishioners must, for a time, be suspended.

I know not exactly what my movements may be: it is, however, most probable, that, deficiente crumenâ, I must hurry back, whenever I have got my work through the press. Is it not remarkable, that, in 1815, I was suddenly cut short in my visit, and obliged to relinquish some most agreeable engagements, immediately after bringing out my sermons? These little checks, I take as kindly intended, to keep us watchful and sober. The Stocks, Hannah More, my Derbyshire relations, the V——s, S——, &c. must, I suspect, be all unvisited; and I must return to Abington. Be it so. If needful, I hope to do this cheerfully; with gratitude for having been enabled to bring out my work. Even this, indeed, it were presumptuous to reckon upon. The publication may be posthumous: but four-fifths of it have passed under my own eye: and any friend, who can read Greek, can pass the remainder through the press.

Farewell, my dear friend. May you be long spared, long useful, and for ever happy!

Yours most unalterably,

JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER 160.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, June 25. 1820.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I WAS cordially rejoiced to receive your letter; but really what you say in it has made me anxious, lest the state of your health should be more uncomfortable, than you have expressly acknowledged. I do not wonder that both body and mind should be affected, by the combination of depressing occurrences, which has happened, just now, to befal you. But I trust you will be speedily consoled and compensated, by some of those cheering circumstances, which are ever within the call of Providence; and which so often come to disabuse the mind of its gloomy forebodings. I shall earnestly be expecting another letter from you, in which I shall hope to hear, that you have friends near you, and that you are able to enjoy them.

In the mean time, I am particularly concerned about your pecuniary disappointments. I am well aware, that you will not be suffered to feel any present inconvenience. But if, out of my penury, I could aid you a little, towards the accomplishment of some part, at least, of what you purposed, it would give me inexpressible pleasure. The little matter, therefore, which I in-

close, may at least enable you to go to Bristol; as it would be mortifying to me, as well as to yourself, that you should not see Mrs. More and the Stocks. I send it to you, I do assure you, without the shadow of inconvenience, and you are literally to take your own time in returning it; as, when you do, it will go to some purpose, in which neither my necessities, nor conveniences, will have any concern. Shall I say 'forgive me, for taking this liberty with you'? No, I will not say so; for you will believe that my heart is in it, and you will receive it accordingly.

My eye advances but very slowly. I did not injure it by writing before, and I am still less injuring it now; but if I be able to read in a month from this, I shall be contented and thankful. It was, I conceive, the consequence of a strain, got by tracing our journey from Shrewsbury to Oxford*, on a minute map by candlelight.

Your friends here would say every thing, if I were to leave it in their power; but I can speak for them, and am ever yours,

A. K.

——oo——

LETTER CLXXXV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

28 Norfolk St., Strand, June 30. 1820.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR kindest note, received this morning, has been a cordial to me. 'Your heart' indeed 'was in it', as I know it is in every thing that relates to my comfort. And I most unreservedly avail myself of your prompt kindness. As you judged, I was in no danger of feeling present inconvenience; for, though I cannot, in the present state of the south, look for immediate remittances from that quarter, my brother gave me an order on his London banker, for whatever money I might want, and assured me his doing so implied no inconvenience. At the same time, your kindly considerate enclosure, is a real convenience and advantage, as it frees me from any necessity, of pressing, for the time, more than I could wish, on a quarter, upon which many claims are made, and most liberally answered: especially as my brother has taken up the bad bill of the M——s for 200*l.* But the pecuniary convenience, though, as I have shown you, very decided, is as nothing, compared to matters that come infinitely home.

* In 1809... ED.

What you have done, is cordial testimony, and token of affection; and, as such, I rejoice in it. No such testimony, indeed, was wanting, as matter of evidence: but you have been just wishing me to be 'speedily consoled and compensated, by some of those cheering circumstances, which are ever within the call of Providence; and which so often come to disabuse the mind of its gloomy forebodings.' And surely such a letter as yours, is precisely, and in the highest sense, 'one of those circumstances.' I am cheered, then, and I look cheerfully forward to seeing our joint friends near Bristol: about which part of my plans, at least, I have no remaining scruple. And now, my dear friend, I am afraid my last letter pained you: it was written under the pressure of more illness, than I had been aware of at the time. It had long been hanging over me; and I had been for too great an interval, without one of those decided attacks, which always contribute to lighten me. Such an attack, however, came, and I may say, is gone. For the first time since yesterday-week, I this day went out; and took a little walk, in the Temple Gardens, with Henry Butterworth. I had been five whole days in bed, and suffered much from the intense heat: but now, I thank God, I feel much better than before my attack: I had daily visits, during this little confinement, from H. Butterworth; frequent ones from C. B., and kind inquiries from the I——s' and Lord C.; both of whom have been most kind and hospitable: you see, therefore, I have not been without friends to cheer me. To-morrow I meditate a little airing: I intend taking a carriage, and paying a visit at F—— to the Bishop of L——; and thence going round to Clapham, to see the I——s' and T——s, on my way to J. H. Butterworth's, where I shall dine and sleep. The next morning (Sunday) I shall go to breakfast with Mr. N——, at H——; being engaged to preach in his church, and pass the day at his house. These little engagements will I think do me good.

I like Mr. N——. He appears a most friendly and good-natured man. His notions, in high churchmanship, are, perhaps, rather too rigid: but I think him a simple-hearted, right-forward man; without any bye end to serve; and without any other intention, than that of supporting, with all his power, that which he thinks the cause of true religion. His private fortune is considerable; his church preferment next to nothing; and he is princely in his contributions for good and useful purposes. As a specimen of the way in which he does things, I will just mention, that finding an able and industrious young clergyman in want of a library, he purchased for him a complete one, comprising the most expensive and valuable works in theology: the complete apparatus, in short, of a learned divine.

I am sorry to hear that your eye advances only slowly: but any advance is good; and on recovery, I pray you will be cautious at candlelight. I was greatly gratified, on putting aside the envelope, to find your note written so very much better, than the two preceding ones: this gave me immediate ocular demonstration of your amendment.

I quite agree with you about Milman: and indeed, the very people, who were so lavish in their praises, are, I fancy, now subsiding into a sufficiently quiet approbation. Jerusalem was the talk of a few days; and I suspect *there* will be an end of it. I am absolutely more taken with some of the images, fresh from nature, of the poor peasant Clare. C. F. and I were much interested, by the account of him in the Eclectic Review of April; and had determined to patronize the poor fellow, so far as the purchase of two copies and our mention, could go. But he has now been taken up by the Quarterly Review; and his literary name is established. A third edition is come out. I am told he has wise, as well as kind friends, and is himself a well-ballasted man; so that we may trust he will be freed from poverty, and even placed in independence, without sustaining moral loss.

The times we live in are most strange. Very much, indeed, seems to converge towards revolution. This wretched Queen may do more mischief than her head is worth. But all will doubtless be shaped, for eventual good: may we be made, both strong and wise, to bear the burthen; and to steer our way through the darkness, which seems gathering around us!

But I pass to another topic, nearer home: this day I corrected the proof of my last Index: I have one of texts, and one of names. Therefore, in a few days, I hope to be out: before publication, I will dispatch you a copy through the Castle. I shall be soon read on the banks of the Ganges: for Mr. N—— will forthwith send out a copy to the Bishop of Calcutta. The Bishop of Bristol is dead. This makes vacant the mastership of Trinity, the first thing at Cambridge. Mr. B—— is just come in, and the postman's bell calls me to conclude.

Ever most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER CLXXXVI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Battersea Rise, July 10. 1820.

My dear Friend,

Last week I sent you, in so great a hurry that I was unable to add an accompanying line, the sheets of my book. I hope they have safely reached you: and I shall be very desirous to have your account of the general impression, which the book makes on you: respecting its success, I own myself to have many doubts.

Friday I dined with the Bishop of L——, at F——, and presented a copy to his Lordship: he instantly and rapidly turned over a few leaves, and said, 'So far as I can judge, this work seems to contain much original matter.' I write 'against time,' before breakfast, at Mr. Inglis's, in momentary expectation of a summons to prayers. Immediately after breakfast, I go back to town; and thence am to excurse ten miles, on the Dover road, to pass the day at the house of a friend. Kindly hospitalities are pouring in upon me, so that I shall be sent away with the most agreeable impressions. On or about Tuesday the 18th, I propose getting under way for Bath or Bristol; and your best way of surely finding me out, will be to direct your letter to me, at Mr. Butterworth's, or rather, perhaps, under cover to J. Butterworth, Esq., M. P.

All your friends in this house, and indeed elsewhere, including Lord C——, the G——s, B——s, &c., are frequent and earnest in their inquiries after you.

I must now close, to join the party below.

Ever, my dear friend,

Most entirely yours,

John Jebb.

——oo——

LETTER CLXXXVII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Henbury, Bristol, July 27. 1820.

My dear Friend,

Your kind letter of the 20th, as you conjectured would be the case, found me here: I arrived yesterday, and it is needless to

say, was received in the kindest and most cordial manner possible.

The friends in this house, you know by expereince, are full of heart: and that heart never flows more freely, than towards you; they were rejoiced at your way of remembering them; and have charged me to say every thing that can be said, on their behalf, in return. No earthly thing, unconnected with the life and happiness of their nearest friends, I am well persuaded, could give them such deep pleasure, as seeing you under their roof: and in constructing this beautiful house, regard was had to you, in the plan of the best bed-chamber; which was intended for your use, and laid out with a view to your comfort.

We have been very uneasy about ——. This day week he saw me into the Bath coach, at about eight o'clock: but the next day, he was seized with severe illness, similar to one with which he was attacked some years ago.

The account of yesterday, though better than that of the preceding days, was not altogether satisfactory; but the account of this day was very cheering; and we have every hope that he is, by this time, quite restored.

The letters of Mrs. —— on this occasion, show an admirable temper, most acute feeling, . . kept right by uncommon strength of mind, and a deep sense of religion. She is indeed, an excellent, and most superior young woman; and I trust they will long be spared to each other: your estimate of them is not at all too high: they are worthy of your 'special love.' Did you know that H. B. got Singleton to make a copy of *you*, from Sir Tho. Acland's picture? though not a very good painting, it is a strong likeness: better than that at B——, I think. I must now run down to tea, and shall resume before bed-time.

Had I possessed the advantage of your criticisms, before publication, my book, on the supposition of its publication, would doubtless have been, both negatively, and positively, better; more free from errors, and more full of matter worth attention: but my conviction is, that had my papers been submitted to such an ordeal, I should, to the end of the chapter, have shrunk from bringing them before the public. Now I am in for it: and all objections, whether of friends or foes, I mean to treasure up for consideration, in case a second edition should be called for. Meantime, I can say with perfect truth, that, when your eye-sight and leisure will admit of it, there is no person whose animadversions I shall more highly prize than yours: the morality and the philosophy of your criticism, give it a value far above the most successful exercise of mere verbal acuteness, and what is called scholarship. I thank you much for your observations on *αποκαλυψις*, and *ὁ βλεπων*

γυναικα. On the former point I cannot quite agree with you: αποκαλυψις literally means, a removal of a veil or covering: if, therefore, there be solution of metaphor, the original, and not the translation, is chargeable with it. But I do not see that there is any solution of metaphor: darkness may be considered a veil; and light, on its appearance, may be said to remove that veil. As to ὁ βλεπων γυναικα, I was merely following some of the best commentators and critics, who convinced me, that the sense of the passage demanded the rendering in question. I have not here my books to refer to: but I shall consider your objection, hereafter, with all possible attention; in order, if a second edition be called for, to correct my error, if (as may be probable enough) I have fallen into error.

I have it in my power to communicate the judgment of one able and accomplished scholar on my book, the Bishop of L——. I put the volume into his Lordship's hands on a Friday, when I dined with him at F——. On Monday I had from him a pretty long letter, from which I must extract a few sentences:—

'Dear Sir,—I employed some leisure hours on Saturday and Sunday in reading your book; and should be ungrateful if I withheld my thanks for the pleasure it has afforded me. Your observations throw much light on the parallelisms of the Old Testament, and develope a principle of great importance, and of extensive application to the criticism and interpretation of the New. Your arrangement of the Sermon on the Mount, and of the sublime passages in the Revelations, is undoubtedly of great use to a person acquainted with your previous remarks. I am, indeed, of opinion, that you have opened a field, which will afford ample returns to the labors of future commentators: and I trust you will not yourself stop here.'

The Bishop afterwards criticises, in the way of objection, two or three passages, with much acuteness and classical taste, in the best and kindest spirit; and, in such a manner as to show, that he had read the entire book with close attention. For his objections I am much obliged; and if, in some points, I still differ from him, in others, I am convinced he is right. He thus most handsomely concludes:—'You will excuse I am certain the liberty I have taken, in these hasty remarks; with which I should not have troubled you, had I been less struck with the merit of your book.'

From the first extract, you see the Bishop thinks I have established my principle of applying the doctrine of parallelism to the New Testament. Should others agree with his Lordship, we may hope for beneficial results, in a more extended application of this doctrine.

The Archbishop of Cashel, kindly desirous of making both

me and my book known in this country, sent me letters of introduction to the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Sidmouth, and Mr. Vansittart, along with which, when I waited on them, I was to present copies of my volume. The letters, however, (of which I had no manner of expectation) found me, not in London, but in this house. I dispatched them this morning, by post, to Mr. I——, requesting him to send them as directed, accompanied by my book, and a short note from me to each of these personages, simply mentioning the fact, that the letters did not reach me till after I had finally left town. I chose Mr. I—— as the channel, because he well knows the modes of approach to official men; and because I could rely on his properly inscribing the respective copies.

Miss B—— brought me one evening, to Lady Isabella King's institution at Bailbrook. It is interesting, and I am told flourishing: the inmates seem comfortable, cheerful, and thoroughly united. Lady Isabella is quite an enthusiast in the plan; and conducts herself most amiably and winningly among the other ladies. On the whole, the evening was more agreeable than I had expected.

And now, my dear friend, farewell! It is past 12 P. M., and I had scarce four hours last night in bed. My kindest remembrances to Mr. and Mrs. L——, and to K——, with sincere wishes for her complete recovery.

Ever most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

P. S.—I hope to see poor Hannah More next week. For a little time, a letter will find me either here (direct T. Stock's, Esq., Henbury, Bristol), or else will be forwarded hence, to whatever place I may be at. I enclose a specimen of the wicked publications now afloat. Again adieu!

——oo——

LETTER 161.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St. After 12 Wednesday night. Nov. 29. 1820.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED you most acceptable letter, on Tuesday, at B——, from whence, on that day, I came to town. I have since been unwell or occupied; so that this is the first moment of my being able, with comfort, to tell you, how truly I am gratified by

all that you communicate, except what you say of your own state of health.

I feel all you say, of the mind being at a loss for settled employment. I have experienced it so painfully, at different times, that I often reflect with pleasure, on the fulness of matter which lies before me; though I may possibly, while I live, not turn the tenth part of it into use. I, for instance, go on so very slowly, in my remarks on the epistle to the Romans, that whether I shall ever produce any thing valuable, appears to me matter of great doubt. In obedience to one of your suggestions, I have gone back to the first three verses; and have, at this moment, more than two sheets and an half, of the kind which I am now writing on, wholly filled with what I take to be, the unforced, natural expansion of those few words. I have wished, many times, that I could have your opinion, on what I was ascribing to St. Paul. But, some way or other, you shall see them, if I live, ere it be long; for your judgment of what I have done, in this first instance, would go far, in settling my calculations respecting the whole.

With respect to yourself, it strikes me, that your first work now, is, to do every thing possible toward a complete second edition. I think you may add materially to what you have already given; and by doing so, you will teach the application of your principles to interpretative purposes, in a way which will most effectually assist the candid, and silence the captious. I conceive you may still draw more light from the Old Testament, for the elucidation of the New; particularly by fixing the meaning of certain words, of such frequent occurrence, and obviously momentous significancy, as to entitle them to the rank of technical terms in the divine philosophy. Of this sort are, righteousness, judgment, wisdom, understanding, &c. &c. You have, in fact, done so much in this way, as to excite a desire that you should go yet more deeply into an inquiry, every step of which is interesting, and the full result of which may prove invaluable.

It struck me a few days ago, that a passage of Scripture, which perhaps has never yet been sufficiently weighed, might be much elucidated, by applying the principles of Hebraic poetry. You have given it entire, as an instance of a paragraph formed of connected stanzas; but you have accompanied it with only one remark, on *αιωνιοι σκηναι*. I think it deserves more extended consideration. For instance, how simply great is the idea expressed by *εν ελαχιστῳ*, teaching, at once, that the thing on which human beings doat, (quid non mortalia pectora cogis, auri sacra fames!) is the lowest and least of God's entrusted talents, the smallest of the *δοσεις αγαθαι*, which come from above. Nay, there seems to be something of an epanorthosis,

in the reintroduction of the *αδικον μαμμωνα*: as if there might be a danger in allowing, that it was even *ελαχιστον*, if the admission were not accompanied with an adequate guard, a repeated memento of the evil, with which it was so intimately, and generally connected. This second mention of the *μαμμωνα*, gives also occasion for an instructive contrast, *το αληθινον*, as opposed, and certainly with great fitness, to *αδικον*: for earthly treasure is unjust in a still deeper sense, than as it provokes to injustice, or as the love of it is the root of all evil: it is unjust to him, who sets his heart on it; for, instead of repaying him for his labor, it pierces him through with many sorrows. Besides all this, as we learn from the next couplet, it is *το αλλοτριον*: whatever the fool thinks, it is any thing but *το ιδιον*.

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and may be slave to thousands.'

How impressively, then, is that good, which transcends definition, described, on the other hand, as, *το πολλον, το αληθινον*, and *το υμετερον*. These epithets are, in themselves, infinitely just and instructive; but the continued contrast is remarkably fine, and the climax is noble.

There is a tendency, in powerful and comprehensive minds, to express the highest moral entities, by a mere statement of qualities. Thus, how continually do *το καλον, το πρεπον, το αγαθον* occur. Thus also, in Horace: 'Id quod æque pauperibus prodest,' &c., and 'Curvo dignoscere rectum, atque inter sylvas academi quærere verum.' The reason, no doubt, was, that human language did not afford other means, of doing competent justice to moral notions, when feelingly conceived. Although, therefore, our Lord's mode of expression, in the above passage, needs no other authority but his own to support it, still it is gratifying to observe the resemblance, between his choice of terms, and that of the most illustrious pagan moralists. This fact concurs with many another, to strengthen the persuasion, that their dawn, dim as it was, proceeded from the true light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

But, in all the stanzas, one and the same doctrine is taught; and *that*, a doctrine as opposite as the poles, to the present fashionable theology; namely, that the eternal destiny of individuals may turn, on their use, or abuse, of the lowest and commonest powers. It cannot be questioned, that, according to the rule of parallelism, the *ελαχιστον*, in the tenth verse, corresponds to, and therefore, considering the special structure, is to be explained by, the *μαμμωνα της αδικιας*, in the 9th. But if so, our Lord's assertion, in the 10th verse, positively implies, that the 'honest and good heart', which, when it receives the word of God, brings

forth fruit with patience, manifests, at least (often, previously,) an embryo rectitude, in its employment of inferior talents, particularly money, and thereby comes within the promise, . . to him that hath, shall be given.

If, however, this 18th verse stood alone, it might perhaps be said, that, both positions being in the present tense, it afforded rather a proof for the test of christian rectitude, than an intimation how it might be attained; and the import of the preceding context, which is clearly applicable to the actual disciples, would perhaps be appealed to. But this notion is refuted, by the sequel of the passage. For, in the 11th verse, with a strict continuance of the same theme, as if to instruct more clearly, and impress more strongly, a negative mode is adopted; and, to preclude all misapprehension, what concerns the lower gift only, is spoken of in the present tense, while the higher gift is expressly represented, as subsequent to the lower, and consequent on its due improvement.

The change from the second (in the 9th verse) to the third person (in the 10th verse), and again to the second person (in the 11th and 12th verses), will, I think, be found worthy of attention.

The last words of the 8th verse imply, that, in the 9th, our Lord speaks especially to those, who were then his disciples; but in what follows, he extends the matter of his exhortation, into general instruction. To do so suitably, he first lays down the matter in a twofold form, positive and negative, with all the happy terseness of an alternate Hebraic stanza. Then, on applying this principle, he as fitly resumes the second person, and delivers a general admonition, as weighty, as awful, and yet as simply beautiful, as could have been uttered on such a subject. This choice of terms has been remarked upon; the awfulness is inexpressibly heightened by the negative form; and as to the exquisite advantage arising from the poetical structure, it would be fruitless to enlarge upon it, were it not at once observed and admired.

I cannot omit one beautiful feature more; namely, the return, in the crowning expression, το ὑμετερον, to the idea first presented, the αιωνιαι σκηναι. For even το αληθινον, inestimable as it is, becomes perfectly το ὑμετερον, only in another world. If one may dare to quote a heathen poet, while on such a subject, it must be said that,

> Ultima semper
> Expectanda dies homini, dicique beatus
> Ante obitum nemo, supremaque funera debet.

I need not tell you, that this thought was in my mind, when I

said that the climax was noble. On the whole, then, according to my view, it is a transcendent piece of paræmiac composition; which, though giving out invaluable instruction to the plainest reader, is felt to possess unthought of strength and beauty, when examined by that philological light, which your book has thrown upon the Christian volume.

I had no thought, when I took up the subject, of proceeding to such a length: but you will pardon what is excessive, and receive what deserves reception. Whatever I may feel from the Bishop of Raphoe's agreement with me, I am truly gratified in having convinced you. I may venture, at least, to say, that my feelings of friendship are much greater (to God's grace be all the praise!) than my feelings of vanity.

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* * * * *

The Archbishop's note pleases me much. But S——'s letter excites peculiar interest. I wish he could be induced to go more deeply, into the elements of moral good and evil. Were his speculations once guided by the feelings of his heart, in such a way as not to lessen his judgment or good taste, I think he would 'body forth' great things. The article on new churches, in the last Quarterly Review, I am sure is his: and it teems with mighty embryos. The paragraph, from the 556th to the 557th page, is particulaly interesting. The agreement with Bishop Butler is striking. S. certainly points out what society wants; he has some idea of the clock-work; but none of the weight which is to give it motion. After he had done his best, it would be but painted fire, until something was introduced, of which he seems to have no conception.

I am persuaded that just and adequate views of the sacraments, the church, and the Scriptures, must precede all subordinate auxiliaries. The latter must be regulated by the former. Labor, to make religion impressive, will be much worse than doing nothing, until it be clearly ascertained what religion is. I cordially agree with Mr. S——, that religious impressiveness is a grand desideratum; but there must be a definite something to be impressed; and that, for any thing Mr. S—— has said, remains to be discovered.

I must think a good deal, therefore, before I venture to offer any suggestion to Mr. S——, on his present subject; though I should be very glad to say any thing, which should appear worth his consideration. I have given my thoughts on his Life of Wesley, in a long letter to Mrs. Hannah More; but whether it found her in a state to read what it contained, I do not know.

* * * * *
* * * * *

I was much obliged to your friend, for leaving with me one of his philippics. Altogether, it is a great curiosity; and I must say, capital for the purpose. It strikes me as very like Massillon, in his impassioned effusions. The prudence, which keeps off all appearance of angry warmth, and the good taste, which says what none can mistake, without offensive particularizing, are much to be approved.

* * * * *

Adieu, my dear friend; write to me when you can, and believe me

Ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

———oo———

LETTER 162.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., Jan. 10. 1821.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I SEE from the manner in which your work is taken up in the British Critic, that it is regarded by the reviewer as a subject of special importance. The preludial remarks are not ill, but they might be better: it struck me that they, once or twice, betrayed something like self-contradiction. But, as I only heard the thing read, I might have been mistaken. Certain it is, that he means to enter fully into the subject, and I am glad of it. All I now wish is, that S. himself would take it up in the Quarterly.

Now I speak of the Quarterly, how I am provoked, in reading the first article, at those tasteless allegations of ambition and vanity, on which the reviewer, leaving S. behind, rings the changes (nay, I might say, what ringers call a bob-major), on those supposed vices of my old friend's character. Why will they not see, that the virtues which they ascribe to him, are incompatible, with the vices which they seem to take a perverse pleasure in imputing? 'No man can serve two masters.' To suppose, as they do suppose, that John Wesley acted, at one and the same time, in one and the same exertion, from love of God and man, and a love, which was just as opposite to these, as a love of money or of sensuality, is to imagine a monster, in the moral world, less credible than the centaur, in the natural. I wish I knew how best to stamp on this evidence of reason, my peculiar evidence of fact, before I follow my venerable old

friend into that country, where only, as yet, his worth and moment can be adequately appreciated.

I must tell you, that serious readers like, very much, the *practical* observations in your book. J. D—— La T—— (a sensible kind of person), was yesterday speaking of those parts of it, with high estimation.

I suppose you knew little of William Parnell. Had you known him, even so little as I did, you would have been awe-struck by the almost sudden death of a man, so conspicuous in our island, so busy, so full of schemes, so active, so striking in person, and so apparently built for duration. I must end, or lose the post. Adieu! Believe me, as cordially and faithfully as I can be,

Ever yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

——oo——

LETTER 163.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson Street, Jan. 25. 1821.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

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* * * *

WHAT a well-furnished semi-volume, the last number of the Quarterly Review is. The article on the Life of John Wesley, is abundantly able; but very unenlightened, and not a little unphilosophical. I could find in my heart to write some remarks on it, if I thought I could please myself, and that the C. O. would afford me a place. My whole soul rises against those vile allegations, of ambition, and vanity; above both of which, my precious old friend soared, as much as the eagle above the glow-worm. Great minds are not vain: and his was a great mind, if any mind can be made great, by disinterested benevolence, spotless purity, and simple devotedness to that one supreme Good, in whom, with the united *αισθησις* of the philosopher and the saint, he saw, and loved, and adored, all that was infinitely amiable, true, sublime, and beatific. How little do they know of the human mind, who could imagine such a spirit, liable to the petty gravitations of animal man.

But time flies: it is the post hour: and, if this goes to-night it must go immediately. Adieu, therefore, and believe me,

Ever yours,
ALEX. K?

LETTER CLXXXVIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Dec. 21. 1821.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU will I know be glad to hear, however little at length and in detail, that this spot, among all the horrors and atrocities which surround us, is still tranquil; almost the single tranquil spot, in the county of Limerick. Under Providence, much is due to the people themselves, whom, after more than eleven years' residence among them, I can safely pronounce to be a quiet, inoffensive, good-natured, and affectionate people. Some black sheep there may be, and doubtless are; but the general mass may be deemed happily untainted. In the next place, and in a higher degree, we are indebted to our excellent parish priest, Mr. C.; who has been instant, in season, and out of season, in admonition, exhortation, and exertion of every kind, to keep his people right. Nor have his efforts failed. Much is due to the judgment, firmness, and conciliation of ——, in all his intercourse with the people: he wrote to you, I believe, a history of his adventure with the young hero of the church-yard, Benjamin Kelly. For that Kelly, through Major W., he was the means of procuring, by Mr. G.'s powerful recommendation, an appointment in the county of Clare police. This kindness has won the heart of the father Kelly, and all his connections. They are a powerful and formidable clan, of great prowess, and great influence among the lower orders. That influence, I am persuaded, has, from a sense of gratitude, been most beneficially exerted. It was, in fact, from a proposition of old Kelly to me, 'that he, and a number of his friends, wished to engage themselves, not merely to keep the peace within, but to drive away intruders from without', that the meeting originated, of which you have herewith, a printed account. The Kellys and Hickeys, though never rebels, were among our most fighting factions; now, they are our best preservers of the peace; and this change is, under Providence, attributable, to the mingled firmness and humanity of ——. In the preparatory movements to our meeting, at the meeting itself, and ever since, we have found in Mr. C. an invaluable coadjutor. He supplied the first two resolutions; acquiesced heartily in the remaining resolutions, drawn up by me; assured me, that he would be always happy to facilitate my communication with 'our' parishioners; and, at the meeting after mass, (we came from church, and found

the R. C. congregation in readiness,) introduced me to his flock, as 'the clergyman of the parish; who would address them from the altar.' A transaction, the like of which I suppose never occurred, since the Reformation. On the liberality, and honorable confidence evinced, in thus inviting a Church-of-England clergyman to preach to his popish flock, I need not enlarge: no one can appreciate it more fully than yourself. I addressed the people, I dare say, for a full half-hour; and so far as I myself, and others near me, could judge, was heard with breathless attention, and real sympathy. The people, when the resolutions were to be sanctioned by a show of hands, raised their hands to a man: and the little children, immediately in front of the altar, strained their little arms, that *their* hands, too, might be seen. Several persons, at the same instant, cried out 'La! the very children are lifting their hands!' It was truly an affecting sight. The farmers and peasantry then flocked within the rails of the altar, to subscribe their names; and I hardly ever witnessed a scene of such cordial unanimity. Chapel was the only place, at which we could reckon on a full, and effective meeting; and I am glad that the place was chapel, and the day, Sunday. By this arrangement, it was not a political, but a religious meeting; and the act was felt to be a solemn engagement, in the presence of God. We anticipate much good, not only here, but elsewhere, from these resolutions. Mr. C. says, that before, he was not apprehensive; but he now trusts that our security is riveted. It must be added, that, but for Mr. G., this could not have been. In consequence of my application, he promptly ordered troops, for the protection of this important pass, between the Limerick high grounds, and Tipperary mountains. The troops gave confidence to our farmers and peasantry; they rejoice to have such protection; and they hesitate not to say, that, but for this protection, they could not have attempted the office of keeping out evil emissaries. They now form a rallying point in the county; and there is room to hope the example may be followed.

We live here without arms, without barricadoes, without additional lock or bolt, and, I am grateful to add, without apprehension. In the neighboring parishes, I regret to say, it is not so. Mr. —— has been twice visited, and seriously threatened, by Capt. Rock's party. Mr. Jellet, at Pallis, has had also an alarming notice: and it is needless to say, that Limerick, in general, is full of horrors. We have great reason to be thankful, for our present tranquillity; and still greater, to seek for strength to support us, against a possible change of circumstances. Meantime, we are looking to our regular pursuits. —— is never idle. I myself am meditating, not an enlargement of 'Sacred Literature', but the preparation of another work, to be call-

ed 'Sacred Criticism.' In this, I mean, συν Θεῳ, more largely to apply the principles of parallelism, to the interpretation of the N. T. And I see before me ample materials. Pray remember me most affectionately to the B—— circle. Mr. —— sends you his best love; and we both wish you every happiness, associated with the approaching blessed season.

Ever, my dear Friend,

Most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

——oo——

LETTER 164.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Bellevue, Delgansy, Dec. 26. 1821.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I CANNOT express the pleasure, which your letter gave to us all, this morning. Mr. D—— is here, and I put it into his hands to read it, without apprizing any of the listeners of what they were to hear; and, in truth, they were surprised and delighted. Beyond the comfort it gives, that, in such circumstances, there should be an exempted spot; and that that spot should be the residence of a loved and valued friend; it is a fact pregnant with instruction: it shows what might be done, if there were heads and hearts to improve the capabilities, and manage the foibles, of our peculiarly ductile natives.

I rejoice in the testimony you have to give to Mr. C——; and I am well assured you ascribe nothing to ——, which is not eminently his due. His heroic interference, in that meditated affray in the church-yard, and the wise measure, subsequently, which you mention, have no doubt contributed, substantially, to the present state of things in the parish of Abington. The chapel scene, would be a subject for a painter. I cannot conceive, in the present state of the world, a more interesting transaction. Surely, you hardly ever before felt yourself, in such deeply gratifying circumstances.

I am the more delighted with your letter, because I have been solicitously thinking about you. I had thoughts of writing to you; and some sort of queer consideration occurred to me, that, in the present untoward state of the country, a mail might be interrupted, a letter opened, and malignant thought thereby directed to a person, who, till then, had not excited ill-will. Possibly, if I had myself been in former health, I should not have suffered this visionary apprehension to withhold me. But I have

been more than usually indisposed; and my complaint has shown new symptoms, of which I had been least apprehensive. I have had a cough and uneasiness in my chest for three months; and though I do not grow worse, and am perfectly sure of their present nature, yet, what they may become, or how far they may bespeak a constitution beginning to break down, I cannot tell. It seems probable, that, by strict attention to diet and other things, I may emerge as the season advances; but it seems to me a more express admonition to prepare for 'the days of darkness', than I had ever yet received.

I have suffered, also, great anxiety about Miss Fergusson; who has had rather a tedious, and somewhat dangerous illness. I hope she is now recovering: but very slowly.

I read, with the highest satisfaction, what you say of an intended sequel to your late work. It is one of the noblest subjects in the world; and I assure you the announcement drew my heart to offer a sincere, however weak prayer, to God Almighty, that he would give your mind every fitness for the work, and every assistance, and blessing in its performance.

I must now stop, as I have two letters to write. I need not tell you how much all here are interested about you; and a line from you, or from C. F. (to whom my most cordial love), just to tell how you are going on, would be a gratification to every friend here, and inexpressibly so to him, who is, in his heart of hearts.

Ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

——oo——

LETTER 165.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., Jan. 9. 1822.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I CAME to Dublin yesterday; and soon after, had the pleasure of seeing you reviewed in the Christian Observer, which had not reached me before. If I do not mistake, the reviewer lays stronger hold on your work, than either of the former. He does not say all I think he ought to have said; but what he does say, he says well; and he evidently is cordial toward, both your work, and yourself. Some of his remarks, I think, are important; and the more so, as they curiously look forward to the very kind of sequel, which you yourself propose. If you were not determined, '*συν Θεῳ*', to proceed, I think this writer might fix your resolution. I most wonder, that your elucidations of

practical passages have not been expressly adverted to. But what he has said, greatly compensates for what he has omitted. It strikes me to be very encouraging, that such a work, should be so cheered, from such a quarter.

It is very improbable that I should suggest matter for your consideration, which has not already struck yourself. But, at all events, you will not be sorry to have your own thoughts reflected back upon you, by a mind employed in the same contemplation.

We have already compared notes, on the tendency of the Hebraic poetry, to make its votaries moral philosophers. Every species of couplet has its use in this respect; but the gradational seems to me to teem with the richest results; and, I dare say, you hold the same opinion.

Had not St. Paul been possessed of such a habit of thought, as led the author of the Book of Job to distinguish, between 'wisdom', and 'understanding' (the radical principle, and the advanced maturity), he might not have conceived the difference, between *δικαιοσυνη* and *άγιασμος*: nor could he have penned that beautiful passage, Phil. iv. 11, 12, 13., where with *ύστερησις*, he connects the word *εμαθον*: but, by the mention of *περισσευειν*, is led forthwith to the deeper term *μεμυημαι*, as if there were something more human in the former allotment, whereas the latter must be wholly divine; as if, too, the one power were intelligible, but the other depending on principles, to be understood by the initiated alone. But as the effects of this higher blessing, could not be shown by a single instance, or even by a number of detached instances, St. Paul so introduces the significant term, as to intimate its great comprehensiveness. *Εν παντι, και εν πασι μεμυημαι*: that is, evidently, not only in every thing, but in all combinations and transitions of things, had he got the secret, *και χορταζεσθαι και πειναν, και περισσευειν και ύστερεισθαι*, to pass again and again, from the one condition to the other, with unimpaired equanimity. But such exalted confidence in himself needed to be so explained, as to accord with humility; and, in truth, to make it credible: the concluding words, therefore, (which resemble the frequent full close of the Hebraic stanza) illumine, without lessening the mystery: *παντα ισχυω, εν τω ενδυναμουντι με Χριστω.*

There is another passage, which I think receives, from the principle of parallelism, the happiest illustration.

Μη εαυτους εκδικουντες αγαπητοι,
Αλλα δοτε τοπον τη οργη·
Γεγραπται γαρ, Εμοι εκδικησις,
Εγω ανταποδωσω λεγει Κυριος.

' Εαν ουν πεινα ὁ εχθρος σου, ψωμιζε αυτον,
Εαν διψα, ποτιζε αυτον·
Τουτο γαρ ποιων, ανθρακας πυρος, σωρευσεις επι την κεφαλην αυτον.
Μη νικω ὑπο κακφ,
Αλλα νικα εν τφ αγαθφ το κακον.

Here, I conceive, is a stanza, with a concluding couplet ; and the two members of this couplet, correspond to the two former portions of the stanza, . . ' Be not overcome of evil', referring back to ' dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves' ; and ' overcome evil with good', to ' if thy enemy hunger', &c.

Of this double back reference, you need not be told of the beautiful instance, in the last couplet of the 50th Psalm.

' He that offereth me thanks and praise, he honoreth me; and to him that ordereth his conversation aright, will I show the salvation of God.'

I am sure you have observed, how obviously the whole former part of the divine expostulation is summed up, in the first of these members ; and the whole latter part, in the second.

It is true that St. Paul does not similarly comprise his whole first quatrain, in the first member of his concluding couplet ; there was a topic, which it was indispensable to introduce into the former, but which there was no occasion, and it should seem no room, for adverting to in the latter. As a motive for abstaining from self-vindication, nothing could have been more powerful : it could not have had place in a simple reiteration of the duty, though cast in a most beautiful form, and apparently intended to throw a bright light upon the whole.

Possibly it was because that peculiarly awful topic was introduced, that this concluding couplet was added. A thought might have occurred to readers, of referring *ανθρακας πυρος*, to *οργη* and *εκδικησις*, if the ' *αλλα νικα εν τφ αγαθφ το κακον*' had been wanting : but these last words lead us to regard the ' coals of fire upon the head', as expressing, that kindnesses to our enemy, are that, to the feelings of his mind, which ingenious torture would be to the feelings of his body ; and that it is as much *morally* impossible to stand out against the former, as it would be *physically* impossible to stand out against the latter.

I shall be glad of a line or two from you ; I think of returning to B—— on Tuesday (15th). I suppose you know that M—— has lost his power of sending, or receiving packets. I only beg, that you may never, on that account, scruple to write me a double letter. I shall ever have gratification, in the increased demand on a letter from you. I began this letter on

Wednesday, and am now ending it on Saturday (12th). I must only add, that I am, as much as I can be,

Yours ever,

ALEX. KNOX.

——oo——

LETTER 166.

To the Rev. J. Jebb.

Dawson St., March 19. 1822.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I WAS happy to hear from you this morning; and shall be most desirous to receive from you a still more satisfactory account of your re-instatement in usual health.

Mrs. L. will write to you about the charity-sermon*; and will explain her lamented inability to communicate satisfactorily with you on the time. You will believe, and I could witness, that, on her part, there has been no want of endeavor to ascertain it. It is owing to the absence of a Sir Colin Campbell. It is, in the meantime, a good omen of the L. L.'s disposition towards us, that, while estimates of other charities have been reduced at the Castle by hundreds, our estimate was curtailed only 6*s*. 8*d*.

As to your present thought of a text and subject, I cannot, at this moment, offer one counter-suggestion. Your designed manner of treating it, appears to me equally useful and convenient. Should any other thought shortly occur to me, I hope to mention it to you. But I do not think it likely. It was the text Bishop Butler chose, whose sermon I need not remind you to turn to.

Milliken lent me the volume of Horne, in which your work is epitomized; my present power of reading not seeming to me to justify the purchase of the work. I suppose there has scarcely been any instance of such a testimony, so prompt and so practical, as that in Horne to your book. I assure you I saw it with the sincerest satisfaction; the more so, as I am well aware, that time will not damp, but strengthen, this wonderfully early celebrity. There is a hand of Providence so visible in all this, that it seems to give a special character of awfulness, to this just and natural source of deep and rational gratification.

I am very glad, too, of that cordial notice in the Methodist Magazine. No community needs more to be kept on safe

* For the Female Orphan school... ED.

ground, for they have miserably bad anchorage. They seem to think none like themselves; whereas no well-meaning religionists can have a worse defined theological creed than themselves. Yet, on some accounts, they are an interesting, and not wholly unestimable body. I therefore observe with pleasure, their taking to that which may do them good; and if they become cordial to Sacred Literature, who knows how much they may be benefitted by Sacred Criticism? What a book this latter may be made!

I feel somewhat more for the methodists, since I read some matters, relative to their final secession from the church, in the life of a surgeon Hey, once a methodist (a great man in Leeds), written by our acquaintance Pearson. I then saw, in a light which never before struck me, that the real motive with John Wesley was, the dread of calvinistic infection, then beginning to grow ripe in churches. Before this consideration, with him, everything but moral evil fell flat; and I verily believe, he thought there was no other remedy, but that distinct worship, which, after all, he most reluctantly yielded to.

Adieu, my dear Friend, I congratulate you on your continued quiet. Believe me ever yours, in deepest cordiality,

A. K.

——oo——

LETTER CLXXXIX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Palace, Limerick, July 22. 1823.

My dear Friend,

Since I came to reside here in spring, much business, and subsequent indisposition, have made me a wretched correspondent. For the last four weeks, I have been chiefly confined to bed, from whence I now scrawl. But I am convalescent; and though the attack has been tedious, it has not been in the least degree dangerous; and the strength which I feel, after long starvation, proves, that whatever is amiss, my constitution is sound.

I have this day directed Milliken to send you and Mrs. L—— copies of my charge, which he published yesterday. I hope it is such as you will like, or, at least, not materially dislike. My earnest desire is, to promote, if I can, true serious clerical feeling in my diocese; and, what in these times is much wanting, 'conciliation without compromise.'

I should be very glad to receive a line from you, and to know particularly how you and my excellent friends at B—— are. Tell Mrs. L——, with my love, that I do not forget my debt to

her of a liturgical sermon, which she kindly lent me. It is in very safe keeping.

Farewell, my dear Friend,
Ever most truly and affectionately yours,
JOHN LIMERICK.

——oo——

LETTER 167.

To the Lord Bishop of Limerick.

Bellevue, Delganny, July 26. 1823.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR charge reached me on Thursday, and I received your letter yesterday morning. I lament you have been so much an invalid, but I am consoled by the favorable account you are still able to give. I know, by thorough experience, how comfortable it is, under the pressure of present pain or sickness, to be still satisfied, that the constitution is radically sound. The distressing uneasiness which I suffered through the winter, abated in proportion as the spring advanced, and had the weather continued good, I might have had an intermission, instead of a remission (such a one however as I have great reason to be thankful for) of my symptoms; at all events, I believe, I must now expect, even in the course of nature, to be more and more weakened, by the recurrences of my constitutional indisposition; but if Providence be pleased to make the decline tolerable, and enables me to 'grow wiser and better as life wears away', I shall, on the whole of the account, be infinitely indebted to the Divine goodness.

I have read your charge with attention; and it certainly has afforded me very real and cordial pleasure. The topics are all highly important; and you treat them with forcible plainness, and an honesty of purpose, which cannot be miscontrued. I am not sure whether you could have taken any safer or more useful line, considering whom you had to address (so necessarily deficient in precognita) and how short a time you have been amongst them. As to the earlier topics, three things strike me, which perhaps might have been usefully adverted to; but even these, at least the first two, may possibly be put forward with more advantage hereafter; when, from personal conversations, a few, at least, may have become qualified to expound, and, it may be hoped, inclined to enforce, your official suggestions.

My first desideratum is, that, in the fifth page, you should have more explicitly represented the spirit of christianity itself, as the

primary element, out of which the spirit of the christian priesthood is to be sublimated. I conceive that a very brief preliminary observation to this purport, would have added strength, as well as clearness, to the just definition of the spirit of the christian priesthood, which you proceeded to give. But you will think of it.

My second desideratum is, that you had, about your seventh page, urged, expressly, the studying the original text of the New Testament. I am aware that you did this by implication, p. 16th. But it is so very important a matter, as to deserve both explanation and enforcement. I say explanation, for I suppose it is seldom adverted to, that no book in the world suffers so much in translation, as the New Testament. The terms being so often, in great measure, untranslatable, and those, the very terms of inspiration. But, as I said, I by no means lament that this point (in which I am confident of your agreeing with me) should remain in reserve.

My third desideratum, I mention more doubtingly, because the matter to which it refers, might, in the present state of the south, be rarely practicable. This is, that in psalmody, a few persons, who might be found capable and willing, should be taught to accompany, or perhaps rather supersede the clerk. Some clergymen could not do this, nor even perhaps procure means of having it done. But others could, or their ladies could. I confess myself no admirer of the whole congregation making an effort to sing, indocti doctique. But the drawling of a solitary clerk, is, if possible, a worse extreme. The medium of a few, taught in some measure to sing, and the rest listening, appears to me to be in the appropriate spirit of the church of England, as akin to choir-singing; while the congeniality of congregational singing, rebus sic stantibus, is at least disputable. But be this point ever so well worth attention, it may probably be better propounded in some other way, than in your first charge. Festina lentè, is a capital maxim.

I cannot, at this moment, recollect a single particular urged by you, which was not necessary. What you insist upon, respecting the decorum of public worship, I cordially agree with.

I cannot express the pleasure afforded me, by what you said p. 42. &c. The spirit which that part of the charge breathes, and the honest testimony which it so distinctly and manifestly bears to the R. C. clergy, is, I might almost say, delightful to me. The disposition manifested by so many, to allow them no credit for any thing, to charge them with invidiousness, and to represent them as secretly fomenting conspiracy in its bloodiest aspect, has been long, to me, a matter of deep regret, and not a little alarm. For I have thought, if these men are at

length made actually disloyal, by those harsh and implacable accusations of disloyalty, what will be the state of the country? For averting this calamity, I cannot conceive any thing more promising, than your coming forward, as you have done, to bear witness to their exertions; and to press the taking of them as allies, rather than the treating them as enemies. The line you draw, between conciliation, and compromise, was indispensable. But had I been beside you, when you were drawing up your charge, I should have suggested, in one part, a somewhat different wording; instead of saying, 'that faith, which we are persuaded is the faith of the true catholic and apostolic church,' I think I should have said, 'what we conscientiously regard, as the unadulterated faith and piety of the one catholic and apostolic church, in its best and purest times.' I mean, for the purpose of showing more clearly, that no difference in the essence of christian faith was intimated, between them, and us; but that our charge against them was that of addition and admixture, which, though not actually destroying the vitality of faith, yet, in our conscientious judgment, has deeply impeded its influence, and dimmed its brightness. On this point, I persuade myself you and I have the same view; and I think you will agree with me, that, especially in this season of growing infidelity, (I have just been reading, and have not yet finished, the article on this subject in the last Quarterly Review, which I doubt not is Southey's) it is as urgent a duty to recognize generical agreements, as it is, uncompromisingly to maintain specifical differences. And I presume that just attention to the former duty, would, in some measure, smooth the way to that co-operation, in preserving 'good morals, good order, and public tranquillity,' which you have so happily recommended.

I certainly never was less sanguine in my hope, of seeing christian charity toward us, widely diffused among the R. C.'s, than I am at present. Yet, even now, individuals may be softened; persevering liberality, in the true christian sense, (Rom. xiv. 1. &c.) will be always gaining ground; while, as I already intimated, it may be a wise measure against infidels who triumph so much in our disunion, to show, by word and deed, that the church of England does not 'forsake and reject' the R. C. churches, 'in all things which they hold and practise; but have departed from them, in those particular points only, wherein they were fallen, both from themselves, in their ancient integrity, and from the apostolical churches, which were their first founders.'

I beg your pardon for making a quotation, which you know as well, and I am sure relish as much, as I do. But I confess I always feel pleasure, in adverting to that same 30th canon; which, by the way, may be thought, with some reason, to have

more authority than any other canon, from its being recognized, as it is, in the rubrick after the baptismal office.

To all I have said, I must add, that what you said on the last topic (p. 50. &c.) gave me, even above every thing else, inexpressible pleasure. I assure you it was a cordial to my heart; and I trust the explicitness and strength with which you have thus, in limine, declared your principles, and taken your stand, will bring down upon you the special blessing of God. I need not use many words, to express to you my deep satisfaction in this unworldly avowal. You know all my views and feelings on the point; and I hope and believe you will also so well know my solicitude for your best interests, and your truest respectability and usefulness, that you can, as it were, look into my heart, and see with your mind's eye, the extent and depth of my gratification. I need only say further, that I like your manner, as really as your matter. In my judgment, you managed the subject excellently. The quotation of the canon, was as prudent, as it was apposite; nothing could be better than the next paragraph; and I greatly approve of your concluding observations.

Mrs. L—— read your charge, before it reached me. She went with Mr. L—— to Dublin last Wednesday; and brought it to me the next day. I asked her, had she read it, she answered 'every line of it, but if any one will read it out this evening, I am ready to have it again. It is Mr. Jebb himself, in every part of it.'

She is pretty well, except a slight cold. Mr. L. is as well, as, in the course of nature, could possibly be looked for. I assure you your affectionate remembrances were as cordially received, as they were kindly given.

I ought to have said, that Mrs. L—— was quite glad to receive your charge, by your order. Doubtless her feelings toward you, led her to look for it; and truly I consider her approbation as no little testimonial. For myself, I scarcely know any one, whose approbation of any thing of mine, I should be more desirous to obtain.

This house, I must tell you, is, at present, not a little denaturalized. K—— is at Cheltenham. It became clearly expedient she should go; and Providence favored her going, by particular friends being there to take charge of her. On her way, that is, after arriving at Bristol, (in the steam packet), she went, on the day of her landing, which happened to be Saturday, to Barleywood; where she spent Sunday, and, after all she had been hearing from her aunt and me, was not disappointed. The accounts received from her, since she arrived at Cheltenham, are most encouraging and comfortable.

I need not assure you that Mr. and Mrs. L—— desire to be most affectionately remembered to you, or that I am

Your ever faithful and cordial Friend,

ALEX. KNOX.

——oo——

LETTER CXC.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Saint Patrick's Day, March 17. 1824.
41 Curzon Street, London.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I CANNOT let your birth-day pass, without putting in a remembrance of one, who trusts that he will never cease, here or hereafter, to feel cause of gratitude to Divine providence for that day. Since my arrival here, I have met many anxiously kind inquiries for you, and the circle at B——. Sir R. I——, Sir T. A——, Lady O. S——, Lady B——, R. G——, Mr. B——, &c. Our friends the B——s, and also our Clifton friends, the W——s, were particular in their questions: I should not omit Mr. Z. M——.

As you have seen from the papers, our legislative, in the House of Lords, have been almost a dead letter; but one division yet. In the Commons, more to do, but little debating. In fact, the improved state of the country, in finances, and demand for our manufactures, &c., have put all parties into such excellent good humor, that there is scarce a jarring note; and ministry and opposition have come to such an understanding, that, by private communications, many an angry debate is prevented.

Many matters press on me just now, which prevent a longer letter. If your eyes, as I trust they will, admit of your writing me ever so few lines, I shall be rejoiced again to see your handwriting. Can I execute any commission, literary or otherwise, for you or Mrs. L——? If so, I pray command me freely. With most affectionate regards to all at B——.

I am, my dear friend,

Most truly and entirely yours,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER 168.

To the Lord Bishop of Limerick.

Dawson Street, March, 1824.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

My eye is at present in a weaker condition than usual; I suppose from the sharp winds now prevailing. But as I can write, though with no great symmetry, I cannot longer delay cordially to acknowledge your kind letter of the 17th. Your remembrance of that day, was as grateful to me, as the depth of my regard for you could make it; and I do not hesitate to say, that no one on this earth wishes your happiness, here and hereafter, more sincerely than I do: your own brother not excepted.

I had come to Dublin on the 13th, to spend some time with Miss Fergusson: and I mean to stay until after Easter Day. Just when I was leaving B——, Mr. La Touche was complaining, but my accounts since are comfortable; and, though in his 91st year from the 23d of last November, he is in wonderful good health.

Our evenings at B——, for some time before I came off, were particularly pleasant. It had struck me to recommend for Mr. L.'s amusement, as he always expects reading in the evening, that Clarendon's History of the Rebellion should be read en suite. I was not disappointed; Mr. L. became interested to my fullest expectation; and no old lady could ever have longed more for her evening cards, than Mr. L. for his evening regale from Clarendon. Mrs. L. was generally our reader. I could not assist; but it so engaged me, that I thought of going with double regret, until it struck me that I could get Michael to read the same to me, from the point at which the last reading at B—— ended. He has done so, and this day (March 26), we have passed poor Charles's last scene.

Having gone so far through it, I deliberately say, every thinking inhabitant of this United Kingdom ought to read Clarendon. It is the most interesting, and most instructive human history, I ever knew; and I am certain there is none like it. It has made me a more intelligent Church-of-England man, than I ever was before. It could not make a more cordial one: but I see, more clearly than I had ever yet seen, that the perfect entablature of christian faith and practice, without daubing or defilement on the one hand, and without defect or mutilation on the other, is to be found only in the church of England.

The hand of Providence seems, in this history, as really

manifested, as that of miraculous power was manifested, in the hand writing on the wall, at Belshazzar's banquet. Our reformed episcopacy had been severely taught the difference, between itself and the unreformed church, by the cruelties under Queen Mary. It would seem that it was as necessary to impress the distinction, between our episcopal church, and unepiscopal protestantism. And never was end more completely provided for, than in that train of events, which Clarendon has recorded.

Every advancing stage of that unexampled progress, more and more demonstrates, the irreconcilable contrariety of the whole anti-hierarchical genus, with the church of England; and that the innate instinct of the former, is to bear down and extinguish the latter. And most impressively are we taught, what kind of religious and moral institute, such reformers would substitute in its room. The religious principles of a Brooke, a Hampden, or a Pym, might doubtless have kept them inwardly upright, and outwardly blameless, in common times; but we see that, in a season of uncommon temptation, instead of preserving them, they disposed those men, and others of like mind, not only to engage in a ruthless party war, but to become its chief promoters and leaders. Perhaps, because there was still some good in those heresiarchs, they were taken from the scene, before the evolving of its full-grown horrors. These, however, we see acted by men, not less ardent formerly in puritanic zeal, and still retaining, in show and exercise, the self-same character. There is no atrocious act of blood, to which they do not coolly and deliberately proceed; and with which they do not associate and blend, the semblance of severe and energetic devotion. Cromwell embodies, in himself, all the qualities of his fellow actors in that revolting tragedy; and going on with him, from that letter of his, in the sketch of his history in the Quarterly review, until the colloquy at the last, between him and Dr. Goodwin, we have altogether such an exemplification of fallacious religion, as I suppose never was equally afforded, in this world's history.

How lamentable, then, would it be, if there were no security for passing through the voyage of a religious life, without exposure to those 'winds of doctine,' and 'sleights of men.' But do not those very men help us, to discover, and to estimate, that very security, in the ecclesiastical institution which they were anxious to annihilate? Antipathies are seldom wholly fanciful: they were against the church of England, because the church of England was opposite, in its very nature, to all those propensities, which they wished to indulge. It laid an axe to the root of those passions and habits, which *their* system gained over, and took into its service. Or, by a juster figure, it was the medium of transfusing such a dew of heaven, into the depths of the men-

tal soil, as to make it fruitful in every gentle and lovely virtue, and uncongenial to every thing ferocious or austere. A true Church-of-England man, therefore, could not have been the ally of those factious demagogues. It was an impossibility in nature. And, accordingly, when, after Cromwell's settlement in the protectorship, all other forms were tolerated, the episcopal church received no indulgence.

In all this, therefore, I conceive, we of the church of England have a fund of valuable, and momentous instruction. We are taught what is, or ought to be, our distinctive character as individuals; and we are warned not to admit any neutralizing principles, however fashionable, or popular, they may once more become.

The exact parallel of those unhappy times, can hardly again recur: but principles too near akin to those, out of which those commotions originated, are undoubtedly once more in operation; and from their wide diffusion, and obvious influence on public counsels, may, in the issue, lead to consequences very different, from what such men as Lord Liverpool, and Mr. Goulburn, would wish to facilitate. There was, in the commencement and progress of those former troubles, a concurrence of sectarians and infidels, in making war on the church. I wish there were nothing of the same kind, at this day. The Roman Catholics in Ireland had their great share, in embroiling the fray then: the part they are now permitted, and by their parliamentary abettors encouraged to act, allowing for circumstantial difference, is, in spirit, strangely similar. In listening to Clarendon, I wondered at the sameness of disposition and temper; while there can be no doubt that their present power of doing mischief, bears no shadow of comparison with that of their predecessors; and I think would at this day be nothing, if Lord Cornwallis and Lord Castlereagh had not been thwarted, in their plan of political amalgamation. Providence ordered things otherwise; for what ulterior purposes, time will show. As things are, they would of themselves be able to do little other mischief, than what we have experienced already within the last years; but that, in their present factious form and spirit, they should have access to Parliament, and be permitted to vent their malice and obloquy through the medium of a petition, and, above all, have in that assembly advocates of their extravagant claims, implies such a portentous state of things, as to add sensibly to my satisfaction, in being now in my sixty-seventh year, and in having no peculiar objects of anxiety, to leave behind me in this world.

I am sure all things will, eventually, serve the sublime purposes of divine philanthropy: but it is awful to think of the providential measures, which, arguing from the past to the future, we may

imagine likely to intervene. I therefore almost tremble, to mark the complying spirit of our statesmen; as I fear, however sincerely they may wish to fix a ne plus ultra, they will, at every fresh conciliatory, or rather compromising step, find it less practicable, and even less rationally maintainable. In short, I am not without fear, that the church of Ireland will eventually be sacrificed, to the preservation of what will be considered central integrity. But sure I am, that, if the one church goes, the other will soon follow; and what the political constitution will then become, I only wish they might now have the prudence, and the sagacity, to make a matter of grave consideration.

I have given you enough of such thoughts. You kindly offer to do any thing for me. I am so thrown out of all literary concerns, by my weak eye, that I do not now think of any purchase of books. But there is one matter about which I am still solicitous, namely, Dr. Townson's manuscript sermons. If all thought of publishing them is given up, the manuscripts will of course not be much valued. Perhaps, therefore, an offer to purchase them might not be rejected. I could wish you to find out from Rivington, with the caution which I know I need not bid you use, whether such an overture would be listened to. Archdeacon Churton, if still living, might prefer receiving a sum of money, which he might give to any public purpose, to letting those papers become food for the worms.

I am much obliged to my several friends, for their kind remembrance of me; and I request that, when you next see Mr. Haviland Burke, you will convey to him my grateful acknowledgments for the print of his never-to-be-forgotten uncle, which he was so good as to send.

I am very glad to have contributed something to the success of Mr. D——'s efforts to be ordained in England. Amongst all the Methodist preachers, I never knew, except one, so sincere a church-of-England-man as his father: and when the young man was introduced to me by Mr. K——, I thought that, with very fair intellect, he had a settledness and solidity, not very usual amongst his Hibernian contemporaries.

Major W—— was with me this day, and spoke in the highest and strongest terms of your advocacy for his brother. As to the thing itself, as it appeared in the papers, he thought you could not have made a better beginning. For my own part, I cordially wish you to do your part well, in every possible conjuncture; I wish you could do good; but that does not depend on your acting, however competent it may be. I felt sincere pleasure, however, in hearing Major W.'s opinion; who, of course, read the report of what you said, with closer attention, than was likely to be felt by any other person; for —— himself

could not bring his mind to the point like the Major. Believe me, my dear friend,

Most affectionately yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

——oo——

LETTER CXCI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Friday, June 11. 1824.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THIS is the first breathing-time I have had for a long time, and I seize it to say one word. It was neither any coldness of regard, nor any want of value for the most interesting matter of your letter, which prevented my writing. The simple truth is, I have been so busied, as not to have had an hour's comfortable leisure, to write as I could wish to write to you. Now I am little at leisure: this is Friday 1h. 35m. A. M. On Sunday, I am to preach a charity sermon for Sir T. A——, at Mitcham; and of that sermon, only the exordium is yet composed. To work, then, I must immediately address myself; but I wish first to communicate with you ever so shortly. Last night I spoke upwards of three hours on the Tithe Bill; rather, in general defence of our Irish church establishment. How I have succeeded, I truly do not know; but I have had from Lord H—— a ministerial call, to publish the speech as a pamphlet. This I mean to do. Your commission I have not neglected; as to procuring the sermons by purchase, it is, I apprehend, out of the question. I have had conversation on the subject with a particular friend of Archdeacon Churton, and have hopes of being made acquainted with the Archdeacon himself. Now I must have done: not without requesting my kindest remembrances and regards to all my good friends at B. Ever, my dear friend,

Most affectionately yours,
JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER 169.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

Bellevue, June 14. 1824.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I CANNOT delay to acknowledge the receipt of your kind letter. My eye is still in bad working order; and that, if nothing else, will secure you from an over-occupying reply. I assure you I am very glad you have had an opportunity of pleading, the strangely forlorn cause of the Irish reformed church; and it greatly adds to my pleasure, that you are called upon to give a permanent and correct form, to what cannot have been adequately reported; and, even in that imperfect shape, would draw but the attention of a day.

Judge Jebb, who, you know, is in this neighborhood, was so kind as to send me a note this morning, telling me of your having spoken, and inclosing the Morning Chronicle. I had already had your speech in the Courier, which I ordered a month ago, for the sake of the most correct parliamentary intelligence. The part which contained your speech, was read at the breakfast table by Mrs. L., and finished by K.; and you may believe that there was no want, either of attention, or interest. I fear, however, you have found little more justice done you in the Courier, than in the Chronicle. K.'s report to me is, that the latter is as full as the former. On a supposition it might be otherwise, I sent my Courier to Judge Jebb, in return for his Morning Chronicle. But I found, as I said, that nothing would be added, to what he had already. I am much obliged to you, for your inquiry respecting Townson's remains. Should you meet Archdeacon Churton, I could wish you, as far as propriety may admit, to find out, whether those sermons which he published in the second volume of Townson's works, required much from their editor, to fit them for publication. I am aware how delicate such ground is; and I should be far from wishing you to utter a word, in which you should not feel yourself perfectly at your ease. But if you find an opening for properly learning, whether those sermons are given simply as they were left, or whether the Archdeacon felt it right to give them those finishings, which he might honestly suppose the author himself would have done, if living, . . information on this head (obtained as I alone wish it to be obtained) would be to me a matter of interest and curiosity; and were it to verify what I

have thought probable, it would as much remain (as a fact) in my own bosom, as if I had never heard a tittle on the subject.

I may assure you, without going down stairs for their authority, that Mr. and Mrs. L. take a pleasure in your kind remembrance of them; and I may safely add, that you have not any where more sincere friends, than those under this roof. I am, my dear friend,

Ever yours, most faithfully and cordially,

ALEX. KNOX.

——oo——

LETTER CXCII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Guilsborough, Northamptonshire, July 21. 1824.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

By an extraordinary coincidence it happened, that, on the very day I received your last letter (you doubtless remember the commission there given), I met at dinner, and saw for the first time, Archdeacon Churton. I did not fail to put your question; and ascertained, that he published the three sermons of Dr. Townson, given in the second volume of his works, precisely from the original MSS.; taking no liberty whatsoever, except the rare introduction of connective particles, 'ands' and 'buts', &c. Archdeacon Churton is a fine, ingenuous, and remarkably classical old man, full of heart, and quite devoted to the memory of his old benefactor. I put strongly to him, the desirableness of publishing some more of Dr. T.'s sermons. On this subject he had a scruple; not that Dr. T. had positively forbidden the publication, but he had stated to Archdeacon C. his opinion, that they ought not to be printed. Our interview was altogether agreeable; and, as to the main point, not unsatisfactory; for he promised me to give the matter the best consideration in his power.

Some little time after this meeting, I had a very kind letter from the Archdeacon, inviting me to his parsonage, at Middleton, in Northamptonshire, and containing one passage, which, as I think it will interest you, I must transcribe:—

'On coming home from London last night, I turned to three or four sermons of the ever dear Dr. Townson, which I have near at hand; and I have up-stairs two similar treasures of his sermons, perhaps fifty or sixty more. I shall take into serious consideration your Lordship's very kind and pressing solicitation to print some of these; but I am not entirely satisfied, in point

of conscience, that I am at liberty to do so. Two or three dear friends, most esteemed by the deceased, are now, alas! (it is harmless to say so, for *this* world's sake,) with him in Paradise! The unaccountably cold reception of the author's published works, is another difficulty; whether Mr. Rivington, with other immense concerns, particularly that of the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge (enough to occupy half a score), is not a very active publisher, or whether a rapid succession of two or three young divinity professors at Oxford, men since risen, and 'not knowing Joseph', or for some other reason, prejudiced against him; whether either, or both these causes, or others, may have retarded the circulation of the works in question, particularly among theological students, the fact is too certain; and most deeply to be lamented, for the sake of genuine criticism, and sound theology. Partial to the memory and fame of my most dear friend and benefactor, I may, and ought to be; but I am quite sure I risk nothing in saying, 'Ille se profecisse sciat cui *Townson* valde placebit.' On reading what I have thus far written, . . a young prattler, and two or three others in the room, and the stupor of my London cold not yet shaken off, . . I see I have not mentioned what I was meaning to say, that I shall be truly glad to put a MS. (that is, some of the sermons, as specimens of the rest), of dear Dr. Townson's, into your hands for an hour; and to advise with your Lordship de summa rerum, to print or not to print, when it may consist with your movements, to favor me with a call.'

You may be sure I did not slight such an invitation; and accordingly, on Saturday evening last, I found myself welcomed at Middleton parsonage, by the good Archdeacon; and passed with him the entire of Sunday, and a part of Monday. The days went by most happily, for the host is unaffectedly good, and overflowing with kindness: his family, just what the family of a good and pious pastor ought to be: two of his sons, fellows of Oxford, are with him; one of whom has just carried off an university prize. Much time was given to the MSS. of Dr. Townson; and I went away with much regret. The good old man wept audibly, at our parting; and I own myself not able, at such times, to command my feelings.

Now, I have to say, that the Archdeacon has as good as promised to publish a volume of Dr. Townson's sermons; and has actually entrusted me with eighty-six of them, (some duplicates) that I may mark out such of them, as I should think it most desirable to have in print. They are, however (unless the leave of retention can be renewed), to be returned before I leave England. Several that I have read, are beautiful; some a little inferior; but touches, every now and then, in Townson's

best manner. I have no doubt a most valuable volume may be selected.

I am here at the house of a very amiable high-churchman, Mr. S——. To-morrow we depart, to reach Mr. Stock at Henbury, by a circuitous route, embracing Rugby, Coventry, Kenilworth, Warwick, Stratford, Worcester, Gloucester, &c. A letter would find or follow me, directed to me at Henbury, Bristol. We shall see the Harfords, Hannah More, and other of your friends. I am to visit the Bishop of Bath and Wells; and, before my return to Ireland, Lord and Lady D——, at K——. —— you know did good service, in the late session, to our poor persecuted church. He intends to build, forthwith, on his grandfather's Irish estate; and to reside a considerable part of each year in Ireland.

Now I am summoned to see Mr. S.'s church. My most affectionate regards to all at B——.

Ever, my dear Friend,
Most truly yours,
JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER 170.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

Bellevue, Delganny, July 26. 1824.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HASTEN to avail myself of the opportunity of finding you, and to tell you how much interested I am, by your most acceptable communication. I am truly gratified by having served, vice cotis, to sharpen the interest, which you would at any rate have felt, in the excellent biographer and friend of Dr. Townson. As to my matter of inquiry, the assurance you have received would, at once, be conclusive. But, though I had some wish for another kind of answer, I was not unprepared for that which the Archdeacon has given: inasmuch as an inconsistency of the very same kind, between what flowed from feeling, and what proceeded from after-thought, is to be found in the sermon preached in Chester, at Bishop Porteus's visitation, which was published by himself.

I am very much delighted, with your account of what has followed from your meeting; and I can well conceive how cheering it was to the good old man, to receive so unexpected, and, as it would surely be to him, so gratifying a testimony, to worth, which he himself so deeply felt, and which no doubt he has long

been grieving, that others did not feel with him. I earnestly hope he will be induced to give up his scruple, to considerations, to which, his judgment must tell him, Townson himself would have yielded. He must feel that there is something not a little singular, in your application to him on the subject; and that, to resist such a call, would be almost to overlook a providential notification.

Whether the Archdeacon may have light enough to explain the cold reception, of which he so justly complains, I do not know; I should rather suppose he has not. But, in point of fact, nothing can be more clear, than that he had too much interiority for one party, and too little doctrine for the other. What has made him, in this day of exterior bustle and contest, be neglected, is in truth that, which makes it desirable he should live for better times; that he should have escaped the infection of what you justly term traditional dogma, was not to be expected. But he astonishingly, for his day, discovered and imbibed that high principle, in which true christianity, as well as true moral philosophy centers, and is perfected: 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.' He manifests his discernment, in this happy respect, on many occasions; but never more beautifully or solidly, than in what he remarks concerning the peculiar character of St. John. Though you cannot but recollect, . . having it at hand, I am induced to transcribe it, as it so admirably bespeaks the mind and heart of the writer.

'St. John entered into the family of Christ, while his youth was unspotted from the world; and being led on to still higher degrees of purity and holiness, under the blessed influence of his Lord, who loved and honored him with his intimacy, he was of a mind aptly qualified to apprehend, the higher mysteries of the kingdom of heaven. For, if the pure in heart have a promise, as of a congenial reward, that they shall hereafter see God, we may believe, that, in such measure as their hearts are pure, they will have a capacity, for some anticipation of this blessed vision here on earth.'

I must now thank you for sending me your speech; and I must in justice do the same thing for Mrs. L——, who entered into the spirit, and felt the importance of it, little less than myself. Little less I say, not because she felt its force less; but because she could not have been previously impressed, as I was, with the extreme necessity for such a manifesto. The subject was continually before me; and I saw not how the multifarious falsehoods, which were gaining more and more the blind acquiescence of even well-meaning persons, were to be competently met and refuted. It was lamentably obvious, that too many did not care, and none thoroughly knew, any thing about

the matter. This desideratum, your speech has supplied; and if the clergy and friends of our Irish branch of the Anglican church, do not feel themselves more obliged to you, than to any other individual for the last hundred years, I can only say, they see the business with eyes differing from mine.

The Judge has paid us two morning visits; he said he could not till after circuit do more. He came a second time, that Miss J—— might see the place. The first time, was just after I had received and heard read, for I could not myself read, your speech; (by the way, he had visited us once before, which I had forgotten.) You may be sure there was, just then, no lack of matter for conversation; and though I was accustomed to his interested manner of speaking about you, I had a pleasurable feeling of no common kind, in listening to, and most sincerely sanctioning (as far as in me lay) his expression of deep-toned satisfaction. 'Notus in fratrem animi paterni' as he long had been, his reaping such a harvest of pleasure, was only less pleasing to me than it was to himself; for to witness it, as I was prepared for doing, was next to feeling it.

I hope this letter will find you at Mr. Stocks's; and if so, you will gratify me by assuring him, that he is, this day, as present to my mind, as if only one year, not fifteen, had passed, since I was experiencing his and Mrs. Stocks's kindness; and I can truly add, that, when I happen to ask myself, shall I ever see England again? if there be desire, the thought of seeing and being with *them* is a chief (if not the chief) ingredient in it. I should most certainly have high pleasure in again seeing Mrs. More, if only one could hope to see her tolerably free from suffering; which, I fear, has latterly not often been the case. I have long wished to write to her, and to thank her for a most kind and interesting letter, written to me after K. B—— had been with her, about this time (or a little earlier) last year. But while, for some time, my eye was a hindrance, now that I can use it in writing, I have feared that even a letter, such as I might write (something requiring thought, almost always carrying me away) might too much tax her strength. I hope she will be able to see you; and I beg you to assure her of my unalterable attachment, and most grateful affection. When you see her, your report of her will be a gratifying kindness to myself, and to all her friends here, than whom she has none more cordial. I shall be determined, as to writing or not writing, by what you tell me. I will not now say more; for fear of not dispatching my letter by this day's post. I wish and pray, that both the providence and the grace of God may preserve and guide you, and make every circumstance of your life contribute to your real and imperishable good; that 'in all time of your

tribulation, and in all time of your wealth', he may deliver and bless you, so as that you may be useful and happy here, and, in God's good time, pass joyfully to a better world.

Ever, with deep and constant interest, your faithful and affectionate friend,

ALEX. KNOX.

——oo——

LETTER CXCIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Palace, Wells, Aug. 6. 1824.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE seen Mrs. H. More. On Wednesday last, I sat at least four hours with her; and rejoice to say, that her health is far better than I could have expected; and that her spirits were excellent. Her eye is brilliant and expressive as ever; and the vigor and vivacity of her mind are in full exercise. She would be delighted to hear from you; and you need not be under the least apprehension that a letter would tax her strength. Her affection for you, and for those at B——, is unabated; and she spoke with much pleasure of K. B.——'s visit here, last year.

We passed eight or nine days with the excellent ——s: of whom, the more I see, the more deeply I regard them. They are full of unpretending goodness. Mrs. —— is a pattern of true female gentleness, and Mr. ——, I need not tell you, is one of the strongest-minded men we have. They both have, in perfection, a gentility and urbanity of spirit, which too frequently are but mimicked in higher life, and miserably travestied and caricatured by pretenders. And while the spirit is there, the absence of some of the form, especially after five or six months of London life, has to me a most agreeable freshness. We dined three days with the ——s, still making Mr. ——'s our head-quarters. They are kind and amiable, and were full of earnest inquiry after you, and the family of B——. They, too, were highly gratified by K——'s visit.

The tour from Northamptonshire to Henbury was delightful; including Rugby, Coventry, Kenilworth, Warwick, Stratford, Worcester, the Malvern hills, Ross; the navigation of the Wye from Ross to Chepstow, including Tintern Abbey, and so across the new passage. It is needless to say, that, in such a tour, much was to be seen; and it was seen to the best advantage. The weather delightful throughout, and the tide so favorable,

that the Wye was brimful as we rowed along; an unspeakable advantage. On the way from Mrs. More's to this place, we diverged somewhat, in order to take in the Chedder cliffs, and a curious cavern some miles hence. Yesterday, under the guidance of the Bishop, we visited the ruins of Glastonbury, and ascended the high tower, on which the last abbot was hanged, by that cruel and rapacious tyrant, our eighth Henry. By the by, it is strange that such a man should hold so favorable a place as he does, in popular recollection. I suppose his bluffness is to the taste of John Bull.

—— is a truly amiable man. He has none of the roughness, and not very much perhaps of the strength of his brother, whom you knew. But he is respectably informed, has fair talents, and a most conscientious wish to do his duty. In —— he has been active and energetic, and here he will do much good, succeeding to a field, which, under his predecessor, and under those who preceded him, was much neglected.

The cathedral of Wells, and the episcopal residence, altogether present the most desirable retreat I have seen in England; and the kind and courteous hospitality of the present owner, makes me regret that I must depart on Monday. To-morrow I am to preach; and indeed, on every Sunday since leaving London, I have been on the same duty. I hope, at Shrewsbury, to have a glimpse of the good old Mr. Stedman; at K——, to pass two or three days, with Lord and Lady D——; and, if time allow, to see Southey, the Lakes, and Carlisle, where I believe the Bishop is to receive us. I am gratified more than I can express, at your approval of my speech: but you may be unconsciously partial. All I can say is, it was an honest effort, at a time of danger: and my honest heterodox cousin used to say, that 'no effort is lost.' I believe in the truth of the aphorism; but my reliance is in the goodness and wisdom of divine Providence.

It gratifies me to say, that the best and most thinking churchmen whom I meet, think I have been useful, not only to the Irish, but the English bishops and clergy. There is, however, a narrow party, who think otherwise, and this cannot be helped.

Many, many thanks for your good wishes, and your prayers; I pray you continue them on my behalf: you possess mine (unworthy as I am) in return. With kindest remembrances to all at B——,

Ever, my dear friend,

Yours most affectionately,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER 171.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

Bellevue, Delganny, Aug. 19. 1824.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAD much gratification from yours of the 6th, and I would speedily endeavor to write to Mrs. H. M., were it not that I could not just now speak comfortably of Mr. L.'s situation; but I have hope that, in a few days, he may get over his present indisposition. I have had little opportunity of hearing opinions respecting your speech; but I can quote to you one very respectable opinion, that of Mr. Peter L., jun., whose mind is plain, honest, and solidly sensible. He has read it with attention, and thinks it a highly valuable document. Mr. R., who was G.'s curate formerly, called here on Monday last (the day I began this letter), with Mr. D., our chaplain at the Orphan House, who is married to R.'s sister; and, knowing him to be a very sensible man, I asked his opinion of it, and found that he, too, was strongly impressed with its utility and importance. I mention R., because I think him a superior person, in point of talent, to all the other Dublin clergy, the Archbishop alone excepted; who, by the way, thinks rather highly of him. It was he who named R. as the most promising preacher, for our last charity sermon.

I hope Mr. Stedman will be at Shrewsbury when you are passing, and I shall direct this letter to his care. If you find our old friend, I will beg you to ask a favor of him for me; namely, the loan of his manuscript book of Doddridge's private memorials. There are most of these in Orton's Life of him; but some curious ones were kept back: one of these, particularly, I am desirous to reperuse; namely, his record of an intercourse with Count Zinzendorf. It is remarkable, that the good Doddridge was wonderfully fascinated, with that strange man's view of the childish simplicity of our Savior's character and conversation. He wished to show, that mean and grovelling sentiments and ideas were purposely adopted, in order to make the gospel the means of intellectual, rather than of moral humiliation. Poor Doddridge, at first, thought all this so very captivating, that it would seem he had almost determined to be one of the *Unitas Fratrum*. What stopped the progress of the delusion, I do not remember. But I think such a fact, so authenticated, well worth being recorded; as it shows, that the most upright, and best cultivated mind, when devoted to the right of private judgment, and resolved

to admit no rule of judging, but its own conception of the sacred text, is exposed to incalculable misapprehension and error. If my good old friend will trust me with this interesting document, I will engage to preserve and return it with the most exact care; and to make no use of it, which he would disapprove. You will bring it, if he gives it.

Farewell, my dear friend! I hope it will not now be long, before you are in this neighborhood; as I suppose the judge will have returned from circuit, before your arrival in Ireland; and that you will not proceed to Limerick without making a visit, however short, to him and his family; though perhaps you purpose to defer it, till after your visitation. Believe me

Your ever affectionate friend,

ALEX. KNOX.

——oo——

LETTER CXCIV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Knowsley, Lancashire, Aug. 21. 1824.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I SNATCH a few moments to write a few lines.

You will be glad to know that, in passing through Shrewsbury, I saw our good old friend Mr. Stedman in good health and spirits, though manifestly sinking in the vale of years. His affections, however, are unimpaired; and he was particular in his inquiries for you and Miss Fergusson.

Here we have been, since this day week, and are to stay till the day after to-morrow (Monday). I was prepared to meet every thing kind, and very much agreeable, in this family; but so thoroughly rational, and so religious a life, I did not expect to find. Frankness, unaffectedness, and thorough good nature, are the characteristics of this whole connection; and some of them are very intellectual. In many respects Lord D. reminds me of Mr. P. L. T.; the same forgetfulness of self, and the same attention to the least want or wish of others. Lady D. is really a very superior person; considerable talents, we all knew she had. But, in the most important matters, she is right-minded. Religion is with her a matter of deep personal concern; and so it is with all the females of the family. Lord D. is the priest of his own house; he says grace, at and after dinner, in a full fine voice, more like the manner in which our good old king repeated the responses at Windsor, than any thing I have since heard; and every morning he reads prayers to his

household. Those which he uses are Bishop Wilson's; I suppose from the connection which subsisted, between that good man, and the D. family, as lords of Mann. Conversation here is cheerful, animated, and often serious; but quite free from the cant of modern evangelicism. Every evening we have music; almost exclusively sacred, and chiefly Handel. For three or four evenings, we have been delighted with Lady G.'s performance on the organ. She is almost, if not altogether, the best organist I ever heard. On the whole, looking at this connection as it stands, I no longer wonder, as I did in London, at the excellence of our young ecclesiastical champion ——. He has received the best impressions in his youth, and the results are but beginning to appear. One of his aunts has indulged me with a sight of his manuscript poems; and some of them, written so early in life as at the age of nine or ten years, show a maturity of religious and moral principle that would delight you; while the whole, every now and then, abound with flashes of true genius. The family are quite satisfied with the part he has taken, in defending the Irish church; and are evidently desirous that, in his visits to Ireland, he may cultivate an intimacy with me. I think I told you that, on his return from America, he intends building on his grandfather's estate, in the county of Tipperary, and making Ireland his chief residence.

Last Sunday we passed here, as Sunday ought to be passed; and I look forward with pleasure, to such another Sunday tomorrow. We attended morning and afternoon prayers, in a beautiful parish church; and in the evening, the whole family joined in psalmody in the music gallery, before we went to prayers in the domestic chapel. It is really a good sign of the times, to find great aristocratic families living in this manner.

I forgot to tell you that my friend Mr. Cochran the bookseller (whose catalogue, by the bye, I hope you have seen: it is one of the best published) is desirous to reprint (with your permission) 'Burnet's Lives', with your 'Preface.' Should leave be given, he will have it printed in a handsome 8vo. volume, on superior paper, with a good type, and with the utmost accuracy he can. He would also be particularly obliged, by permission to insert your name in the title-page.

Monday we leave this, for Mr. Southey, and the Lakes; but our stay there must be short; and we must hasten homeward with all convenient speed. My visitation stands for September 30. Ever, my dear friend,

Most affectionately yours,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER 172.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

Sept. 26. 1824.

My dear Friend,

The judge himself put your note into my hand, on the day of your going to Dublin. I confess to you my anxiety had been very great, to have your decided opinion respecting my little tract*; and I say the simplest truth, when I tell you, that the estimate which you make of it, affords me inexpressible pleasure. It was certainly my earnest wish to do, as far as possible, what you, to my great comfort, tell me you think I have accomplished. But till you told me so, my mind was by no means at rest, as to the judgment which I had a right to look for. I must add that, had I imagined the terms best fitted to satisfy my wishes, I could not have gone beyond, or beside, the very terms you have used.

I do not, for the present, intend to add any thing; except another paragraph to the note, respecting the Divine omnipresence, adverting to Solomon's prayer (1 Kings, viii.), as the present paragraph does to the 139th Psalm. It seemed to me, as if I had completed my argument; and had nothing further to offer in the way of evidence. Had your suggestion of enlarging a former note, happened to come at a different stage of the business, I dare say something would have been added to the present short quotation from the revisers. But that was then impracticable; and I satisfy myself for the want of prudential guards, in that and other instances, by the consideration, that I must appear to be only making an experiment, within a private circle. If it should be judged expedient to come really before the public, there may be a fitness, if not necessity, that something should be said, both to introduce, and follow up, what is already written.

If I do not deceive myself, there is nothing better fitted to introduce more just views, of the christian religion generally, and of our own form of it in particular, than a correct, and well-defined notion of the eucharist; and from a strange combination of causes, this, hitherto, seems not to have been sufficiently given. Our divines have often said good and useful things; but have hardly ever so spoken, as to prepare communicants for approaching the sacrament, 'with the spirit, and with the understanding also.' They talked piously about it, rather than clearly

* On the Eucharist... Ed.

explained it; so that it seems to me, that there has been a nearer resemblance, in even the devout receiving of the eucharist amongst us, to a devout hearing of mass in the R. C. church, than a Protestant would be willing to suspect. Perhaps the providential time, for more accurate apprehensions, was not yet come. I have little doubt, however, that, if such apprehensions can be given, they were never more needed than at present.

Frigidity on one hand, and dogmatic faith on the other, are the conspicuous features of the present day. What kind of result is likely to grow, eventually, out of their collision, and (strange to say,) in some sort, combination, it would be hard to ascertain, and it is awful to conjecture. To combat either, in detail, seems hopeless. To reason closely and consecutively, is not, at this day, a prevalent habit. But if an undermining principle could be found, which, from its obvious truth and consistency, would, as it were, force admission; and which, when admitted, would imply a necessary rejection, both of the one misconception and the other; a theological and moral corrective might be hoped for, which would open a brighter dawn on the christian world.

Such a principle, I think I see, in a just view of the sacrament of the eucharist. This sacred ordinance, contemplated in the light of our blessed Lord's institution, and St. Paul's interpretation, implies an interiority, so divine, so simple, and so independent of, and superior to, all doctrinal dogma, as to evince an experimental depth in christianity, as much beyond the semi-socinian conceptions of the one party, as it is uncongenial with the low forensic theories of the other. And if, as you appear to have reason for thinking, there is a class arising, which discovers a growing relish for a purer and more solid piety, to what point could such a class be more hopefully directed, than to an adequate estimation and use of the holy sacrament, as that divine provision, through which, without the disturbing, or diluting intermediation of frail man, they may obtain from God himself, purity and peace here, and the fullest preparation for happiness hereafter?

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I am ever, my dear Friend,
most faithfully and affectionately yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

LETTER CXCV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Palace, Limerick, Dec. 29. 1834.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU probably are aware of a passage in the 'Concio ad Clerum' of Joseph Mede, 'De sanctuario Dei, seu de sanctitate relativa.' Lest, however, you should not have adverted to it, I wish to transcribe it for you; because, if I do not greatly mistake, it is much to the purpose.

'Ubi sunt duo aut tres (ait servator) congregati in nomine meo, ibi ego sum in medio illorum. Et verò, quod longè maximum est, ineffabili modo *adest*, in mystico panis et vini sacramento. Haud enim verebor dicere, in sacro-sanctâ eucharistiâ non minùs peculiariter et visibiliter nobis adesse Deum, quàm Mosi in ardenti rubo; nec templum aut tabernaculum Judaicum magis Christi corpus profigurâsse, quàm hunc panem nobis exhibere.' Works, vol. i. p. 509.

In writing at this time, I cannot but express for you, and the friends with whom you are, every good wish suggested by this blessed season. Since I left town, I have not been at any time in robust health; but neither have I been obliged for a single day to keep my bed. My books, too, are beginning to get about me; and I hope to pass a tolerably studious winter. I have the fullest house I ever had (excuse the barbarism of the last clause), my brother and all his family, with the eldest of my M'C. nieces; all in good health, and good spirit. They are gone out to a little concert, or my brother would desire his kind remembrances. —— is in the room with me, and begs of me to give his. Farewell, my dear Friend,

ever most affectionately yours,

JOHN LIMERICK.

———oo———

LETTER 173.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

Dawson St., Jan. 5. 1835.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

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I HAD not myself met that remarkable passage in Mede; but

a few weeks ago, J. D. L—— pointed it out to me. Certainly, stronger expressions than those you quote, could not be employed with truth or fitness. But a subsequent expression appears obscure to me, 'de sanctitate enim relativâ, semper loquor'; for it seems to me, that, though it be most true, that the outward sign, whether the ark, or the eucharistic bread and wine, can have, in themselves abstractedly, nothing else but relative sanctity, more than relative sanctity must be ascribed, in both cases, to the concrete; and I should have no doubt of Mede's thinking so, were it not for the word 'semper', which perhaps, or rather probably, he uses, with reference to the main body of his discourse; and not with respect to the great sustaining fact, which itself confers the relative sanctity contended for, on what he calls the eucharisteria (which is at least the chancel, if not the whole church). On looking still more closely, I conclude this to have been his meaning.

Have you ever compared the three forms of giving notice of the sacrament, as they stand in the first prayer-book, the second, and what we now have? It is very remarkable, how the second reduces, what it uncouthly calls, the 'sacraments of his blessed body and blood,' into a mere declaratory sign. But now I remember that I called your attention to this, in our last conversations. It is worth observing, however, that the pluralizing of the sacrament, appears also in Cranmer's language, when disputing. He supposes our Savior thus to explain his own institution. 'The bread and wine which be set before your eyes, are only declarations of me; but I myself am the eternal food. Wherefore, whensoever, at this table, you shall behold the sacraments, have not regard so much to them, as consider ye what I promise to you by them, which is, myself to be meat for you of eternal life.' This verbal modification, therefore, little in itself as it might have appeared, was wittingly made, to serve the new doctrine; and the plural term seems to have remained, until the time of Archbishop Laud. In two prayer-books which I have, one of 1612, the other of 1619, I find *sacraments* in that same exhortation; in another of 1636, though the exhortation is the same in other respects, the plural term is discarded; as it is, similarly, in the Scottish prayer-book of 1637.

I dare say you have read the article in the last Quarterly Review, on the lives of Newton and Scott. It is evidently from the same hand, as that in a former number, on the late publication of Cowper's Letters. The spirit of both compositions, is very like that of ——'s tract on Baptismal Regeneration; and I conceive is little less semi-deistical, than the theology of Gŏttingen, in the last century. A more profane expression, short

of gross blasphemy, than that in the former article, 'the orgasms of theopathy,' could scarcely have been uttered; and though the terms are less audacious in this latter article, the doctrine is equally revolting. 'Man cannot', we are told, 'distinguish, between that love of God, of virtue, and of man, which proceeds from human principles and motives, and that which flows from the influence of the divine spirit.' That he cannot do so in every instance, much less draw a line of demarcation, between that which is natural, and that which is divine, must indeed be allowed; but if christian virtue contained no evidence, in its feelings, or in its fruits, of a more than human source and sustenance, the claim of christianity itself to our esteem or attention, could hardly be supported: since, in that case, what would it do for us, to engage our regard? or to account for its own lofty professions, and ponderous arrangements? In no conceivable case, could it be more fairly asked

'Quid tanto feret promissor dignum hiatu?'

A belief in Providence, beyond that general system, by which virtue is made 'its own reward, and vice its own punishment', seems the second object of this writer's contumely. That there should be rash and fanciful conclusions, respecting divine agency, in matters of providence, as well as in matters of grace, is a necessary consequence of human weakness; and it is the part of religious wisdom, to afford to intelligent minds, such rules and principles, as may guard equally, against excess, and defect. But thus to confine providence to mere pre-adjustment, and to exclude all present operation (for to this, I conceive, the reviewer's doctrine amounts) is to undermine natural, not less than revealed religion. There is a machinery which works well, but we have no more to do with the mechanist, than the possessor of an excellent clock, which never goes out of order, has to do with the artist from whom he purchased it!

There is a deplorable consistency, in these two views, of grace, and providence; and the spirit which conceived and propounds them, appears portentously to resemble that of the 'scoffers', who should come in the last day, and say, 'where is the promise of his coming? for, since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue, as they were from the beginning of the creation.'

It strikes me that this reviewer is the same, who wrote the article on Southey's Life of Wesley; which life, by the way, I hope your friend will one day be inclined to revise. His liberal, and not seldom profound remarks, are so strangely blended with ridicule and levity, as to expose himself to the charge of very

great inconsistency. He, again and again, intimates, that the history, both of Wesley, and Whitefield, is marked with a mysterious designation; and yet he so jumbles together their extravagances and their better principles, as to give no aid to his reader, in making an estimate of the eventual advantage to the interests of religion; though he himself is continually admitting, that some degree of advantage must be allowed to their labors.

Do you happen to have the 'Liturgie' of Neufchatel, which was adopted about 90 years ago? I have been surprised lately, in looking into it, at the great use which was made of the Church of England liturgy: they did not dare to avow the imitation, or rather, in many instances, the transcription; and where we have responces, they put *all* into the mouth of the minister; as, for instance, 'O Seigneur, fais luire sur nous ta miséricorde, et nous accorde ton salut. O Seigneur, conserve le roi, et nous exauce par ta grace, lorsque nous t'invoquons.' But then, they strongly intimate, in the preface, that this monologous form was not their own choice, as they expressly praise the ancient antiphonal method. In a late Christian Observer, the personal interest taken in our Prayer-book, in Germany, was particularly mentioned. I cannot doubt, that, in the fulness of time, it will be accounted the richest treasure, next to the canonical Scriptures, in the christian church. But to be duly valued abroad, it must first be understood at home.

Will you convey my sincerest thanks to C. F——, for both his communications; and assure him that, by a continued critique on my little book, he will at all events greatly oblige me; and may materially serve my purpose, should I see reason to publish it.

Ever yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

——oo——

LETTER 174.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

Bellevue, Delganny, Feb. 11. 1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

BEING not a little puzzled, with the extract which Bishop Heber gives, in his Life of Jeremy Taylor, from a tract called 'Christian Consolations'; and which he employs as a set-off, against Taylor's high views of spiritual attainment, I determined to ex-

amine the tract itself; and am perfectly surprised how Bishop Heber could have hesitated, for one hour, in rejecting it as a work of Taylor. The style is of another species; never flowing into exuberance of thought, but uniformly cast in trim sentences, not unlike those of Bishop Hall; but bearing no resemblance to that free and glowing diction, which is very well characterized, in the last paragraphs of the life. But the still more resistless evidence (if that be possible) is found, in the difference of theology. In the first paragraph are these words, 'Believe that you are Christ's, and Christ is yours; and then you are sure that none can perish, whom the Father hath given to him.' Would Taylor thus ground christian comfort, on the hypothesis of predestination? But the question is decided, by what occurs at the 126th page; which is altogether so extraordinary in itself, as well as so opposite to Taylor's doctrine, that I cannot help transcribing the passage.

'We are conceived in sin; and it is so intimate unto us, that we have no promise to be so spiritualized in this life, that we shall not often trespass. God hath concluded all in sin, all in unbelief, that he might have mercy upon all. But it is one thing to fall into sin, another to run into it; one thing to be carried away by the passions of it, another to covet and desire it; one thing to be overtaken in a fault, another thing to abide in it without repentance. And great odds, between those that are given over to please themselves in filthiness, and between them that labor and desire to please God; though many times they attain not to perfect that willingness. The scope of the 7th chap. to the Romans, as I apprehend the mind of the Apostle, is to refresh our guilty consciences, . . that a regenerate man is not obnoxious to condemnation, though his flesh, upon some temptations, make him the servant of sin; because still, in his mind, he serves the law of God. And I am confirmed in that sense, because, without all contradiction, he teacheth the like doctrine. The flesh and the spirit are contrary one to another, so that we cannot do the thing that we would.'

I have written this, to save you the trouble of turning to it; but you will, I am sure, remember, not only the indignant energy, but the poignant ridicule, with which Taylor assails and exposes this very mode of explaining St. Paul, in his sermon preached in Christ's Church, on Rom. vii. 19.: the first three paragraphs of which, are as powerful a contradiction of the above passage, as if they had been written for the purpose. Bishop Heber's strange notion, of Taylor's having altered his opinions, is also confuted by internal evidence that the 'consolations' were

written in the time of the interregnum, whereas this sermon has a date, not to be disputed, of a later time.

Adieu, believe me ever

Most affectionately yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

——oo——

LETTER CXCVI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Feb. 12. 1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE been for about ten days confined to bed, by one of my usual attacks; which, though not severe, is stubborn, and does not permit me to write at length. It pains me that I cannot comply with Mr. ——'s wish. The fact of the case is simply this: on a sober view of the mischief occasioned to the church and christianity, by a system of jobbing and traffic in ecclesiastical matters, which had unhappily become inveterate in this country, I felt myself obliged to cast about for the most effectual mode, of keeping myself, and the very small portion of patronage entrusted to me, *pure:* and, after the maturest consideration, I saw no other way than one, namely, a rule, which should admit no exception, that no living in my gift, should ever, on my account, be placed at the disposal of any lay patron, any bishop, or of the government itself. With this rule, you will at once perceive, that any permission of an exchange into this diocese, would be inconsistent; I have indeed, on the same principle, refused to allow the resignation of a father, within my diocese, in favor of his son. In all this, I have counted cost. I know the regulation will diminish, not increase, my patronage: but this is quite a secondary consideration. I know that there must, occasionally, grow out of it, individual hardships; and that perhaps, in some instances, arrangements beneficial to the diocese must be foregone. But looking at the matter, on the great scale, I am sure the benefits must greatly preponderate. I thus, at all events, attain the moral certainty, that, in the disposal of no benefice in my gift, can there be the least jobbing; and I cannot convey by words, the peace and tranquillity which I feel, in having a fixed principle to guide me, instead of being obliged to weigh each particular case. Indeed, had I not this general and immutable rule to put forward, I should already have been

involved in sore perplexities: were I, for example, to admit an exchange, in itself reasonable and beneficial, how should I be able to resist an exchange, that might imply a job? The thing could not be done, without giving mortal offence. The whole of this you cannot tell to Mr. ——: but I make my principle generally known; and have no objection to your stating as much of the substance of this reply, as you think it prudent to do.

* * * * * *

I rejoice in the good accounts from B——. I pray remember me most affectionately to all.

Ever, my dear Friend,
Most truly yours,
JOHN LIMERICK.

P. S. Writing from bed, this is a sad scrawl; but you will excuse it.

——oo——

LETTER 175.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

Bellevue, Delganny, Feb. 26. 1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

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* * * * *

IF Mr. Marriott's letter be not conclusive, it at least gives interesting information. I do not happen to know any thing about Bishop Hacket. But I suppose there are other remains of his; and that his theological principles are on record. If so, his probable claim may be brought to certainty.

At all events, I am satisfied, that the tract was not written by Taylor; and I wonder at the inconsiderateness, with which Bishop Heber has ascribed it to him. In support of this charge, I refer you, in the first place, to the xciii. page of the Life. In order to avert the suspicion of Taylor's being a perfectionist, which a sublime passage, in a letter just inserted, with the interest expressed towards certain explicit maintainters of perfection, in two former letters of the same year (pages lxxxv. and lxxxviii.), might appear to countenance, Bishop Heber wishes 'it to be remembered, that his subsequent, no less than his preceding writings, bear testimony to his freedom from any error of the kind.'

That the 'subsequent writings', are those same 'consolations', is very plain; because he could mean no other. But you may

observe, that he repeatedly intimates the *lateness* of that tract. He mentions it *after* what were known to be the latest works (p. cxxiv.) He proceeds on the same assumption, in his immediate remarks on it (p. clvii.). He quotes one passage, as, in all essential respects, differing from the language which he would have held, when he wrote the 'Doctrine of Repentance'; and at the bottom of the same page, he introduces another extract, with these words: . . 'The notions which he at this time entertained, as to original sin, are also worth extracting. He is speaking of the difficulties which oppose us, in our way to heaven; and what he now says, sufficiently exculpates him, from having imbibed the error of the perfectionists.' Now, whatever may have been the error of the perfectionists, I must venture to assert, that this defence was not made with due consideration. The three letters, which were thought to expose Taylor to that charge, were written in 1659; the last (which describes his own exalted feelings) bearing date November 3. To what time then, we may ask, did Bishop Heber mean to assign the supposed recantation? He should have thought of this, before he hazarded his remarks. Was it *after* the 3d of November, 1659, that a tract could be written, in which it is complained, that 'our late reformers have excluded the solemn melody of the organ, and the raptures of warbling and sweet voices, out of cathedral quires. They (it is added) that miss that harmony, can best tell, how it was wont to raise up their spirits; and, as it were, to carry it out of them to the quire in heaven'? (page 124.) . . Or would it have been asked, more than a year after the death of Cromwell, 'O! when will these profane days come to an end, that we may again so orderly, so delightfully appear, before the living God'? (p. 146.) These expressions best accord, with the darkest time of the interregnum; but it was morally impossible they should have been uttered, in the interval between November 3d, 1659, and May 29th, 1660; while it is still more inadmissible, that, in this short space, Taylor's mind should have been so changed, and the change so recorded. These were prima facie evidences against the 'subsequent' writing of that tract, which, had they been adverted to, must have precluded the supposition. How Bishop Heber could have read the tract attentively (to say nothing of the uniform strain of Taylor's sermons, when a bishop), and overlooked the force of those passages, is extraordinary.

That the tract itself is, in its way, respectable, and certainly very pious, I readily allow; and it is clear, that its author was devoted to the Church of England. But, like most others of his day, he had learned his theology in the school of Geneva. I think we may infer this, from the first eight lines of the first chap-

ter; and every thing that follows, whether in sentiment or phraseology, strengthens the persuasion. His mode of applying passages of Scripture, is perfectly calvinistic; as if it were a settled point, that *such* was the meaning; and that the mental uneasiness in question might be safely quieted, by the simple text. But the want of moral tact, which belongs to that system, is no less apparent. I am sure there was nothing immoral at heart. Every thing, *as to intention*, was pure and upright. But had the moral delicacy of the christian religion been apprehended as correctly, as in itself, according to the author's view, it was embraced sincerely, he would not have replied to the charge made by Zozimus, against Constantine, and the religion he embraced, by asking, . . 'Is not this to commend the emperor and his religion, under the form of a dispraise'? (p. 107.) This passage is quoted by Bp. Heber (p. clvii.), as interesting, not only from its own merit, but (what I mentioned before) as differing from the language he would have held, when he wrote the Doctrine of Repentance! He adds (you can now I think judge on what grounds!) . . 'The Christian Consolations, it may be observed, was one of Taylor's last compositions.' I think I have said enough on this last point; but why such a passage should have been selected for its 'merit,' I cannot conceive. It strikes me, that, if the real nature of christianity could be shown to justify such a view of it, its most malignant enemies would account it a triumph. Of the same character is what follows (I am sure nothing unfriendly to moral principle was meant, but, if I do not greatly err, it is virtually antinomian). 'Be thankful, and admire the mercies of our Father to both, for nailing our great sins to the cross of Christ, and for acquitting us from the innumerable fry of minim sins, those of daily incursion; because, when one of the least is remitted, all are remitted together. Do you hope comfortably, that some faults of omission, some idle words, some garish and customary fashion of pride, are remitted to you? With the same affiance, leaning on Christ, you may hope, that you are discharged from your greatest enormities. For all unrighteousness is covered, at once, to them with whom God is well pleased. No sin is forgiven, to him that is not in Christ; and against him that is in Christ, there is no condemnation.' (p. 108.) To this, indeed to the entire prevalent theology of that tract, nothing can be more unlike, I might say more opposite, than the sermon preached in Christ Church, intitled 'Fides Formata.' And if Bishop Heber read them both, how he could suppose them to come from the same pen, and, above all, how he could dream of the life of Taylor having thus closed, in the strangest theological, and in some sort moral contradiction, I can ill reconcile with the talents and judgment,

manifested so variously in Bishop Heber's work. But the mind is too generally warped by its wishes; and it would seem to have been a desired object, to make Taylor, at the close of his life, the detecter of his own excessive aspirations.

I request you to assure C. F—— that I am most grateful to him for what he sent me; and I have no doubt of its great utility, if I should have a cause to avail myself of it.

We are reading in the evenings, Prior's Life of Burke; and are interested by it. Tell if you can, when you next write, who Mr. William Bourke was? Whether he was a relation, as well as friend, we are not told. Believe me, most cordially,

Ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

——oo——

LETTER CXCVII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Limerick, April 27. 1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

SINCE I last heard from you, I have been in health rather ailing; more frequent successions than usual of indisposition, but lighter; and which, though they often and long confined me to bed, have not left me at all weaker in body, however I may be less vigorous in mind. Even as to the latter, however, I am not at all indisposed to be apprehensive: but happen what may, all is in the best hands. Yesterday I emerged from one of my confinements of nine days' standing—lying, I ought to say.

Archdeacon Churton thinks it better, and I agree with him, to publish a volume of Dr. Townson's sermons, than a new and enlarged edition of his works. The edition published by him is not out of print, is not yet scarce*; many, who possess it, would purchase the volume of sermons; some, to complete their set; some, it is to be hoped, from a higher motive.

* * * * * *

Now comes a matter in which I wish first for your opinion; then, if your opinion be affimative, for your aid. Archdeacon Churton wishes me to furnish a prefatory Introduction: if able, I should like to prepare one. Do you think I ought to do so? If you do, would you aid me with some thoughts? I should not like, in such a sketch, to confine myself merely to the sermons

* Dr. Townson's Works are now rare: the remaining copies having been eagerly bought up, in consequence of the publication, by Bishop Jebb, of a selection from the admirable sermons here alluded to. . . ED.

in the proposed volume, but to advert to Dr. Townson's former publications; and if Archdeacon Churton does not dissent from my plan, the four sermons already published should be reprinted in this volume. Therefore, from what is now before you, you would have ample materials for observation, both as to the character and the writings of good Dr. Townson. I am much mistaken, if this might not be a good vehicle for valuable thoughts; and thoughts particularly wanting, in this day of pretention, of superficiality, of dry dogma, and of licentious criticism. It is my wish to complete my selection as soon as I can. The preparation for the press should lie with Archdeacon Churton. He is in full vigor of mind; has a pure and simple taste, chastised very much like that of his friend and patron; is familiar with his manner, and, from that familiarity, is fitted, better than any other person could be, to supply the minute verbal corrections, which are always indispensable, in preparing a posthumous volume for the press, which its author has not so prepared. But I fancy the Archdeacon will not be likely to object to the selection made; and I hope, before transmitting the manuscripts to him, that I may have an opportunity of submitting them to your judgment. Oxford will probably be the place of printing; probably, too, from the Clarendon Press. I hope and trust you will not refuse my earnest request; but that, at leisure, you will send me some thoughts, some remarks fit for the Introduction. I wish I could recall some of the observations on Dr. Townson's writings, that I heard from you years ago. Once, in particular, I recollect that, at your fire-side in Dawson Street, you poured forth some most beautiful and just observations, on the passage quoted from Dr. Townson's visitation sermon in Knox's 'Christian Philosophy,' sect. xvi., as contradistinguished from a quotation in the same work (sect. xv.), out of the book entitled 'Inward Testimony.' You made it clear as day, that the former quotation had a genuine and internal proof of real and experimental feeling, which the latter altogether wanted. You will see I use 'latter' and 'former' as they stand in this letter; by 'former', meaning sect. xvi., by 'latter', sect. xv. of Vic. Knox's book.

I am not without hopes of a visit from Mr. Southey. If he consent to come over, I mean to go, at least, to Dublin, possibly to Lancashire, to convoy him. Give, I pray you, my most affectionate regards to the friends with whom you are, and believe me, my dear friend,

Ever and unalterably yours,

JOHN LIMERICK.

P. S.—I cannot just now turn to your last letter: but I recollect you asked about Bishop Hacket. With his writings I am

unacquainted, but I know that he wrote in folio a Life of Archbishop Williams; no great favorite of mine, nor, I presume, of yours. There was published also of Hacket's, a volume of Sermons, with the Author's Life, by Thomas Plume, D. D. London, 1675. fol.

——oo——

LETTER 176.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

Bellevue, Delganny, May 11. 1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE been so engaged with various little matters of thought, that I could not, sooner, sit down with comfort, to acknowledge your letter of the 27th ult. I am sorry you could not give a better account of yourself, yet glad that you had nothing worse to tell. I am so inured to invalidishness, as to make me consider it not the worst state of health, on the whole, in this precarious world.

I agree with all you say, respecting Dr. Townson's sermons. If it were ever so practicable to divest them of what you and I consider crudities, I do not think it would be right. It is only by having things in their genuine state, and being thus able to compare and argue from facts, that one generation can truly and solidly advance beyond that which went before; and that those who come latest, can gain wisdom, from what was said and done, by those who preceded them.

Besides, I am persuaded that, as the great general scheme was divided into dispensations, Patriarchal, Jewish, and Christian; so the christian dispensation has also successive plans of providential management, adjusted, on an analogous principle, to the advancing capabilities and exigencies of human and christian society. From an imperfect apprehension of revealed truths, misconceptions are necessarily formed; and they are providentially allowed to keep possession, probably because the truths themselves could not otherwise be kept in view; and if suffered once to sink into oblivion, might with great difficulty again recover their place in the public mind.

I confess it is very much on this ground, that I look with tranquillity, on the present jarring elements of what is called the religious world. The zealous missionaries of the day, however different in name, agree in urging doctrines, which appear to be as unfounded, as those of purgatory or expiatory penance; and yet I greatly doubt, whether any thing much more solid would

suit the capacity of the present time; and I comfort myself with thinking, that, when the Christian world becomes susceptible of purer influences, due means of communicating them will not be wanting.

Townson, regarded on his brighter side, affords, in some degree, a prelibation of this desideratum; and I particularly like the idea of your furnishing a prefatory Introduction. I shall be happy to afford any contribution in my power; feeling, as I do, that there is no writer, then or since, on whom it would be possible to remark, with more unalloyed esteem and veneration. Greater strength, penetration, and comprehensiveness of mind, might be wished for; but there is a correctness of thought, an amenity of temper, a benevolence of nature, and a sublime piety of heart, which it is delightful to dwell upon, and impossible not to admire and love. No one, in fact, more exemplifies that beautiful sketch of true virtue:

> Compositum jus, fasque animo, sanctosque recessus
> Mentis, et incoctum generoso pectus honesto.

Most clearly you do right, in leaving the technical part to Archdeacon Churton. His advantages are obvious; and his ability is evinced, by that which he has already done, and for which he deserves the gratitude of all true Church-of-England men. I think his biographical sketch need not fear comparison, with any thing of the kind in the English language.

I cannot, any more than you, recall those former thoughts; but, on recurring to the quotation from the 'Inward Testimony', I conjecture what I was likely to remark, on comparing it with the passage from Townson. The quotation from the 'Inward Testimony' seems to suppose a divine operation, directly, on the thinking and apprehending faculty, by which it is inclined to assent to a proposition, or acquiesce in a supposed fact, which it had hitherto rejected. But the misfortune of this notion is, that we so little understand our thinking faculty, as to make supposed operations on it, from whatever quarter they might come, undistinguishable from self-illusion or insanity, except they were supported by some concomitant miracle; to which miracle, the term testimony could alone be justly applied. And this observation, in my judgment, extends to all impressions or illapses, except so far as they are strictly moral; for here only it is that we cannot be deceived. We know little of ourselves, or of others, or of God, physically, or metaphysically; but, if it is not our own fault, our moral knowledge will be certain and satisfactory; for, as 'love never faileth', so, in love, the love of God and man, there can be no deception; and the consequent satisfaction is

infallible; for 'he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him; for God is love.'

This, then, I conceive, is the excellence of Townson's view. He fixes upon this divine substance, and solidity of truth; he penetrates its depth, he embraces its fulness, but he admits no visionary mixture; he hazards nothing which does not speak for itself; which does not bear the stamp of its own reality and divinity. He, indeed asserts a continued miracle; but a miracle which defies the scoff of the infidel; and which, instead of disgusting, would have delighted, any true and consistent ancient philosopher. 'Origen' says Addison (sect. ix. of the Christian Religion), 'represents this power in the christian religion as no less wonderful, than that of curing the lame and blind, or cleansing the leper. This, therefore, was a great means, not only of recommending christianity to honest and learned heathens, but in confirming them in the belief of our Savior's history; when they saw multitudes of virtuous men daily forming themselves upon his example, animated by his precepts, and actuated by that Spirit, which he had promised to send among his disciples.'

This light, Townson has exhibited with uncommon clearness: taught, by his own rectitude of mind and heart, to pursue a path, as distant from frigidity, on the one hand, as from fanaticism, on the other, . . he safely and soundly shows, that he 'who rightly believeth in the Son of God, hath the witness in himself'; and that the gospel is demonstrably 'the power of God unto salvation'; as alone producing that virtue, which verifies Cicero's encomium: . . 'In eâ, est convenientia rerum; in eâ, stabilitas; in eâ, constantia.'

When I first read that passage from Townson, in Knox's 'Christian Philosophy', it delighted me; and I remember how gratified I was, at meeting Archdeacon Churton's first edition of the work on the Gospels, that Visitation Sermon, and the Life, in a gentleman's library in Shropshire, to whom I was on a visit. Since then, I have been anxious to have as much of his as possible; and I rejoice in the coincidences, which have so far led to the accomplishment of my wish. When any thought occurs to me, I hope to communicate it.

I very much desire that you may succeed in your design, respecting Mr. Southey. There is no person in the present day, not yet known to me, with whom I would more wish to be acquainted.

Adieu, my dear friend, and believe me ever,

Most cordially yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

LETTER 177.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

Bellevue, Delganny, Dec. 21. 1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE account of the failure of —— has made me fear lest —— should be involved in that calamity; as their name is the second in the firm. As you probably know how matters stand in that respect, I mean, whether they are really involved, or if so, to what extent they are liable to suffer, I cannot help begging of you to tell me what you can respecting their situation; should they be really concerned in the misfortune.

What an awful business this epidemic crash is! It is a new evidence of the melancholy instability of all earthly things; for it seems to me to show, that, in the very essence of the banking business, there is a liability to such fearful casualties, at the mere impulse of the aura popularis. It is a consolation, that no symptom of the strange tremor has been felt in Ireland.

Give my kind regards to C. F——, and write me a line as soon as you can. Believe me, my dear friend,

Ever most truly yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

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LETTER 178.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

Bellevue, Delganny, Jan. 9. 1826.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE this morning received your most acceptable letter, with its interesting and gratifying inclosure. In truth, the latter exhibits a most extraordinary mind and heart; and what altogether, at this day, is an actual prodigy. The only thing I should fear is, that the delicacy and sensibility of Mr. H.'s mental character are such, as to prevent his full enjoyment of his talents, and to lead him to an undue depreciation of himself. I think, also, that until he met you, he must have been in a strange sort of puzzle, why *he* should see so many of the most important things, differently from his contemporaries; and I should suppose it was no small satisfaction to him, at length to find himself less singular than he had imagined. But I regret to say,

that I have not contributed any thing, of my own act and deed, to assure him of my sense of his kindness, and value for his regard. Almost immediately after my last letter to you, my eye retrograded; and since that time, I have been afraid to use it, further than I am doing at this moment, and until the last week or two, I was afraid to do so much. So that I was absolutely unable to write to Mr. H. with comfort to myself; or even with entire sense of safety; for I felt that, if I entered on a letter to him, I should certainly forget myself, and use my eye more than I ought; thereby, perhaps, doing, in a few minutes, what several days might not repair. I can truly say, however, that I am most desirous to commence a correspondence with Mr. H.; and I may promise to you, that I will not willingly procrastinate the performance of my wish for (I believe I may say) a single day.

Mr. H. mistakes, if he thinks that I could wish to withhold from him any manuscript, that I considered in a state worthy of his perusal. But every thing I have written, except what he is already acquainted with, remains in so unfinished a condition, as to make me doubt whether they deserve preservation; but I think you would agree with me, that, as they are, they do not deserve to be communicated, even as records of private thought. This is my sole ground of demur; and when you and I shall meet next in Dublin, I can easily put it in your power to judge, whether the case be not as I have regarded it.

There are many thoughts in my mind, of which no producible record has been made, which I should feel pleasure in offering to Mr. Hornby's consideration. But none so much as those which have arisen, respecting the doctrines discussed in St. Paul's epistles, and in that to the Hebrews. I believe I had gone a very little way in those inquiries, when I wrote any thing Mr. H. has seen (excepting my tract on the Eucharist), and yet, to myself, the views I speak of appear more important, than any others which have passed through my mind. My anxiety, I trust, has been, not to make out support for favorite notions of my own, but to extract the import of the text itself, independently of party interpretation. All this, I say, I should rejoice to bring before the mind of Mr. H.; for, until my notions have been examined strictly by some competent judge, I have no right to esteem them more than probable conceptions.

But I must restrain myself for the present, as I have a severe cold, which I increased by returning from Dublin yesterday; and which therefore caused me a not quite comfortable night. I must remark on the reference in the Nov. C. O. (which most probably you yourself have observed), to the Appendix to your Sermons. It occurs in a note on the review of

the Geneva disputes; and bespeaks an altered view from what was held, when it was passed over, as if not fit for the C. O. to meddle with.

Mr. La Touche has felt this winter a good deal, and I cannot boast of the health of my other two friends, though I hope nothing material ails them. They never forget you, and would commission me to say every thing kind. Do you express the same for me to C. F., and expect me now to write soon to Mr. H., as you know how much better I can do it.

Ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

——oo——

LETTER 179.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

Bellevue, Delganny, Feb. 20. 1826.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I THOUGHT it useless to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 15th; which I read with sincere satisfaction. I cannot doubt that your letter to Dr. Elrington is composed as it ought to be; and I shall be very glad to see it in print, as glad at least, as I was sorry to see my letter to Mr. W—— in a kind of circulation. Mr. W—— quite mistook my wish, though I know he acted from an honest and kind feeling; but I rather wonder that he did not perceive that letter to be so hastily, and indeed, so incorrectly written, as to be fitted for nothing but the furnishing of matter, for him to state in conversation. I am now, too tardily, answering a letter from Dr. Elrington, which I received while I was in haste correcting the minutes of my evidence; and therefore could not say what I thought necessary in reply, until the other business was despatched. Had I known what you had done, before I began to write, it might have led me to some pause with respect to arguing the question; but though I should add no strength (which I am sure is most likely), yet it may be some satisfaction to Dr. Elrington to see, as I hope he will, the fact of our coincidence. I am not sure but I may imitate Dean G——, in having my letter to Dr. Elrington lithographed, that I may in some degree set myself right, with those to whom my letter to Mr. W—— may have given the same impression, that Dean G——'s evidence gave of me to the commissioners, and which he thought it right, himself, distinctly, to corroborate, that I was a person whose judgment upon that point, and 'upon other things', was to be disregarded,

I should therefore thank you to obtain for me some information as to the mode of getting a writing lithographed, and also the expense.

I must stop, as the dinner hour presses. I am happy to tell you that Mrs. L——'s present state, goes near to prove all our fears about her health groundless. She is, in short, so much better, as to show the illness to have been not organic; but accidental. I trust we shall be more and more confirmed in this comfortable opinion.

Mrs. L. hopes, and I also, and I am sure K. joins in the hope, that we shall catch more than a glimpse of you. I pray you make your arrangements accordingly; and believe me, my dear Friend,

Ever most truly yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

——oo——

LETTER 180.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

Feb. 28. 1826.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I MUST not longer delay to thank you for what I received yesterday morning. I have read your letter with great pleasure, and I think it a very necessary publication. You have brought together a powerful mass of facts and opinions; you have, in no instance, given them more than their reasonable weight; and you have pursued the question so fairly, so coolly, and so luminously, as to leave, I conceive, no shadow of room for cavil, nor, I should think, for contradiction. Mrs. L. says, that, as I am writing, she deputes me to thank you for the copy sent to her; she admires the interest you have given to what she should have thought beforehand, a dry subject; and she added, that she could not but read with much pleasure, what appeared 'to come with so much freshness from your mind.'

I finished my letter to Dr. E. on Friday; but wishing to keep a copy of it, I gave it to the parish schoolmaster to transcribe, and he has brought it to me only within this hour. I hope to find some opportunity of sending it to-morrow, it being rather weighty to go by the mail. I will say nothing particular about it, till you see it, except, that in every view of yours, you will find me concurring (not, however, in your range of reading); and that I have adduced one or two arguments, which your letter does not advert to, whether you have omitted them accidentally, or

with intention. You being a Bishop, and I a layman, a responsibility might be felt to attach to you, in which I should have no share. I shall be desirous, at all events, to know what you think of it; and I shall request Dr. E. to communicate it to you, as soon as will suit his convenience. I now think of printing it, for limited distribution.

My dear Friend, believe me
Ever yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

P. S. I have written to Sir R. H. Inglis to offer my tribute to his speech in answer to Sir J. Newport.

——oo——

LETTER CXCVIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Gresham's Hotel, Sackville St., March 2. 1826.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IT gives me sincere pleasure, that my little publication has not, either in matter or manner, disapproved itself to your judgment. Your letter to Dr. Elrington, I have read with much interest and satisfaction. I go along with you in all your arguments: some of them had been familiar to me; others, . . especially that drawn from the homiletic inculcation or passive obedience, had not occurred to me. That from the quotation of apocryphal books as the word of God, I purposely omitted; not at all from episcopal caution, but because you had particularly urged it at the Tract Committee; and because I felt morally certain, that you would feel yourself called upon (and the event shows I was not wrong in my reckoning), to develope that argument in some shape or other.

The coincidences between us are curious, and to me very gratifying; on both sides, they are completely undisguised; for, on the topics in which they occur, I know not that we ever conversed. When you print, it might perhaps not be amiss to advert to these coincidences, in a short note, as perfectly casual; and as strengthening the views of both critics, by their undisguisedness.

I have now almost overwritten myself. I shall only add, with sincerest regards to all at B——, that

I am, my dear friend,
Ever most affectionately yours,
JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER 181.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

Bellevue, Delganny, March 5. 1826.

My dear Friend,

I am exceedingly obliged to you for your letter, and for every thing which you say in it. I mean, to-morrow, to set about availing myself of the valuable remarks which you make on my letter; and if I be able to adopt your improvements as really, in my revise, as they are clearly given by you, I shall not care into whose hands my letter may fall.

The conjecture respecting the early existence of the first Book of Homilies, rested on the circumstance of its being as far announced as it was, at the end of the first book; and, also, on the improbability of the inspiration of the apocryphal books being so unreservedly attested, after the settling of the canon in the 6th article; while it is quite conceivable, that such an incongruity, already existing, might have escaped attention. I am ready to think, however, on more close examination, that probably some entire homilies, and certainly parts of homilies, were of as late a date as you suppose. Of this there is, at least, internal evidence. But be it as it may, I need say nothing about it, as that passing remark has no connection with the question.

Mrs. L—— desires me to say that she expects you, according to your promise, on Tuesday; and as I confide in your not disappointing her, I will reserve every thing I might have to say, until we can exchange our thoughts with greater ease and comfort.

I am, my dear friend,

Ever most affectionately yours,

Alex. Knox.

——oo——

LETTER CXCIX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Dublin, 20th March, 1826.

My dear Friend,

Miss Fergusson, I conclude, has already told you of my sudden

flight to London. I sail, please God, early to-morrow morning. The thought of going was induced principally, by the wish of some kind friends to see me there: then I think it will probably be useful to mind, health, and spirits; and while questions are pending, in which the church is so much concerned, it will, at least, be interesting to me to be on the spot. I had a letter yesterday from I——, full of kind wishes for you, and for Mr. and Mrs. L——; indeed I may say all at B——. I have just had a note from P. E. S——. It is a pretty one; and I think a copy of it will not displease you: . . 'Permit me to thank your lordship for the copy of your letter to Dr. Elrington, on the Homilies, which I have read with equal pleasure and conviction, agreeing in every point with your Lordship's opinion on a subject, which, since I have perused the document, has to my mind assumed an interest and importance which it had not before.'

If I can do any thing in London for you, Mrs. L——, or K——, I pray command me; I shall have much spare time; where I shall pitch my tent I know not; but a letter will find me, directed to me at my banker's, Messrs. Hammersley's, Pall Mall.

I beg my kindest regards to all at B——.

Ever your faithful and affectionate Friend,

JOHN LIMERICK.

P. S. I have just received 'Ex. don. Auth.' 'Memoirs of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America,' by Dr. White, Bishop of Pennsylvania; also, by, and from the same author, 'Comparative Views of the Controversies between the Calvinists and Arminians.'

——oo——

LETTER 182.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

Bellevue, Delganny, May 22. 1826.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

BEFORE this note reaches you, I hope you will have received twenty copies of my pamphlet: some of which I will trouble you to give to our common friends; and the rest you will use as you think proper.

I hope you will find that your criticisms, on the first draught of my letter, have not been wholly lost on me. I can only say I endeavored to avail myself of them: how far I succeeded, you

are most competent to judge. Could I have followed them perfectly, I need not fear the censure of any class of readers.

You will perhaps be surprised, at finding the political doctrine of the homilies wholly omitted. But I happened to find something in the 3rd vol. of Burnet's Hist. of the Reformation, which made me think that it would be questionable ground. I dare say you have observed that the title of the last homily, in all editions you have seen, differs from the title in the 35th article. In this latter, it is simply 'against rebellion'; but all copies of later times, and perhaps all from the revolution, have it 'against wilful rebellion.' It would be fruitless now to question the authenticity of this existing title; but you will perceive, if I mistake not, that it greatly turns the point of my argument. For here there is an admission in limine, that all, and every kind of rebellion, is not necessarily sinful; but that rebellion only, which is gratuitous. This admission, therefore, I think, might at least, plausibly, if not fairly be opposed, to my charge of non-resistance.

But farther, Burnet, a decided whig, adopts without reserve, the doctrine of that Homily. After gratuitously asserting, that 'against wilful rebellion' is its true title; and stating, what cannot be altogether fact, (as the language about the prophet Baruch, in the first part, shows) that it was of much later composition than the rest (which may be true of its latter parts) he adds, 'This I do not write, as disagreeing in any part from the doctrine delivered in that Homily; but only as a historian, in order to setting matters of fact in a true light.' It seemed therefore clear to me, that it would be neither prudent, nor candid, to bring a charge against the homilies, which had been so far invalidated.

And besides, I would hope the question is fully settled, on the ground alone which you left in my hands. I assure you I feel your doing so, much more than I will attempt to express: for you see, as matters really were, I had no other topic to discuss in my whole letter, besides the single matter of the Apocrypha, being only a somewhat different wording of what you had already said.

You may be sure I shall be glad to hear from you. I do not know what questions to ask you; but you will know what will be interesting to me. I can only mention particularly, that I shall wish to hear what impression your letter made on Mr. Wilmot Horton.

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

Remember me to the friends of yours and mine, whom you

are in the way of meeting; and I would particularly name Mr. Haviland Burke*, lest you should not be sure he was in my view.

Adieu, my dear Friend.

Believe me ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

——oo——

LETTER CC.

To A. Knox, Esq.

80. Pall Mall, London, May 30. 1826.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE long been anxious to write to you, but in truth I have been so occupied and hurried, that I could not write as I would; and now I snatch a moment to write, not as I would, but as I can.

The same post brought me your kind and most acceptable letter, and ten copies of your letter to Dr. Elrington: the next post brought the remaining ten. Some I have disposed of as you wish, the rest I will distribute speedily. From beginning to end of your production, I do not see a position, to which I have the least objection; the matter, throughout, is very good; and the manner clear, and more than convincing, it is persuasive.

The last two paragraphs I particularly like: the former of them has touches quite your own, such as I do not find, in any writer beside of our time. I am glad of the omissions: it was well that you made those discoveries in Burnet; but even if the exception could be justly taken on the score of non-resistance, I should be sorry that any considerations, merely or chiefly political, were mingled up with matter of so different, and superior a cast. I must not omit to express my gratification, at your kind mention of me, which is but too partial. When, whom, and what I have seen, and what my present manner of being is, would, within the limit of any one letter, be difficult to say, and in this hasty billet, must be altogether out of the question. It is enough to say, that I have found England 'qualem ab incepto' . . kind, hospitable, and affectionate, . . that old friends are unchanged, and new friendships formed, to be, I trust, equally solid and lasting; that very many agreeable acquaintances have poured in, bringing along with them, often consider-

* Thomas Haviland Burke, Esq. grandnephew to the Right Honorable Edmund Burke. . . ED.

able powers of mind, and always much amiability of manner. Each week we have commonly two large breakfasts; one at Sir T—— A——'s, on Thursday, one at my lodgings on Saturday, the guests from twelve to twenty, . . most of them distinguished persons, and all blending admirably together. The conversation, of course, more brilliant, or more amusing, than profound; but still conveying information, and intellectual play, to the mind, and certainly great amusement. On the whole, I have been idle in one sense, while ever employed in another; but kindly feeling has been elicited and cherished, which is no trifling gain; and I would hope that higher purposes, too, have been served. At all events, if it please God that I reach home in tolerable health, (and for the last two months, I have enjoyed better, and more uninterruptedly, than for years past) I look forward to improved exertion, both diocesan and literary, in consequence of this grateful recreation.

One intimacy we have formed, which I trust will be valuable, . . with M. H——, Lord D——'s nephew, and Mr. S——'s uncle, . . Rector of W. He is one of the wisest and best men I have known: . . of a peculiarly staid, sober judgment; and yet, when you touch the proper chord, of a rich imagination. It is remarkable, that, while a most orthodox trinitarian, &c. &c., he was, years ago, revolted and dissatisfied, with the prevailing dogmatic theology; and had worked out for himself a way of thinking, which he did not care to mention commonly; and which, in the main, very much accords with your views: we have borrowed for him, from J. H. Butterworth, a quarto volume of your letters. He has absolutely devoured them; and he takes in with more distinctness and intelligence, than I have often, . . indeed than I have almost ever seen, your leading sentiments. He is very much struck with your book on the Sacrament; not that he at present entirely coincides; . . his views seem to have been founded on those, chiefly, of Dr. Waterland; but then, he is not merely a candid, but solicitous inquirer; desirous truly to coincide with you, if he can; being sure that yours would be the more comfortable and elevating doctrine. We have had two or three set discussions on the subject; reading you, paragraph by paragraph, as the text; and making our own conversation the commentary. I know not when I have been more interested: . . we shall not again meet in London; but Mr. F—— and I are to visit him in Lancashire. He thirsts after more of your writings; and I really think it would be most desirable to have copies made of your whole collection, to lend to such capable perusers as Mr. H. It is thus, perhaps, that preparation may be best made, for the future extended reception of better and juster theological opin-

ions, than now prevail. I hope Mr. H. will visit Ireland. He is very desirous to know and converse with you. I should mention that Southey was at one of our breakfasts. He spoke of you with kindness and interest. He seems almost decided to visit me next year: and, if he does, I will bring him, please God, to you also.

You will be pleased to know that the Bishop of Bristol, in his book on Tertullian (which you will do well to get,) speaks very respectfully of the appendix to my sermons: in conversation he tells me, that he thinks the views there given of tradition, are the just ones. Dr. M. has, I see, printed a tract on that subject, which I have not yet had time to read. I suspect we could neither of us go near subscribing to it. A moderate spirit is growing up, both in high churchmen, and the better kind of evangelicals. To this, the Bishop of Chester on the one hand, and my friend D. on the other, have mainly contributed. The violence on the part of some in the Bible Society, respecting the Apocrypha, has done, in my judgment, great service. There is a wish that there should be a coalition, between the sane and safe part of the Bible Society, and that for promoting Christian Knowledge. I hope and think it will take place; and as to distributing the Bible, . . gymno-biblism is less in fashion than it was; D. once wrote against both W. and N.; . . he tells me now, that his views on the subject, nearly, if not quite, accord with my own. We paid a visit, on the way, to good old Archdeacon Churton. I hope the publication of Dr. Townson's sermons will take place. The sons of this venerable man are a blessing to him. The eldest is the most promising fellow of Brazen Nose, Oxford. The second is one of the Masters of the Charter House, much respected, and looked up to, as its future head. The third, a very young man, Fellow of Oriel, has established such a character, that he had been just chosen, as domestic chaplain, by the Bishop of London, who says that he was decided, over and above, by the excellence of the father.

In the midst of enjoyments, there have been drawbacks of a serious kind. Our first London friend . . good Mr. Pearson, who, you doubtless recollect, was our introducer to the Thorntons, Grants, &c. is no more! I drove to call on him, in hopes to have a little conversation; on reaching the door, I was alarmed at seeing a muffled knocker: the servant but too soon confirmed my fears, the deep sorrow of his countenance, showing, that he was the faithful domestic of a good master. He said that Mr. Babington would see me (Mr. Pearson's son-in-law): from Mr. B. I learned, that the case was hopeless, though an illness of but four days; and that very night, he breathed his last; calmly and peacefully, as became such a man as he was. I went

from the door with feelings that I cannot describe, thinking how many sources of friendship and enjoyment were opened to me in that house: you cannot forget, that before we had returned from the walk, in the course of which we left our introductory letter, and our cards, at Golden Square, Mr. Pearson had returned our call, and left an invitation to meet at dinner Dr. Buchanan from India. A few days after, we learned, suddenly, the death of excellent old Mr. Bean; on Sunday he preached, (though previously very unwell) with more than usual energy of voice, and great impressiveness. Monday he was at the rehearsal of the ancient music, this being his favorite recreation. A few days before, he had told me, with a calm delight on his face, and with tears in his eyes, that Handel's music particularly elevated his mind to heavenly things. On Thursday, he fell asleep so serenely, that he scarcely seemed to have passed from this life to a better. We were at Cambridge at the time; Mr. F—— had promised to preach for him the next Sunday; and came back to town from Sir R. I——'s, to prepare for his doing so, on Saturday night. I remained behind, . . and learned Mr. Bean's death, but few minutes after Mr. F—— set off for town. It was well I did so, otherwise he would have learned it suddenly at the vestry room, and the shock might have produced sad effects. As it was, I broke the matter by letter, and he was able tolerably to get through. From Mr. Bean's family I have heard, since his death, what indeed was manifest while he lived, that he had a warm affection both for Mr. F—— and myself. It is consolatory and delightful to us, that we saw and conversed with him near the close; and that the interviews cheered the good man in sickness.

A third death has since taken place. Mrs. P——, sister of the G——. I scarcely knew her; but from others I am assured that she was an invaluable person, admirable as mother of a family, and in talents and brilliancy superior to both her brothers. They and the rest of the family, though bearing the dispensation as Christians, are deeply afflicted and cast down. The brothers (C—— and R——) have feelings of the most acute kind. They are now shut up; and I know not when they may muster strength and resolution to come abroad. There are five young children. Doubtless there is some great providential purpose to be answered, for the good of this connection.

* * * * * *

You will be glad to hear that young B. is now quite well: Mrs. B. and the children seem all that one could wish. Mr. Stock is now with them; and is to partake of my next Saturday's breakfast.

Hannah More is particularly well and cheerful; she has even written a spirited ballad, on the Lancashire riots.

The Harfords are in town. He and Mr. Gray breakfasted with us, the former two or three times. They, in common with many others, spoke, as I am sure they felt, with great interest of you, and B., and its inmates.

You ask of Wilmot Horton's thoughts on my letter, which I wrote at B. Truly, I know not what they may be, for in my short interview with him, not a syllable passed on the subject. I called on him by desire, to give evidence at the Emigration Committee; to which we went together, and I was placed next to him, he being chairman. The evidence I gave was not long; but I hope it was tolerably clear; it has been printed. W. Horton has made two efforts to have me at dinner, but other engagements have interfered.

I ought to have told you that Sir T. A——'s son has gained Mr. Peel's medal, for latin prose composition at Harrow; the recitations are to be on Thursday, and we go down to hear them. To-morrow we breakfast at Mitcham, with Sir T., to meet Southey.

My nephew J—— has been with us; a capital accession to our party. He takes well with our best friends; and I hope this taste of London society will not only have proved agreeable, but useful to him. When I see H—— B—— (who is my constant Saturday guest) I will not fail to make known to him your special remembrance. It will fill him with delight. He is an excellent, and most amiable and unselfish creature. By the bye, Mr. Prior has published an enlarged, and much improved edition, of his life of Edmund Burke, in 2 vols. There are several most interesting letters of his, not before published.

I am urged strongly to visit the Bishop of Bath, at Wells, in which case I should see our friends near Bristol, Hannah More, and probably the A——s, in Devon. But there will not I fear be time. Our Lancashire engagements will stand in all probability. Mr. H——, Lord D——, &c. and then Lord G—— at Eaton; nothing could be kinder than the cordial invitation of the latter. Much of our breakfast intercourse has been with very young men. Lords H——, S——, L——, &c. and certainly, in this class of life, the rising generation gives wonderful promise . . not only great amiability, but, so far as I can judge, moral mindedness, bottomed, at the least, on a sincere respect for religion; . . but, in many cases, I would say with Cowper . . 'more', much more, 'than mere respect.' Their very willingness to frequent my breakfast-table (all things considered) is, in itself, no bad symptom . . mere young men of fashion would be apter to run away from it.

I remark a curious change as to the Irish branch of the church; it is certainly less calumniated now, than it was, by the liberals, and by laymen in general. Some churchmen we do meet, who are candid, and who seemingly feel for their Irish brethren: from such, I have had several gratifying intimations, that my speech opened the eyes of the public, respecting Irish church affairs; and that, in fighting our own battles, I was fighting theirs.

It is time that I should bring this lengthy letter to a close. Its incoherence is lamentable; but I hope not inexcusable. There have been so many interruptions, that I have passed from one subject to another, without apparent, perhaps without real connection. . . After all, it may be the more like talking with a friend: and however it may be, you will not be displeased, even to wade through a little incoherency, for my sake.

C—— F—— begs his love to you; and my nephew his kindest remembrances. You know what, and how I feel, towards all at B——, and I know you will not fail to say every thing for me, that my heart can wish.

Farewell, my dear Friend,

Ever most affectionately yours,

JOHN LIMERICK.

I should have said that we passed a very agreeable day at Lord S——'s, whose daughters are at least as amiable as himself, . . and that is saying much. We had two quiet days with Mr. Southey at Sir R. Inglis's; on the former of them, the Bishop of L——, C. G——, Mr. Sotheby, the poet, and a few others.

Scarcely a day without an engagement, but always at home at a reasonable hour.

——oo——

LETTER CCI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Rosstrevor, Aug. 6. 1826.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE four or five days, and no more, disposable, between my reaching Dublin and Limerick; and if it should perfectly suit the convenience of my friends at B——, I would gladly divide those days between them and my brother. My present plan is, to go to you on Tuesday, and remain till Thursday. If this arrangement should, as —— says, 'not suit', a line would find me at Odienne's Hotel, Sackville Street; and if, at 12 o'clock Tuesday, I find no such countermand, I will proceed to B——;

reserving to myself, however, the right of going on to Spring-farm, if there should be inconvenience in my staying, . . on which point I rely upon your sincerity. With kindest regards to all my kind friends with you,

Ever, my dear Friend,

Most affectionately yours,

JOHN LIMERICK.

——oo——

LETTER CCII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Oct. 2. 1826.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I SEND you, having detained it much too long, Mr. H——'s excellent letter. To be sure I am signally blessed, in the friends whom Providence has raised to me; and it is doubtless a wholesome compensation, that I have some enemies. Yesterday evening I was reading a review, in what is called the Christian Examiner, of this month, of the Homiletic controversy. The writer is courteous to you, to Dr. Elrington, to Dean G—— and his son, in short to every one but poor me. He says, truly enough perhaps, that I am unfit for controversy: certainly, it is not my element; and endeavoring to be always civil, and never unkind, to others, in my manner of writing, I am not quite prepared for unprovoked incivility in return. This, I know, is a weakness; but I have read formerly, and shall read again, Plutarch's excellent treatise, on the mode of deriving benefit from the attacks of enemies. A letter from you to C. F—— has just arrived; he shall have it, when he comes from breakfasting with his father and mother. We set out for Limerick this day. I beg my kindest regards to Mr. and Mrs. L——, and to your fair secretary and amanuensis: by the bye, I am glad to see a letter directed in your best hand, or nearly so: it bespeaks amendment in your eyes, but don't make too free with them.

Ever, my dear Friend,

Most affectionately yours,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER 183.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE been guilty of an omission, which I hope it may not be too late to remedy. Mr. A. C——, the brother of Lord C., was here for two or three days; and I promised to write to you, to tell you he meant to call on you. He has met you, but had no particular conversation with you; at least, I think this was what he stated. He is a very interesting young man, and, in spite of his deafness, a pleasant companion. I am sure, too, he has a well formed mind, and perfectly capable of estimating, as well as enjoying, attentions. I have had a polite letter of acknowledgment from Mr. H——, telling me, that, though our views seemed to be on many points congenial, he could not agree with me respecting the Eucharist. I should transcribe his letter, but at this moment it is impossible, as Michael calls me to prepare for dinner.

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I am sorry to tell you that I am laboring under unusually severe indisposition. In great haste,

Ever yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

——oo——

LETTER CCIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Palace, Limerick, Oct. 3. 1826.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I GRIEVE to hear of your indisposition, but am not without hope, that it may have already yielded. For my own part, I am a little ailing too; not, however, so much, as to cut off cheerful hope of employing myself in my old way, after the meeting of the board of first-fruits. Winter has always been my best time of work: my thought is, if I can, to prepare a volume of sermons for the press; I have been much solicited on the subject in England; and have reason to think that what I may print will be read, while older, and much better things lie neglected: such

is the way of the world: but, perhaps, after all, it is not so bad a way; for it serves as a stimulus to exertion.

I know A. C—— pretty well, and like him much; at his brother's I have frequently met him, but have usually sat at a distant part of the table from him: and, indeed, at the best, great London dinners, are not the most friendly to particular conversation. He is a good, and as you say, notwithstanding his deafness, (an infirmity, I am sorry to say, growing on me too,) an agreeable man. I shall rejoice to receive him here, but you did not say when I might expect him. The kindness and hospitality of his brother to me, have been unremitting.

Mr. H——'s plain declaration of dissent on the subject of the Eucharist, neither surprises, nor disappoints me. I was aware of some of his difficulties, and knew him to be one of the honestest men in the world; what he thinks, that he speaks: but I don't despair of his becoming a convert worth making and keeping. I still hope to entice him over to Ireland.

I am glad to hear so good an account of H. B. Your letter brought to me, fresh twinges of self-accusation. I had not written to the poor fellow: but yesterday I freed my conscience. My kindest regards to Mr. and Mrs. L——, and K——.

Ever, my dear Friend,

Most affectionately yours,

JOHN LIMERICK.

——oo——

LETTER 184.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

Oct. 6. 1826.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR kind letter, especially your report of yourself, in the last three lines, has given me sincere pleasure. I write by return of post, to tell you that, exactly as you say, my complaints have yielded.

I am happy to state that I had indeed nothing disagreeable to say of your friends here. But the truth was, that the want of another moment's time enforced entire silence.

I do not wonder that the Archbishop of D.'s talk should have seemed to give an importance to that pamphlet, to which itself had no claim. But I confess (after a minute's consideration) that circumstance appears to me not to alter the case. We know long since, how prompt that man is in his commendations, when any thing happens to predispose him. We remember his zeal

about Stack's comments, and his precipitate praise of Miss Smith's Job. I do not think he has ever had discernment, between the opinionum, commenta, and the naturæ judicia ; nor have I ever known a man of talent, who more uniformly exemplified the last line of Prior's stanza (his concern in the rest I do not meddle with)—

> 'Against experience we believe,
> We argue against demonstration ;
> Pleased when our reason we deceive,
> And set our judgment by our passion.'

I dare say you heard of his regret, at your giving the sense you did of *ερευνατε τας γραφας*, in your sermon for your degree. Did he so feel, because he considered your construction unsustainable, on ground of grammar, or of sense? I question if he troubled himself for one moment about either; or that he knew you had Doddridge and Campbell, &c. on your side. His one point, I conceive, was, that the present popular impression respecting the Holy Scriptures should not be disturbed; and that critical truth, even in the Bible, was not to be pressed, beyond the bound of temporising expediency. You may be sure I do not mean bare, selfish, expediency, but the mere prevalent liking for compromise and quackery.

In this veiw of your old friend, I think you will agree with me: but if so, why should his applause be more than a feather in the scale? If the answer to —— were ever so masterly, what would that be to him, or to any one who thinks with him? He would not acknowledge its force; he might not even read it. His most likely conclusion, from its appearance, would be, that the other required to be answered, in their view against whom it was written; and I believe this logic would have force in many a mind, which would be neither able, nor willing to weigh the arguments, which Dr. E. could with ease employ for Mr. ——'s exposure.

Whereas it strikes me, that, even in the mind of the Archbishop, there would, in this case, be no mistaking the logic of perfect silence, whatever might be pretended to the contrary. He well knows, that you could answer, if you would; and in his heart he could impute your not answering, to one cause only; namely, that you did not deem it a dignus vindice nodus.

* * * * * *

I am glad you contemplate productive employment. The strange combination of contraries, of which your postscript gives me the first notice, makes it peculiarly desirable, that similar reading, of a more unitonous and digested kind, should be afforded. But the number, or merit, of already published sermons, can never be a reason for not producing new ones. For com-

position of that important kind can no more be exhausted, than composition in music: and the degree of novelty, whether it be in manner, or matter, in a new volume of sermons, implies a stimulus, which makes such publications have their use, though of a texture far inferior to what is in your power to furnish.

Have you Johnson's Unbloody Sacrifice? If you have not (which is not likely) you ought to have it. There is an important tract of Bishop Pond's, of which he has given an abridgment; which tract I would possess, if I knew how to come at it. Johnson has notions of his own; but he also adopts our idea. He has quoted largely from the Fathers; and gives the passages, on which the advocates for transubstantiation have grounded themselves; but the comfort is, that what the Fathers seem to say in one place, they make inadmissible by what they say in another.

But I have written to the extent of my strength; and I must only add, that, while I rejoice in your good account of yourself, I sincerely desire to hear soon an equally good one of C. F——, to whom I request you to convey my cordial response, to the love which I am sure he always feels towards me.

I cannot too strongly express to you the regard and love, of your friends here toward you. I may say there is nothing, in which they more cordially agree with

Your ever faithful Friend,

ALEX. KNOX.

——oo——

LETTER CCIV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Palace, Limerick, Dec. 7. 1826.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THOUGH I have literally nothing else to say, I cannot postpone expressing my delight, at your warm approbation of my friend Mr. H——'s sermon. The dissent, on one point, heightens the value: 'exceptio probat regulam.' When I have leisure and head to compare your criticism with the sermon, I shall do so. I hope you will write very soon: my advice is, that you should use no particular caution, but say fully what you think. You approve quite sufficiently, to secure, that, in the commencement, you will not at all hurt the sensitiveness of a nervous man; and when your dissent comes, you have to deal with one, who loves plain speaking, and who likes to have his opinions canvassed.

R—— has published a Cambridge commencement sermon, which I wish to see. He expresses his opinion very freely, on the undue preference given, in the present day, to physical and mechanical, above classical and moral pursuits; and he has a remarkable coincidence with the commencement, and the note upon it, of my viiith sermon. The words (as I find them in the Christian Remembrancer) are these:—'Thus much, at least, can hardly be denied, that although there is, undoubtedly, a bustling external activity prevalent in the world, with respect to religious objects, there is not the same degree of spiritual and meditative religion, which other ages have possessed.' I dare say there is more to the same purpose, but the writer of the article whence I extract this, has not been profuse in his quotations. Tell K——, with my best regards, that Mr. H—— has published only one single sermon (a charity sermon), besides this; but I hope his modesty will not prevent him from giving the world, at least a volume of sermons; perhaps some more continuous work. He has on the stocks a memoir of his bosom friend, the late Lord L——; but I know not whether it is to be published, or only circulated among friends; if the latter, you may be sure of a copy. I have a great kindness for the knight of K——: he is particularly gentlemanlike and amiable, and I think has been improving in higher respects. It gratifies me that he thinks not ill of me.

Ever yours,
JOHN LIMERICK.

P. S. Kindest regards to all at B——.

LETTER CCV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Limerick, Jan. 5. 1827.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I TRUST you will not think me guilty of a double breach of confidence; but Mr. H—— had been so much disappointed, at the withdrawal of all prospect of being entrusted with any portion of your MSS., that I could not help transcribing, and sending him, a part of your last letter; and now I cannot help sending you the whole of his. The sentence to which he alludes, page 2, line 5 from the bottom, is, 'it is an invaluable additional testimony to these principles, in which I have had, I might

almost say, no supporter, at once cordial and competent, except yourself.'

My object in this communication is, to put it to you, as a matter of conscience, whether you can properly withhold your paper, from such an instrument as Mr. H——. He is, next to yourself, the deepest, and the most continual thinker on religious subjects, I have ever known; and what is best, he feels, at least as much as he thinks, and his practice is correspondent with his feelings. I have not a doubt, that the perusal of your papers would set him at work, precisely in the way that you could most wish.

Give my kindest regards to all at B——. You and they have every wish of mine, suggested by this season. Farewell, my dear friend,

Ever most affectionately yours,

JOHN LIMERICK.

——oo——

LETTER CCVI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Jan. 14. 1827.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THAT I may not delay your good purposes, I write one line to say, that Mr. H——'s address is ——. I sincerely hope you are now quite yourself; I have been a little ailing, but am now, thank God, pretty well recovered. This not being worth postage, I will give it the delay of one day, that it may cost you nothing.

Every good wish to you and all at B. Poor C. F. has been ill for a week; he is not yet come down stairs, but he was yesterday very glad to receive your kind little message. Here he is, and sends his love.

Ever most affectionately yours,

JOHN LIMERICK.

P. S. I cannot omit saying, I quite differ from you on the subject of your papers. I think them, as I have ever done, a great treasure. Allow me to add, that a writer is not the best judge of his own performances. Remember Milton and Virgil.

LETTER 185.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

Bellevue, Delganay, Oct. 27. 1827.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IN sending my tract, as you and C. F. have desired, I must write a line to express my heartfelt comfort, in your advancing so happily. I admire the ways of Providence respecting you*; and I cannot but feel the darker, and more mysterious portion of them, has served, so signally, for an occasion of consolation and blessing, not to be equally experienced otherwise, as to make your case, on the whole, even in the view that the most interested friend can take of it, a matter of satisfaction and thankfulness, rather than of condolence and resignation.

It was no small addition to its brighter aspect, that the friendship of such a man as Sir H. Halford, should be so drawn forth toward you. It is striking how often that best solace of social life, even where in, at least, germinal existence, lies comparatively dormant, until it be awakened by some pressing exigence.

I must tell you that I have had an invaluable letter from Mr. H——, and with all submission to Divine providence, which knows, and I trust will do, what is best for me, I do deeply wish to give to his most interesting communication, the best answer in my power. It brings much before me, of which I could wish to think with closeness, and to speak with consideration; but such are the points in his letter, as to involve me in no difficulty in replying to them; for they call for no sort of defence, but merely explanation, which I hope I shall be able to afford, so soon as my eye will permit me. If that should imply delay, I will call forth the kindness of my dear young friend, who has already taken trouble in the same service.

Convey my cordial thanks to C. F., for all his kindnesses. He could not have done more than he has done, for my comfort and gratification. I hope he will still continue his kind and friendly offices, though I trust, at no very distant time, I shall receive more from yourself than your signature, comfortable as it was to me, to have even that mark of your convalescence.

It seems to me as if the more sober calvinists, both in and

* Referring to the Bishop's first attack of paralysis, which took place during the preceding month of April. No one will doubt the interest Mr. Knox took in his friend's illness; the interruption in the correspondence is owing to Mr. K.'s letters having been addressed to the editor.

out of the church of England, were not a little alarmed, by the prevalence of virtual, if not as yet practical, antinomianism. There has been a good deal to that purpose, I mean expressive of that alarm, in the Christian Observer. But the independent minister (at Bath) Jay, has lately published a volume of lectures, called, 'the Christian contemplated'; in the preface to which, there are some pertinent, I might say, happy remarks. It will be worth your while to get the book, were it only for the sake of the preface; but the book itself is worth looking over, for though it has defects and failings, it abounds in matter, which tends to edify the reader, and do real honor to the writer.

Adieu, my dear Friend; you have my poor prayers continually, for your best possible happiness, here, and hereafter.

Ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

LETTER 186.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

Bellevue, Delganny, Dec. 21. 1827.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

As C. F. must have received a letter from me, about the same time when his last kind letter reached me, I make my acknowledgments to him through you, rather than immediately to himself.

I need not say how delighted I am, with his report of your advancing health. I trust you have every ground for hoping, that, through God's mercy, you may enjoy more equable, and perhaps more confirmed health, than you have hitherto experienced. It is a most comfortable circumstance, to have, so perfectly, the advice and superintendence of Sir Henry Halford; whose friendship, according to all that C. F. states concerning him, must be little less valuable than his prescriptions.

Jay's lectures, to the last, afforded me, in many instances, more satisfaction, than I generally receive from modern sermon writers. But it was, on the whole, a mixed satisfaction; for though he is a truly practical calvinist, of the old school, his phraseology is often too familiar, and his manner not always suitable to the pulpit; his frequent introduction, for instance, of middling poetry. But still, when the second edition comes out, his book may be worth your looking over.

I forget whether I mentioned to C. F., that I had been attacked with a slight sore throat. More than three weeks ago, I felt

my throat affected in a way, which I thought merely implied a cold, and which would require only a few days' care; but I am sorry to say, that I find myself mistaken. It seems to be a symptomatic form of my usual indisposition, and shows, this day, as little tendency to go off, as a fortnight since. I confess I am more saddened with this new malady, than I have been with my weak eye; for one need not use the eye, however real the privation; but one must use the throat, and of course the malady can never be forgotten. Nothing, I understand, can be more slight than its appearance, and the sensible inconvenience is also very trifling. But still it is a kind of thing which tends to depress, except so far as the mind can stay itself on the wisdom and goodness of Him, who has been pleased, (I trust in parental kindness) to inflict it.

I have *heard* Dr. E——'s tract against I. K. L. I think its manner might have been more engaging, but the matter is powerful, and bespeaks much research. I was of course pleased with his repeated quotations from the appendix; but could have wished, that, when he refers to the difference between Vincentius's tradition, and that of the church of Rome, he had given half a page from that part. I consider that difference to furnish the very strongest ground, on which the church of Rome can be assailed, by a consistent church-of-England man.

I am glad to know that you have corrected your Sacred Literature for a second edition. I dare say you have substituted woman, for married woman, in your metrical translation of the Sermon on the Mount. It is, I dare say, too late to mention it for the present, but I could like to see that beautiful stanza, in the 16th of St. Luke, noticed in your book,

> 'He that is faithful in little, is faithful also in much.
> And he that is unfaithful in little, is unfaithful also in much.
> And if ye have not been faithful in the unrighteous mammon, who will give you το *αληθινον*;
> And if ye have not been faithful in το *αλλοτριον*, who will give you το *ὑμετερον*;'

I think it would be hard to decide, whether the matter of these couplets is more weighty, or the manner of them more beautiful.

But I must have done. I received last week, from Mr. H——, a most delightful letter, of the receipt of which, I was happy to be able to make, with my own hand, some kind of acknowledgment. His agreement in what I have so long regarded as truth, is to me wonderful, and he himself indeed a wonder.

I may speak for all here. They join me most cordially, I am sure not less warmly than myself, in wishing you happiness

at all times, and especially at this gracious season. Tell C. F. that I most sincerely return his kind wishes, and believe me, my dear Friend,

Ever beyond expression yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

——oo——

LETTER 187.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

Bellevue, Delganny, Christmas Day, 1827.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IN my letter to you, written a few days since, I strangely forgot to mention a thing, which I had particularly intended. Mr. H—— wishes my permission, to obtain copies of Henry Butterworth's copies of my manuscripts. I told Mr. H——, that he was inexpressibly welcome to possess any thing of mine; and added that, though I was sure his own application, through C. F., as he proposed, would be quite sufficient, yet, as I meant speedily to write to you, I would mention it; but, as I said, I strangely forgot to do so; and therefore, not because I think it necessary, but because I said I would mention it, I now trouble you with another letter.

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There is a very sensible young gentleman at present in this house. He is a Mr. J——, an A. B. of Lincoln. In one of his first conversations with me, he asked me, if I knew the Appendix to your sermons; pronouncing upon it, at the same time, as intelligent a eulogium, as I had perhaps heard from any one. I have got my friend K—— to lend him your Sacred Literature, which he had heard of, and desired to read. He is now reading it, and speaks of it in very high terms. I mention all this, to submit to you a thought of his, namely, that it were desirable the Appendix should be published in a small volume, by itself, in order to give it the widest possible circulation; which he conceives the present time, especially, renders expedient; the truth which he thinks therein irrefragably established, being the specific antidote to the loose opinions and tendencies, of so many soi-disant churchmen of the present day.

Through the same young gentleman, I have become acquainted with a volume of sermons, published at Oxford, where they were preached, by a Dr. Shuttleworth. Mr. J—— has read three of them to me; and as far as I can judge from this, they

are probably the most able discourses, which we have had from any English divine, during the present century. He certainly has not been able to clarify his mental atmosphere from all the vapors, as I take them to be, of modern theology; but still, he does maintain the supreme moral objects and purposes of christianity, in a manner, which I really think does equal honor, to the understanding, and the heart of the author. Though I could wish some parts of them to be otherwise than they are, I seem to myself not to have met, for a long time, so much sound and solid theology.

Adieu, my dear friend; give my love to C. F. To you, and to him also, I wish, with all my heart, every blessing, present and eternal, which the crowning blessing of this holy festival emboldens us to hope for, from the philanthropy and grace of the triune Jehovah.

I am, more than words can utter, ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

——oo——

LETTER CCVII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

5 York Terrace, Regent's Park, June 30. 1828.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I KNOW you will be pleased again to receive a few lines, written by my own hand, though that hand be the left one, and though, as I find, the lines are crooked.

I hope you received the sheets of Dr. Townson; the sermons were dispatched long since; the title, preface, &c. I sent just a week ago, by my nephew Richard. In a day or two, I hope to send two copies by T. A——, for you and Mrs. L——. How you may like them, I cannot predict; for my own part, the more closely I have read them, the more deliberately have I approved. I trust you will excuse the mention of your name; without it, I could not have told my little story.

By the way, I hope Mr. J—— received a copy of Sac. Lit. immediately after the receipt of your letter. I sent it, properly inscribed and directed, to the care of Mr. Milliken. I rejoice in the kindness which you have shown my nephew John. He is, I believe, not unworthy of it; and my hope is, that he will profit by your lessons.

Mr. F. has been very delicate, and unable to write; now he is, thank God, clearly mending.

We intend in a fortnight going to Leamington. I hope, ere

then, to hear from you; and to have a comfortable account of your health and spirits. Say every thing kind and affectionate for me at B——.

Ever, my dear Friend,
Yours unchangeably,
JOHN LIMERICK.

——oo——

LETTER 188.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

Dublin, Dawson St., July 2. 1828.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE just received your most kind and acceptable letter, and I cannot delay to express my pleasure at, even thus, hearing from yourself. You have attained a capitally good use of your left hand; and from your not mentioning your state of health, I trust I am to infer, that you, at least, feel no inconvenience from the present warmth of the weather.

I had wished, before this time, to thank you for your kind attention to my request, respecting the copy of your Sacred Literature for Mr. J——. He, I assure you, was gratified in a high degree, as well as surprised; for I did not tell him that I had asked a copy for him, before he actually received it. He is certainly both well disposed, and uncommonly qualified (as far as I can judge), to value your kindness.

I certainly have no wish to meet my own name in a conspicuous situation; but there was a kindness in your mention of it, which I could not but feel; nor could I question the good reasons you had, for introducing it. I cannot yet venture to give an opinion of the comparative worth of Dr. Townson's sermons, as compositions; but sure I am, that there is a language of the heart in them, which is very uncommon, and I should think must draw every reader, of right moral feeling, to venerate and love the author.

Your nephew, Mr. J. J., interests me sincerely, both in his disposition and capacity. I trust he will be a great comfort, both to his father and to you.

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* * * * * *

I am very glad that Mr. F. is somewhat better. Adieu: with cordial remembrance to him, and Mr. J. J., if with you, and with deepest love to yourself,

I am, my dear Friend, ever yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

LETTER CCVIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Dec. 19. 1828.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I CAN, at this moment, write but a line (the post just going out), to say, that I most deeply sympathize with you. I am, and have been from the first, anxious to know what you can tell about dear Mrs. L——, and K——. To speak what I feel, I now find impossible. In a very few days, I hope to write, as much as my left hand will allow; meanwhile, I will just say, that I think the character of our beloved friend is exactly as it should have been, and what none but yourself could have done.

God Almighty bless and keep you!

Ever yours,
JOHN LIMERICK.

——oo——

LETTER 189.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

Dawson St., Dec. 24. 1828.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

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I DO not seem to myself to have ever told you, at least strongly enough, what a good thing I deem you to have done, in printing, and thus preserving, those sermons of Dr. Townson. My own state of mind may have its share, in my not feeling them energetic. But, be that as it may, their moral excellence is far above all common estimation. Would it be quite convenient for you to give a copy, to my friend, Mr. Dickenson?*

Adieu, my dear friend; believe me, with every heartfelt wish for your happiness, here and hereafter,

Ever yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

* The Rev. Charles Dickenson, now Rector of St. Ann's parish, Dublin.

LETTER CCIX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

York Terrace, Regent's Park, Dec. 29. 1828.

My dear Friend,

I must write but a line. I shall send for you, through Longman, Milliken's correspondent, twelve copies of Dr. Townson, and hope they will be with you soon. The Greek professor at Cambridge has, at the instigation of young H. V., most correctly and cheaply edited Leighton's Prelectiones; he speaks, according to its merits, of the wretched London reprint; and says, Meditationes istas in Psalmos, nescio an inter totius libri delicias habendas, Editor, pro singulari suo judicio, omisit.

Of both Mrs. L—— and Miss Fergusson I have much in my heart, but I must now stop.

Ever yours,
John Limerick.

——oo——

LETTER CCX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Leamington, Aug. 4. 1829.

My dear Friend,

It is a long time since I have heard from you; and I am most anxious to have some account of Miss Fergusson; writing may be difficult, or irksome to you, therefore I ask but a short dispatch.

Friends here think I look better than last year; and I am really hopeful, that, notwithstanding all drawbacks, which are of an obvious nature, there is substantial progress; one thing is certain, that the whole frame is at work. Sunday, I had the comfort of receiving the Sacrament in Warwick church. I am an early riser; this morning I was somewhat later than usual, yet still was dressed, and at my desk, at half past seven o'clock.

My summer employment is to be the *publication* of Dr. Townson. Messrs. Duncan and Cochran freely encounter the risk. Mr. F. is pretty well: the medical man here thinks he has gained ground since last September; even to have been stationary, during the late unprecedented season, would have been no slight

matter. He is now out, or I should be charged with his most affectionate remembrances.

Ever yours unspeakably,
JOHN LIMERICK.

——oo——

LETTER 190.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

Dawson St., Aug. 10. 1829.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE not willingly delayed to thank you, for your kind and acceptable note. I attempted to do so on Saturday, but I am at present more than usually out of order. This statement of my case will account to you and Mr. F——, for my not acknowledging his last kind letter; and it will also explain to him, how little qualified I have been to follow his suggestion, respecting my writing to Mr. H——.

I am sincerely gratified by your being able to give so tolerable an account of your own present condition; and I earnestly hope that your prospect of improved health, may become more and more cheering. In the mean time, I rejoice, and you have cause to be thankful, that you have so little to depress you, either in mind or body.

I am glad that the publication of Dr. Townson's sermons is called for; though it is no more than was to have been expected. The review of them in the British Critic, gave me very great pleasure; not for the praise it gives to them, but for the view it takes, and the estimate it forms, of the Doctor himself. I cannot help considering the few commencing sentences as containing, not merely a most beautiful, and strictly just sketch of the excellent man himself, but, by so describing him, as a specimen of an exalted class, it may be felt by many, to cast, as it were, a new ray of light on the christian life, and may call attention to a far more confirmed, and more elevated piety, than the more active missionaries of the present day, have either encouraged, or professed any hope of attaining. I cannot but greatly wish to know who was the reviewer.

I trust it will one day be understood, that the piety exemplified in our public devotional formulas, however lowly in its commencements, and even humble and sober, tends directly and steadily, and is represented as more and more advancing, to that very anticipation of heaven, which Dr. Townson is represented as having habitually enjoyed. It is a pity that this important

fact should not be discovered, by the mind which could so well conceive its realization, in individual instances. For it strikes me, that this peculiar character of our liturgy, remains yet to be developed; and that the topic, altogether, would afford matter for as interesting an investigation, as could occupy present attention: I say, present attention, because, were it well managed, it might be made so intelligible, from the abundant and most conclusive evidence, which is in readiness to be adduced. I can, even at this moment, indifferent as I am, hardly refrain from saying more upon the subject; but I must content myself with observing, that it is only by such a demonstration of the supereminence of Church-of-England piety, that her claims can be supported, against the growing aggressiveness of sectarian rivals.

There are two writers at the present time, of whom I should desire to know what is generally thought; namely, W——, and A—— of R——. I of course do not ask what is thought of the latter's political principles, as, in this matter, every one will think as he feels. But his volume of sermons is what I advert to: and it is curious that, in his preface, he remarks on Dr. W—— and himself seeing many things, respecting St. Paul's doctrine, in the same light, without any communication with each other.

A—— seems a well-meaning, conscientious man, of some strong talent, and with little dread of innovation. His most dangerous tenet seems to me to be, the persuasion, that the national profession of christianity, has been its deepest injury. His theology, too, with a pious spirit, much practical justice of remark, and zealous ardor, appears ill-systematized, and, I should think, in few instances competently digested. Still, I presume he means well; though I sometimes doubt whether he quite knows his own meaning; not the meaning of his words, however, but of his principles.

He is bold enough; and Dr. W—— is probably still bolder. The latter seems inclined to be a doctrinal reformer; and to give a mixed system, rejecting some features of what is called evangelicism, and adopting others, in a way of his own. I confess I read neither without some alarm; and I wish my kind friend C—— F——, when able to do so without inconvenience, would tell me something about those two writers, and also who is the reviewer of Dr. Townson.

* * * *
* * * *

Adieu; give my love to C. F., receive it yourself, and be assured that I ever feel it with a solicitude to know how you go

on, which will make me grateful, were it but for three lines.

Ever inexpressibly yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

——oo——

LETTER CCXI.

To A. Knox, Esq.

11th Dec. 1829.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

A HASTY line to say that I am just printing the preface to the published Townson; and hope that you will not object, to your name's retaining its place in it. I am desirous that such a memorial of our friendship, should have its chance of going down. The proof sheet will probably be with me, before your answer: but it shall not go forward, till I hear from you.

I hope to have a cheering account of your health; C. F—— and I, have both suffered severely, from fevers; both were bled copiously; he is now gradually regaining strength; so am I, and I am thankful to say, my grand ailment is clearly, though very gradually yielding.

C. F. joins heartily in every cordial wish, with,

My dear Friend,

Yours ever,

JOHN LIMERICK.

——oo——

LETTER 191.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

Dec. 14. 1829.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED your most kind note yesterday, and I hasten to write a line in answer, be it ever so short, for my infirmities are still heavy upon me.

I need not tell you, that, for some years particularly, I have shrunk back from coming, nominally, before the public. When, however, you introduced my name into your preface to Townson's Sermons, I could not misconstrue your kindness; nor, under the peculiar circumstances, did I feel any serious annoyance: because, in fact, you did not bring my name before the public,

but notified it, merely, to the private circle of your own friends; which, when you kindly wished to do so, it would have been unreasonable, as well as unkind, in me to oppose, had I previously known your intention.

But I think you will yourself feel, that the mention of my name in an actually published edition, is a perfectly different case. In the former instance, when you thought proper to name your friend, no one had a shadow of right to question the fitness of your doing so, however even unknown that friend might be, to those to whom your volume was communicated. Those who were gratified by your present, could never admit a thought of questioning your judgment, in mentioning the name of a person, whom you describe, as your intimate and long-tried friend. But I submit to you, my dear friend, whether the state of the case is not now widely altered. Be my feelings what they may, (and I believe I need not state them to you,) I more than doubt the propriety, on your part, of personally introducing to the reading world, an individual, about whom (a comparative few excepted) that world knows nothing, and, were that possible, cares less. I honestly say, that, in my view, there would be an impropriety in naming me, which I should be sorry, for your own sake, that you should commit; and therefore, my dear friend, not less really on your own account, than on mine, I must request you still to keep my name within the circle of your friends, and suffer it to go no farther. Your own privately printed volume will live long, and of course preserve that memorial, which you so kindly desire should survive us both; and it will be in that modest way, which suits my situation, and brings no discredit on your judgment. I would merely submit to you, whether this omission, however, may not imply the propriety of some verbal alteration in the text, such, I mean, as follows: . . 'One very intimate friend in particular, also well acquainted with Dr. Townson's published works, and holding his sermons in high estimation, increased this interest, by his frequent references to Dr. Townson, and the wish so often expressed by him, that the remainder of his sermons, mentioned by Archdeacon Churton, should not be finally lost to the christian public.'

In fact, the omission of the name appears to me to require a more explanatory introduction of the subject; which, however, I of course leave to your own discretion, merely observing that the epithet 'dear,' kind as it was in you to use that term, is not just such a one as should be used, in an address to the public. It is too kind for common minds and hearts.

I am truly glad that you can make even such a report, of yourself and C. F——, as you do in your note; and rejoice particularly, that you proceed, however slowly, towards convales-

cence, with respect to your 'grand ailment.' I cannot however give you any account of my own amendment. My symptoms are as severe, as at any time this last year. But I feel that I am bound, on every consideration, to leave that matter to the great Disposer; nor can I doubt that the discipline with which he visits me, is inflicted in kindness.

Poor Miss Fergusson, I fear, is very much shook, if not actually breaking down. Whether she will hold her ground this winter, is questionable. Remember me most kindly to C. F., and believe me your ever affectionate friend,

ALEX. KNOX.

——oo——

LETTER 192.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

Dec. 31. 1829.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WHEN I have stated some particulars, I believe that you will yourself see, that it is not possible for me, in my present circumstances, to avail myself of your kind proposal.

In the first place, my little tract* is not in a condition to be unreservedly committed to public censure. A persuasion of this unfitness, at least a strong apprehension of it, led me to prefer the method I pursued; and though I have received very gratifying approbation, from several most respectable quarters, yet, not a few have expressed a different opinion; and though, in most instances, this has been nothing more than I looked for, yet, in others, I could not but feel, that there was room for greater caution than I had exercised; and that certain expressions, at least, if not entire passages, might be more effectually fenced, against all possible charge of rashness, or of ambiguity.

I am well aware that, after all which could be done, the objections of very many readers would be still substantially the same. But this makes it only the more necessary, that all shadow of ground for such objections, should, as far as possible, be taken away. You no doubt remember that —— most kindly sent me a large sheet of criticisms, of which I have always meant to avail myself, previously to committing my tract to the public. The impression made upon my mind, at the time, was, that all the remarks demanded attention, and that some were of weighty importance. I have accordingly kept that paper with

* On the Church-of-England doctrine of the Eucharist. . . ED.

care; and I am sure that you will not wonder at my determination to remain on my present ground, until I shall be able to consider, and as far as possible make use of strictures, of the value of which I am so thoroughly assured.

But this is not all: I have always been persuaded, that it was indispensable to prefix to the tract, an historical introduction; were it only to preclude the possibility of charging it, with any leaning toward transubstantiation. To have attempted such a thing, in the tract itself, except by such hints as I believe had had that effect with candid readers, would have given my discourse a controversial aspect, which it was my object, as much as possible, to avoid. But I was convinced that it was possible to take an historical view of the subject, by which the mind of an intelligent reader would be prepared, for the practical view that was to follow; and which, in a narrow compass, might do more than a volume of argumentation, to refute the doctrine of transubstantiation, by irresistible evidence of its *novelty*.

The matter of such an introduction, I have had lying by me for some years, in the copy of a letter to Mr. Harford. But this, also, would require consideration, and at least some remodification; and most certainly, in my present state of health, I am far from being equal, either to the one revision, or to the other. I am sure, were I to attempt it, I could not succeed; and the very attempt might seriously injure me.

I believe, therefore, I need say no more to prove to you, that my acceding to your most friendly desire, is, in my present circumstances, out of the question; but I am not the less sensible of the kind feeling, by which the wish was suggested.

I was sincerely grieved for the calamity to which you refer, feeling how much you must all, and especially the Judge's family, be afflicted. My sincere love, and every kind wish of the season await you, and my friend C. F.

Believe me, beyond words,

Ever yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

LETTER 193.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

March 17. 1830.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU have had reason to think that I have quite forgotten you, but believe me, nothing could be more opposite to the truth of

the case. I can assure you, you have been daily in my thoughts, with unabated interest, and sincere regret that I was restrained, by a concurrence of painful circumstances, from telling you so, in the manner I wished; but, if I do not greatly mistake, I am, and have been for many months, gradually losing ground; and the more I consider the matter, the more I am inclined to apprehend, the unlikelihood of my growing much better. My medical friends, after all, may be of a different opinion, but I have seen none of them to-day.

My regret for the loss of friends, has also contributed to my silence. I have been deeply grieved by the death of Mr. Peter La Touche*, whom I considered as one of my most valuable friends; and scarcely had an hour passed, when my dear Miss Fergusson was removed from me. I had not apprehended the nearness of this event, until about four days before it took place; and even then, I was scarcely prepared for so immediate a termination; at any rate, my loss of her, presses deeply on my heart. She was still so much herself, and went on so steadily, while confined to her bed, in attending to all domestic duties, and above all, in such unremitted care that I should suffer no inconvenience; and was, besides, so lively in conversation, when she had intervals of ease, that I miss her inexpressibly, notwithstanding the long preparation. Her death was a *ευθανασια*. One of her last acts, was to engage her brother and sister to come to this house, and to take care of me. They are well disposed to supply Miss Fergusson's place, in kindness and fidelity; but, in other respects, I may say, she was literally one of a thousand.

She carefully kept your English Itinerary; produced it one evening, a very few weeks before she died; and I now have it in safest keeping, for her sake, for yours, and for its own.

I must conclude, or lose the early mail. Give my love to C. F. and believe me,

Your ever faithful Friend,

ALEX. KNOX.

P. S. This day I complete my 72d year. Mrs. L. T. has felt the death of Mr. Peter La Touche, as though it had been her own son, and he well merited her love.

* Nephew to the late Peter La Touche, Esq., of Bellevue.

LETTER CCXII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Leamington, March 20. 1830.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAD, but yesterday, been projecting to write a line to you, and should have written sooner, had I been aware of my poor friend Miss Fergusson's removal. Your account of it, was my first. She was, indeed, one of the excellent of the earth. It was like herself, to make, at the last, I trust effectual provision for your future comfort. There is something to me very touching, in her careful preservation of my little Itinerary. I know not of whom I could more fearlessly say, sit mea anima cum suâ.

Your report of health does not greatly discourage me, considering the severity of the winter, and the trials which it has pleased God to send, or to permit. I trust your medical friends have, ere this, removed your fears.

My own progress has been satisfactory; my freedom of motion, indeed, has of late been much impeded, but that is from increased sensibility; in fact, the vis medicatrix is powerfully at work. I have taken for four months, a ville at Wandsworth, to which we shall move in about a week.

I have finished printing two vols., each upwards of 400 pages, and expect to be out in a fortnight. Every proof and revise, I corrected with my own left hand.

Ever, my dear Friend,

Most affectionately yours,

JOHN LIMERICK.

——oo——

LETTER CCXIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

East Hill, Wandsworth, April 1. 1830.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE sent you, by my nephew, a copy of my new book, which I entreat you to accept, as a memorial of my unalterable regard. Some things you will at once recognize as old friends; and, in very many pages, you will meet your own thoughts. I pray that the work may do some good: and I am grateful, that,

during three months occupied in bringing it through the press, I did not flag for a single day.

I am most comfortably domiciled in a house, once the occasional residence of Queen Anne, and painted in the style of Hampton Court, by Sir James Thornhill. I have lovely views of the river, particularly of Fulham Bridge. This is a great advance on the Regent's park; and as the season opens, there is room to hope it will conduce to health.

I expect you will be able to give an improved bill of health. C. F. begs his love.

Ever most affectionately yours,

JOHN LIMERICK.

——oo——

LETTER 194.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

April 8. 1830.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I THANK you cordially for your kind present, and not less affectionate note. I am glad you have completed your design; I should like to find in those volumes, a sermon which you preached in the church of Delganny. I forgot the text, but I believe it was the last you preached there. I did not hear it, but you sent it for K. to read it to me.*

You inquire about my health, and you will be sorry that I cannot yet speak favorably of it. My nervous malady is certainly not worse, though it still substantially continues; but within these ten days, my eyes have become affected; and at this moment, I dare not read a paragraph. I am glad you are so agreeably situated; and I sincerely hope it may contribute to the yet greater improvement of your health.

I cannot digest that motion of R. G.'s, and I am glad C. G. declined engaging in it. How far he has done this, I cannot collect; it is merely said in a paper called the Record, (purporting to be a religious paper,) that Mr. C. G. declined taking it up. I did not feel any impropriety in admitting the remnant of our Roman Catholic fellow-christians, to share in those privileges, which, for so many centuries, had been wholly in their hands, and in that constitution, which they themselves had founded; I could not but regard them as fellow-christians, and felt

* Re-written by the Bishop, in June, 1833, for the 'Original Family Sermons', under the title of Prayer without Ceasing. See Family Serm. vol. ii., Sermon xxvii. . . ED.

accordingly; but I really think that avowed enemies to christianity, and systematic blasphemers of our incarnate God, are, *ipso facto*, incapable, of being legislators in a christian state.

A propos, I observed with pleasure that —— has so expressly distinguished, between the papal power, and the christian body which it holds in slavery; the terms in which he speaks of the latter are fair, and I conceive quite correct.

I send you a Londonderry Journal, for the sake of things it contains respecting your brother, which, if you have not seen, you will read with pleasure. With love to my kind friend C. F., I remain,

Ever yours most affectionately,

ALEX. KNOX.

——oo——

LETTER 195.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

Dawson St., June 18. 1830.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I WAS grieved to hear you had been more than usually unwell; but had soon the comfort of hearing that you were considerably better. I earnestly hope that this note may find you better still; and to know this, either from yourself, or from my friend C. F., will be a cordial gratification.

I, too, have been more than usually indisposed; and my feelings, altogether, were such as to make me fear that my constitution was beginning to yield, organically, to my nervous malady. But I thank God that apprehension is, in good measure, dispelled; and, on the whole, though I am still ailing, I am considerably more at ease, than I was a month ago.

I have not yet thanked you, as I ought to have done, for the present you sent me. I expressed my sense of your kindness, in sincere, but not in sufficiently strong terms; as I did not then imagine that I was about to receive from you, the two handsomest volumes of which I had ever been in possession. I need not assure you how deeply I feel, this significant expression of your unabated attachment. Mrs. L. T. and K. are now engaged in their northern tour. I wrote to Mr. H. to obtain reception for them at W——, but received from him (what was to K. especially) the sad intelligence, that he could not enjoy the very great pleasure designed for him, being just now, and indeed for some time to come, a banished man from his own house; in

which he is making such considerable alterations, as to keep it long in the hands of workmen.

I succeeded better in an introduction of them to Mr. S. They were happy enough to find him at Keswick: on receiving my note, he went to them immediately; and at the time of K. despatching her last letter (Monday 14th) they were receiving every mark of kind attention, and greatly enjoying his society and easy, yet lively, conversation. It seems, too, that Miss S. was contributing her share towards K.'s gratification, and doubtless Mrs. L. T.'s also, as she went out with them, to direct them to what was worth attention. How long they have staid at Keswick, or how they are spending the sequel of the week, I expect to learn from K.'s next letter.

I cannot venture to make any observation on the strange state of the political world, abroad, as well as at home; it is at once so wide, and so dark a subject! but the present state of the religious world is, unhappily, still stranger. The pretension to miraculous powers, and the gift of tongues, which has arisen in Scotland, has something portentous in it; and the more so, when countenanced by the well-known Mr. E——. The discussion of such a matter, in the General Assembly, was itself deplorable; and serves to show the unhappy liability of such a church government, to become the means of exposing religion to the scoffs of the profane, and the derision of infidels. In fact, can any thing be more incongruous, than that such a distressing affair should afford a subject for the harangues of advocates? These matters, however, may possibly lead to a deeper consideration of the natural tendency of the presbyterian polity, and the calvinistic creed, which characterized the religion of that, in many respects, interesting country. My love to C. F., of whose improved health I shall be glad to hear. Ever, my dear Friend,

Most cordially yours,
ALEX. KNOX.

P. S. You probably will have heard, before this reaches you, that poor Phelan is dead. He has long been ailing, and seemed to be threatened with an affection of the heart; but I did not apprehend that his dissolution was so near. I grieve to hear that he has left his family (a wife and two children) in poor circumstances.

LETTER CCXIV.

To. A. Knox, Esq.

East Hill, Wandsworth, 23d June, 1830.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I CAN write but a line, to say that I am much better; and the weather seems to promise that I may again get out. Your information about Bishop Sandford's sermons was quite new. I shall write to his son by this post.

I grieve for poor Phelan. I have written to the Provost, and begged him to confer with you.*

* * * *

Yours ever most affectionately,

JOHN LIMERICK.

——oo——

LETTER CCXV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Leamington, Sept. 26. 1830.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I FEAR that both my companion and myself may have appeared forgetful, or at least unmindful of you. I can, however, say with truth, that we have never ceased to think of you; and to do so, in the way that you would most like: but I can write little without over-fatigue. We are both most desirous to hear from you, and in some degree to entitle us to it, after this short introduction, I shall beg of C. F. to enter at once, in medias res. I am now rich in the society of the Judge, his eldest, and his fourth son. J. will, I trust, be, in all respects, an exemplary clergyman; and the rest of his boys give the best promise. I now resign the pen.

Ever, my dear friend,

Most entirely yours,

JOHN LIMERICK.

* By Bishop Jebb's influence and exertions, a sum little short of 2000*l.* was subsequently raised by subscription, for the widow and infant daughters of this able and excellent man. . . ED.

LETTER CCXV.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Leamington, Oct. 3. 1820.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I SEND you, through our friend Mr. Mangin, half the sheets of my compilation.* The other half will follow to-morrow. In p. 23. you will find a slight omission. The passage crept in, by some strange oversight of the excellent author; to me, it was extremely offensive, and I think you will agree, that it is well got rid of.

My brother and his two sons leave me to-morrow, all the better for their trip. Mr. F. well, and unites with me in every good wish.

Yours unalterably,
JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER CCXVII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Leamington, Nov. 26. 1820.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

C. F. was prevented, by great delicacy and debility, from answering your last most interesting letter.

Many thanks for your recommendation of Leland; with his sermons I am unacquainted, but hope not to be long so. His 'Advantage and necessity of Revelation', and his 'Deistical Writers', were among my earliest theological studies. By the bye, I have a curious, and not uninteresting anecdote, to tell about the former. Mr. T. H. H—— was the relater of it to me, in the year 1820. 'When very young', said he, 'I unhappily had access to a circulating library, stored with German novels, and other infidel publications. The consequence was, that I became a thorough-paced unbeliever: still, however, continuing diligent in business, and to the utmost of my power supporting, by my exertions as a scrivener, and laborious literary drudge, a family of young and helpless orphan brothers and sisters of mine. Forced, prematurely, to break off my school

* The Protestant Kempis... ED.

studies at Christ's Hospital, that I might earn a livelihood for myself and them, I still snatched an hour when I could, for classical reading; and one day I met, and took up, 'Leland on the Advantage and Necessity of the Christian Religion.' My object in doing so, was any thing but religious. I wished, in fact, merely to read the Latin and Greek quotations, scattered over the book. Some passages, however, from one of the Fathers, struck my eye. I read them, and suddenly asked myself, .. 'What, if christianity were, after all, to prove true? aye, what would then become of *me*?' I was thus led to examine the book, and by the blessing of God, as I had read myself into infidelity, so I was enabled to read myself out of it. . I then, at intervals stolen from sleep and labor, went though a long course of biblical study.'

It has often struck me, that probably this good man was rewarded for his fraternal piety, by his providential conversion to christianity. But this has turned out a much longer episode than I dreampt of. I now return to Leland. His sermons on 'Providence', as you describe them, are precisely the things which I should wish to see re-published. Sadduceism, in all its branches, is the crying, and growing evil of the day; and the worst branch of it, not the least, I mean a practical disbelief of *Providence*. I soberly think that Marcus Antoninus, Epictetus, and Seneca, are, on this great truth, sounder than many soi-disant christian divines of great name, in this pretending, and most unlearned age. If it please God to continue my health as it now is, I hope to edit Leland, as you suggest, next summer; and with that view, will have the four volumes of sermons immediately sought for. A suitable preface would, I conceive, be most desirable. Any hints towards this, any thoughts which have suggested themselves to your mind on reading Leland, would be acceptable, highly acceptable: a following up of your own idea about Bishops Butler and Secker, and Leland, as compared with them, I should particularly like; and yet more should I prize your observations on the old-fashioned truths, connected with a special Providence. Shakspeare was a better divine on this point, I fear, than many a bishop. You recollect probably his fine passage,

> 'There is a Providence that shapes our ends;
> Rough—hew them how we may.'

But I have another object more immediately in view. My publisher, Mr. Duncan, at my suggestion, is ready to undertake a partial republication of 'Lucas on Happiness.' It has been often, and indeed lately, printed: but wretchedly ill, and incor-

rectly; and its whole appearance, not merely uninviting, but forbidding. I suspect that it has been chiefly, if not solely, of late years, for the use of the methodists; certainly it is comparatively unknown in the present day, either by general readers, or theologians. My notion is, to make one volume out of the two, probably omitting altogether the first volume, and parts also of the second. Lucas is a writer, to whom specially applies that saying of old Hesiod, *πλεῖον ἥμισυ παντος*. I would get rid of all that is scholastic, and theoretical; and would gently and quietly remove words, that are either antiquated, or otherwise objectionable. Clauses, indeed, may perhaps often undergo a similar process. Could any part of his Practical Christianity be usefully introduced, as an appendix? I got the book down from London yesterday, that I might judge; but I wish for your opinion. It would seem that this undertaking may introduce Lucas to many, who otherwise would not so much as know of his existence. It surprises me to find many churchmen and others, in complete ignorance of 'How's Meditations'; at least many that never saw them, till the appearance of 'The Protestant Kempis.' General satisfaction is expressed at that work. The Archbishop of Canterbury, after an eulogy, writes me word that he hopes to profit by the study of it. Give me, I pray you, your advice as to Lucas.

Townson is selling, for these times, uncommonly well. I have had frequent intelligence to that effect. Remember me to Dr. Cheyne when you see him. —— is better even than he was this morning, when I began to write. I should have said, that I verily believe no more of Townson should be published. The thirty sermons were not printed without considerable care and thought; what remain are by no means equal to them, . . fine passages they have; but, on the whole, though uniformly testifying deep piety, they are not at all of the same calibre, with those in the published volume.

* * * * * * *

But I have tired myself, and I fear, tired you also.

Ever, my dear Friend,

Most affectionately yours,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER 196.

To the Bishop of Limerick.

December 21. 1830.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM grieved to think that your kind and interesting letter of November 26th, has remained so long unacknowledged: but you will be sorry to know that I have been, of late, more than usually indisposed; and that I cannot perceive as yet any symptom of amendment. I even begin to fear that the reverse is the fact.

I read with pleasure your anecdote respecting Mr. H. H., and I fully concur in your opinion, that his fraternal virtue, may have been the means of bringing down upon him a blessing from heaven, far above his reckoning. When our Lord asks, 'If ye have not been faithful in the unrighteous mammon, who will give to your trust the true riches'? it seems equivalent to a promise, that, when the low and earthly talent is well employed, it will be remunerated, by a communication of heavenly grace and benediction.

But I find I must confine myself to the subject of Lucas; and say on that, next to nothing. It is the more wonderful that he should be so forgotten, considering the record of him in the Guardian, No. 63. Your plan respecting the Inquiry after Happiness, appeared to me just what it should be; but I doubt the expediency of giving an extract from his Practical Christianity. I conceive it was the first written; and I should think is not equal to the other. It is most pious, and indeed raises christian virtue to the same elevation as the latter work; but I imagine it is less carefully, and I may add, less philosophically written; the composition being, if I mistake not, much more studied in the Inquiry.

Do you recollect Dr. Doddridge's character of Lucas, in what are called his preaching lectures? Lest you should not have met it, I cannot help transcribing it.

'Lucas. His style is very peculiar, sometimes exceeding free, approaching to conversation; sometimes grand and solemn, and generally very expressive; his method is not clear, but his thoughts are excellent; many of them taken from an attentive observation of human life. He wrote as being entirely devoted to God, and superior to the world. His most valuable works are his Practical Christianity, and the Inquiry after Happiness; especially the second volume.'

Another reason why I question the utility of an appendix from the Practical Christianity, is, that I conceive the Inquiry is occupied with pretty much the same subjects; and that it might not be easy to select passages, which would not have something in them of the crambe repetita. But still I must wish you not to be determined by my opinion, but examine and judge for yourself.

I thank you for the print, for which I have been glad to find a suitable place, where it presents itself with fair advantage. It certainly has a likeness, which is somewhat striking, but perhaps might be more exact. The picture I am told is a complete likeness: but why did you not send a print to Mrs. L. T.? Probably there has been some mistake, for I am sure you could not mean to omit her.

I shall be glad to hear that C. F. is gaining ground. The only pain your letter gave me, was in your poor account of him, and I must add, from a fear, lest the length of your gratifying letter, should have exceeded your strength.

With love to C. F., ever, my dear Friend,

Most affectionately yours,

ALEX. KNOX.

——oo——

LETTER CCXVIII.

To A. Knox, Esq.

Leamington, Christmas Eve, 1830.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

A LINE, to thank you for your kind letter, and to say, that on the same day, I gave, with special directions, copies of my print for you and for Mrs. L. T. to my brother; and took it for granted that she had been long in possession. It would be strange indeed, if she were not one of the very first thought of. I should be very glad if you could take an opportunity of letting Baron Pennefather, and his brother know, that I have prints to offer to their kind acceptance. I will send them over by the earliest opportunity.

C. F. is mending gradually, under Sir H. Halford's advice. I am doing wondrously well. But all must feel this trying season. I trust you have been but a temporary sufferer under its influence. C. F. sends his love.

With every good wish of this holy season, let me add, with a Bishop's blessing,

Ever, my dear Friend,

Most affectionately yours,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER CCXIX.

To A. Knox, Esq.

East Hill, Wandsworth, April 2. 1831.

My dear Friend,

It is long since I have heard from you, and I have often blamed myself for not making some more direct inquiry. To-day, however, I determined to get a frank for Monday, from our friend Sir T. A——, and he has added an antescript, which will indemnify you for the meagreness of this. Poor fellow, he is very miserable about these awful times; for my own part, I am comparatively at ease: all is in the hands of Divine providence, and if we are to suffer, it will not be more than is good for us, perhaps than we deserve.

I have procured the sermons of Dr. Leland: perhaps, in manner, they are somewhat antiquated, but I mean to speak on this, and on other points, to my publisher and Apollo, Mr. Duncan. My great wish is to edit about 4 vols. in 18mo. The Protestant Kempis, is to form one of the sets. The sale will soon authorize a new edition. Even in these times, which seem to prohibit every thing but revolutionary politics, the sale of my 'Practical Theology', and of Dr. Townson, is quite to the publisher's satisfaction. Townson's works, which had been sold for six shillings a copy, have, in consequence, reached more than their original price, and are nearly out of print.

Mr. F. has been more than usually an invalid, but begins to rally; he has gone to dine at Sir R. I——'s, to meet Sir James Mackintosh. By the bye, another lion dined with me lately and singularly interesting he is . . he spoke of you with great kindness: Wordsworth, the poet.

The strong eastern breeze is trying to me, but I am manifestly gaining ground. I have not lost blood by cupping, or in any other way, since the 7th of August, nearly eight months. This time last year, the average was once a fortnight, latterly, once a week. You will oblige me by sending the enclosed to our friend ——. I rejoice in that good man's elevation; it is the best sign I know of these bad times.

Ever, my dear friend,

Most affectionately yours,

John Limerick.

THE END.

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